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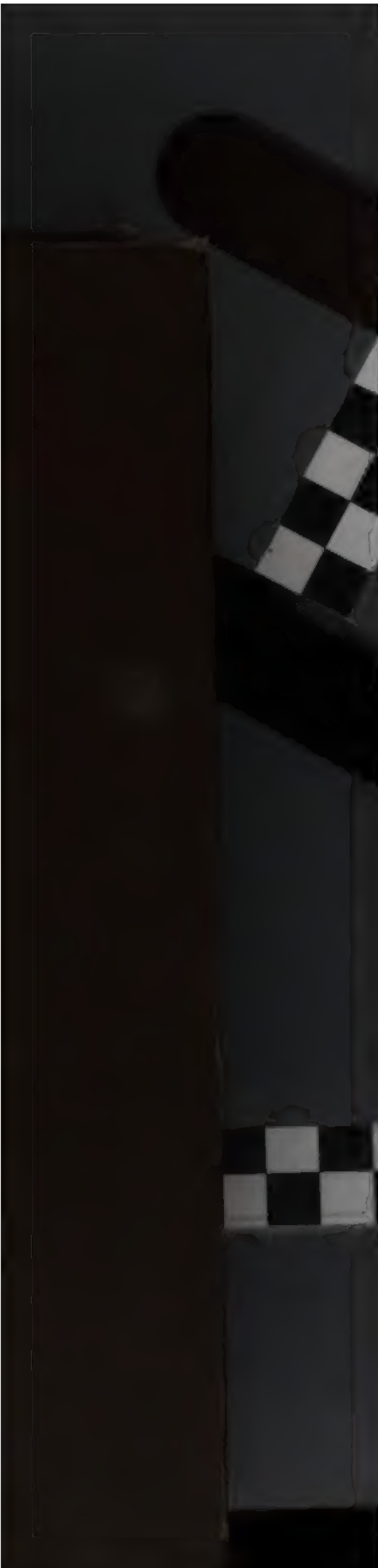
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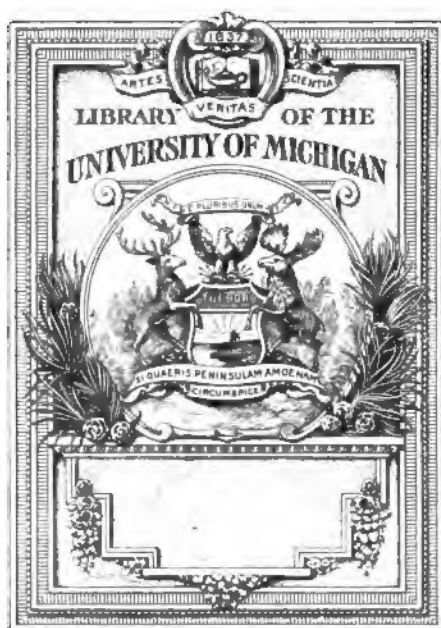
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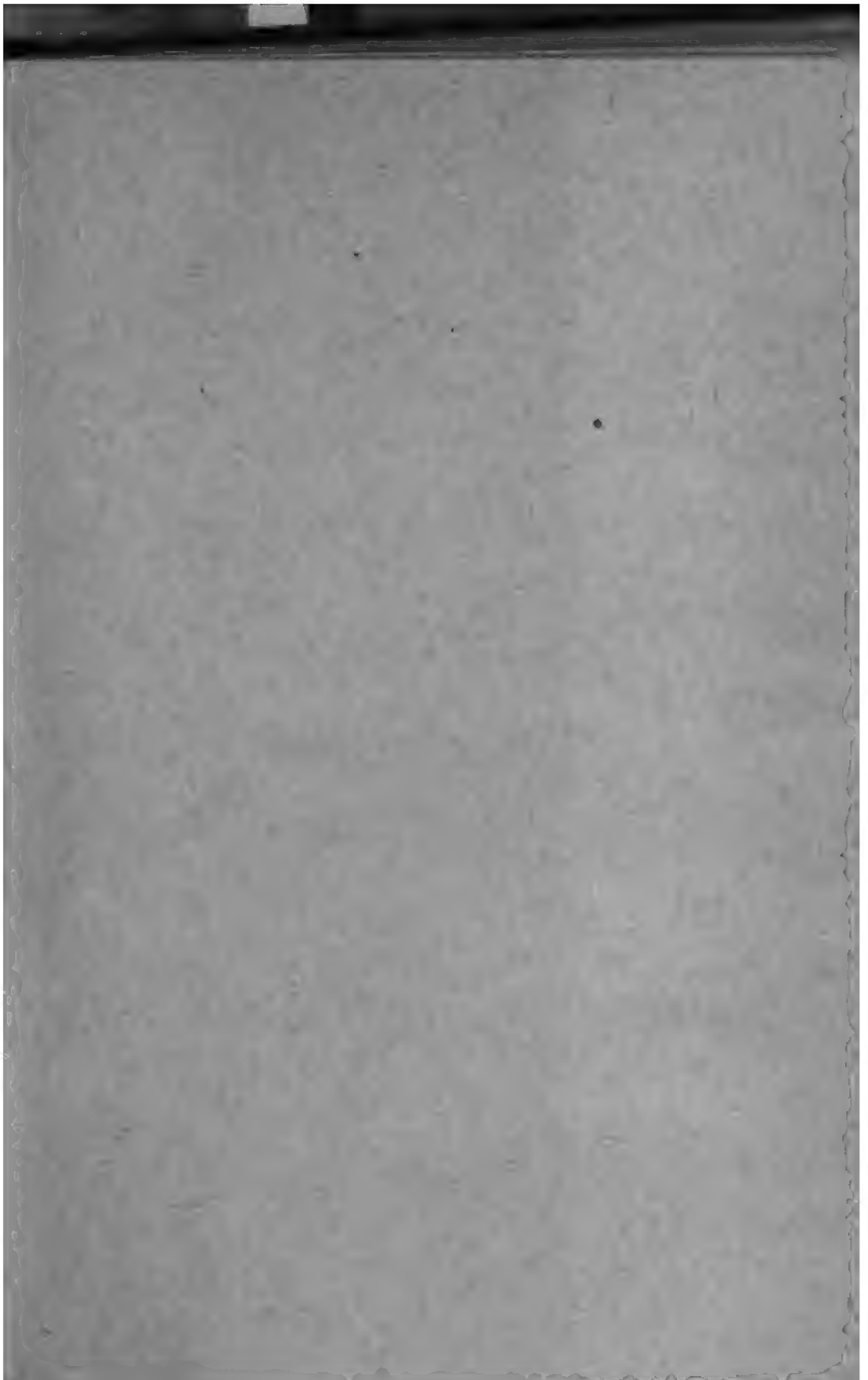






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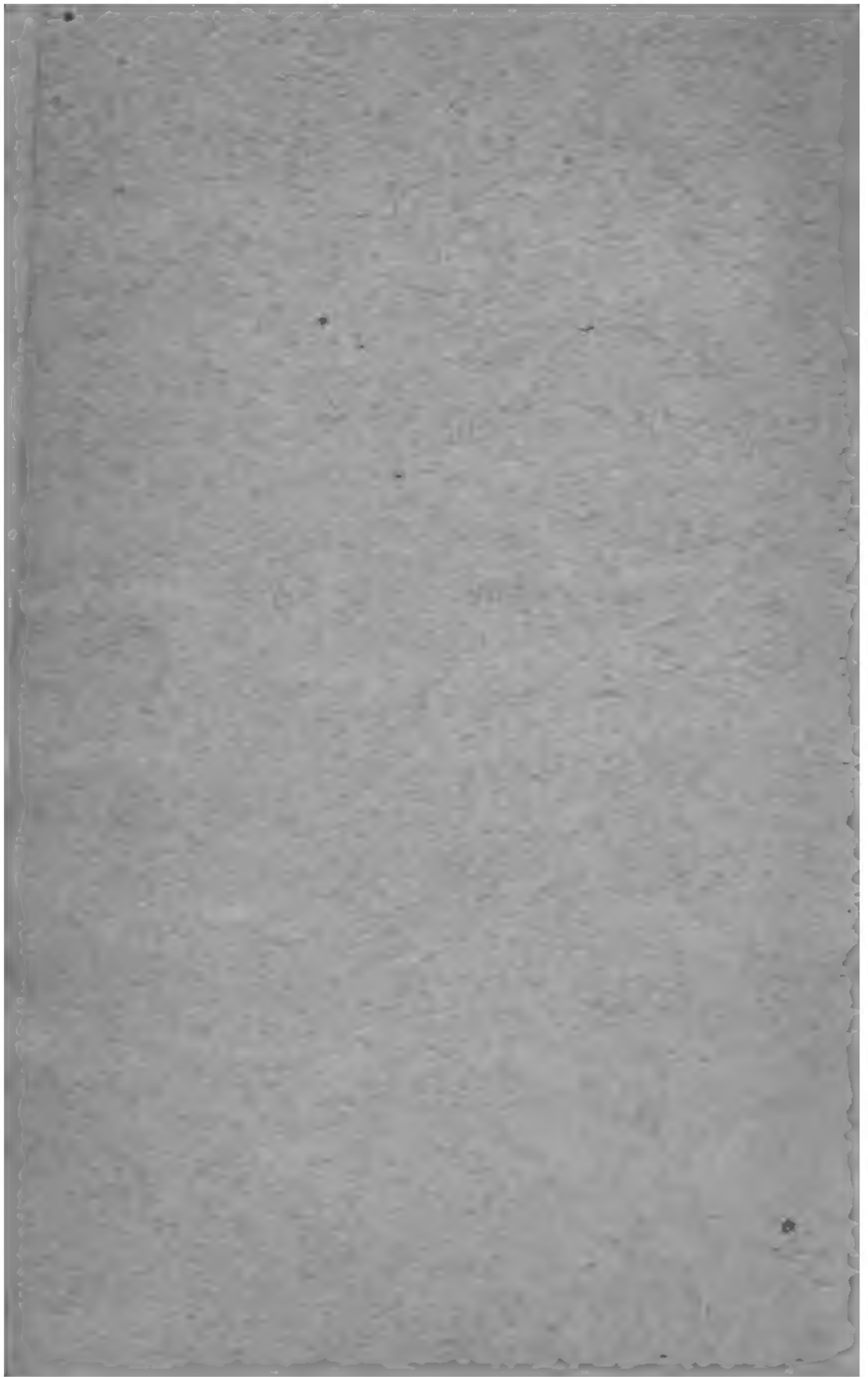




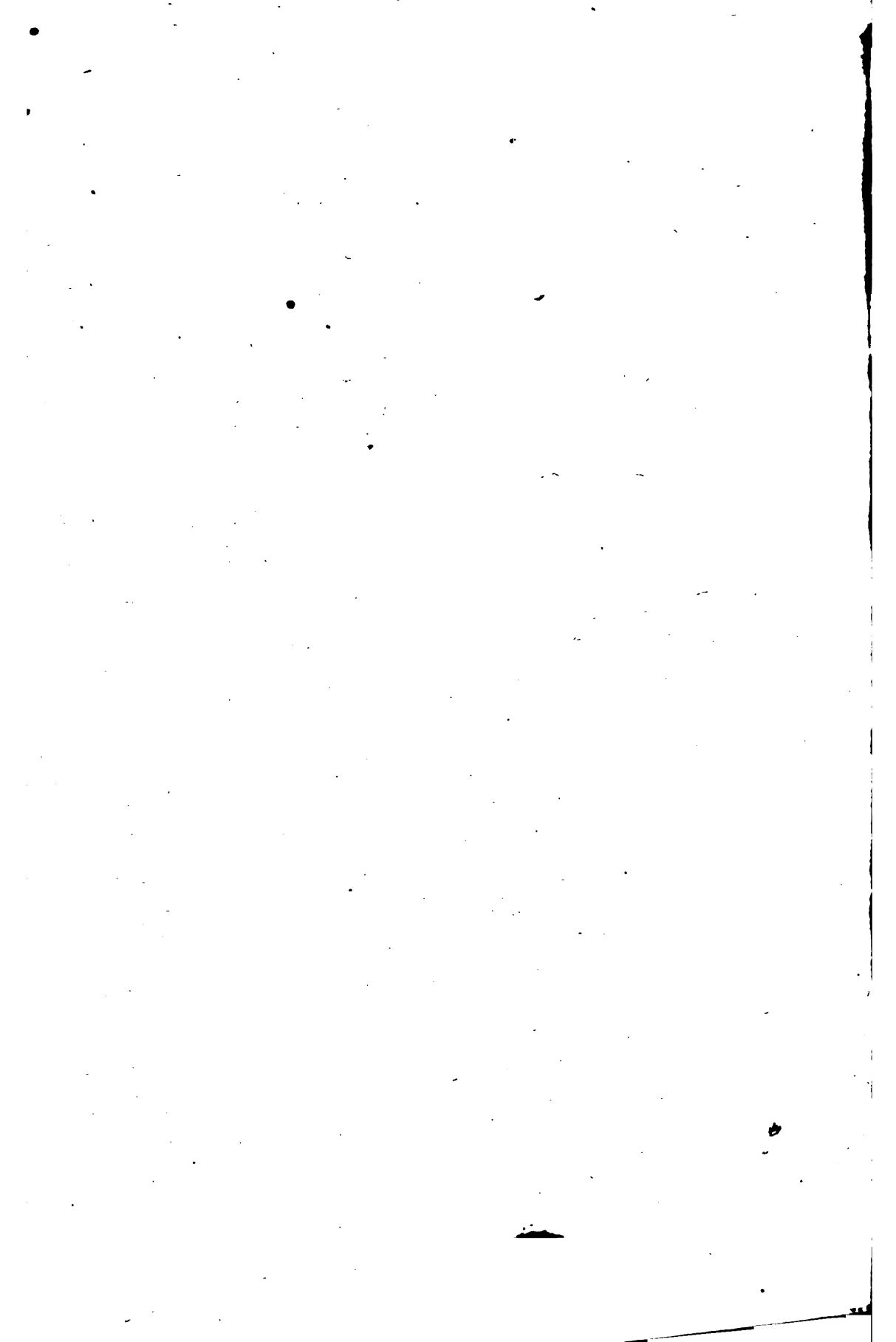












THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

*An Illustrated Monthly*

DEVOTED TO THE PRESENTATION, IN AUTHENTIC AND POPULAR  
FORM, OF THE HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, LITERARY,  
EDUCATIONAL, AND GENERAL INTERESTS

OF THE

NEW ENGLAND STATES AND PEOPLE

VOLUME VI.

BOSTON  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE COMPANY  
1888



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RAND AVERY COMPANY,  
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BOSTON.

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**MOSES BROWN**

**From Steel Plate Engraving by Pollock in 1836.**

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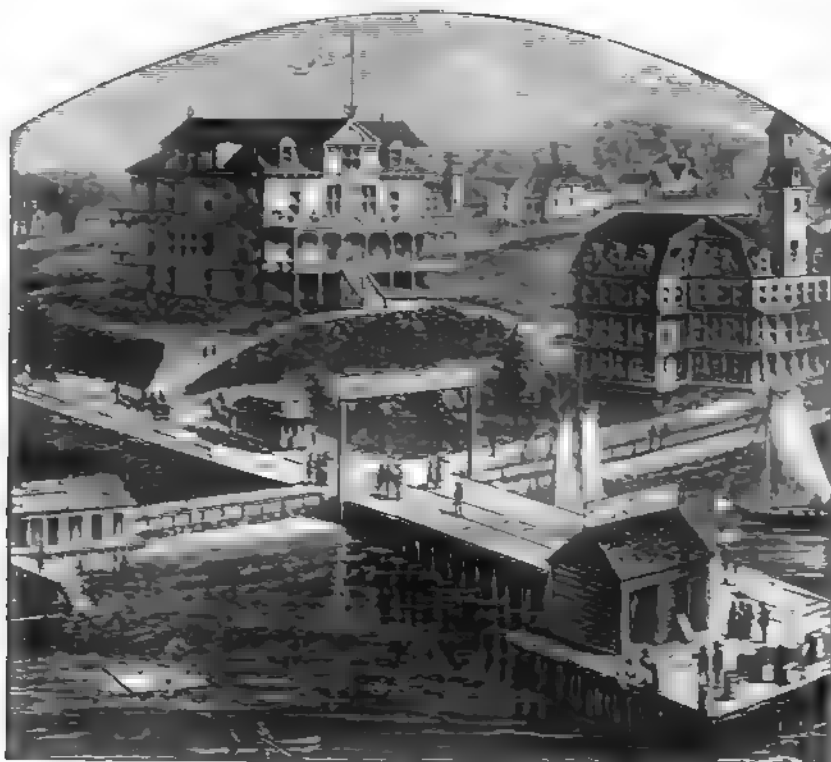
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had no precedent, so the whole matter of organization and equipment was largely experimental. The experiment, however, has been so successful as to have many imitators. Ten years ago the general impression among teachers and parents was that no study or mental labor should be attempted in the midsummer holidays—the livelong day should be spent in utter listlessness and sleep. Such was the orthodox creed; but a few heretics held to a different opinion. They believed “change was rest”; they maintained that a reasonable and moderate amount of study could be combined with recreation to advantage, both physical and mental—if the surrounding conditions were favorable. If this could be



MARTHA'S VINEYARD SUMMER INSTITUTE — GENERAL VIEW.

demonstrated, then the cause of education would be greatly advanced; for at this season—and only at this season—could the teachers in active employment find the time to place themselves under the guidance and inspiration of specialists, to be lifted out of the

ruts, and fitted for better work in their profession. Whether students would come, was a question that could only be answered by giving them an opportunity.

To make the experimental test a fair one, the conditions must be favorable; some spot known to be cool, quiet and health-giving must be chosen. Such a spot was found at Cottage City, on the island of Martha's Vineyard, already favorably known as a summer watering-place, where the breezes,

from whatever quarter they blow, are cooled and purified by the surrounding ocean, where is no malaria, natural or social.

These thoughts had gradually matured in the mind of a prominent teacher who had a beautiful cottage on the Highlands, overlooking Vineyard Sound, the great marine highway between New York and Boston, where he spent his summer vacations. To Colonel Homer B. Sprague—at that time Head Master of the Girls' High School in Boston—belongs, therefore, the honor of the conception of this comprehensive plan for a vacation school. He discussed it with friends for a time, and found enough who were willing to join him in giving the matter a trial. The plan of organization adopted was a mutual one—each Head of a Department contributing his share of the expense and receiving the tuition fees paid by his own pupils; this plan is still pursued in the school.

As a matter of history it may be well to give the names of those who joined Colonel Sprague in the first session. The following is the list:—

Homer B. Sprague, in charge of the Departments of English Literature and Elocution; John Tetlow, of Latin and Greek;



WILLIAM J. ROLFE, PRESIDENT



Marie Mehlbach, German ; Benjamin W. Putnam, Drawing ; Truman J. Ellinwood, Phonography ; J. C. Greenough, Didactics ; L. S. Burbank, Geology and Mineralogy ; William R. Dudley, Botany ; A. C. Apgar, Zoology ; Benjamin P. Mann, Entomology ; Philippe de Senancour, French.

The records state, that a permanent organization being deemed desirable, Colonel Homer B. Sprague was chosen President, and Benjamin W. Putnam, Secretary. A limited number of circulars, explaining the object of the Institute, were sent out. About seventy-five students responded to this first call, in 1878.



BENJ. W. PUTNAM, CLERK AND BUSINESS AGENT.

Thus the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute began its career. It had no funds, no building, and none of the usual school appliances. So little was known about it, even on the island, that some who, having seen the circular and having come to attend, failed after diligent search and inquiry to find it, and left the island in disgust. The more persevering or fortunate found the professors at last ; and work was begun wherever a place to screen them

from sun and shower could be found—in cottage parlors and on piazzas, over offices and in tents—a humble beginning, but the best that could be made under the circumstances.

The unity of purpose was promoted by frequent gatherings of the Faculty at the cottage of the President, where matters of interest and importance were freely discussed. Public lectures were given in halls and churches, which served to interest the people of Cottage City. Students and faculty were, on the whole, so well satisfied with the result of the first session that it was decided to try it again the following year.

The next season some slight changes in the organization were made and new members added to the faculty. Among the latter, particularly to be noticed, is the name of Lewis B. Monroe, Professor of Elocution. He did not, however, live to meet with his class. Professor Wm. B. Dwight, of Vassar College, now the Vice-President of the Institute, took charge of the Department of Zoology, in connection with Professor Apgar. The session was more successful than the first, and it was decided to go on with the work in 1880, also.

This year the faculty was strengthened by the addition of Professor William J. Rolfe, who took charge of English Literature; Professor R. R. Raymond, who took the Department of Elocution; Dr. John Lord, as head of the Department of History; and Carl Petersilea, as head of the Musical Department.



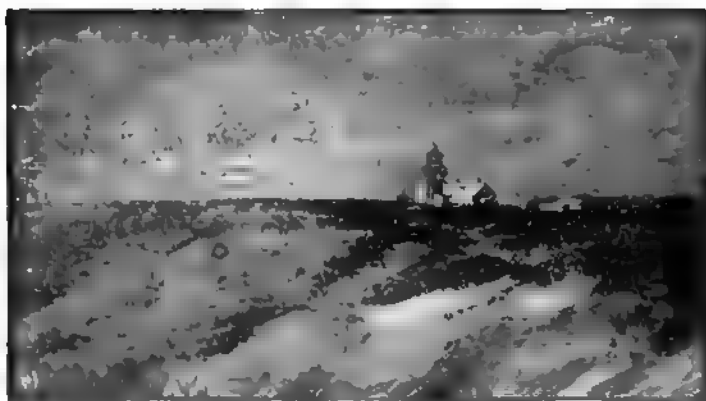
SAMOSET AVENUE, COTTAGE CITY.



W. H. DANIELL, TREASURER.

In 1881 some very important additions were made to the Faculty of Instruction. Alexander Winchell, LL.D., took a Department in Geology; Rev. John D. King, the Department of Microscopy; Professor William H. Daniell, that of Vocal

Music; and Edward S. Burgess, the Department of Botany.



GAY HEAD, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

With the exception of the first named, these gentlemen have continued to hold their positions to the present time.

The records of the Institute show that, from the first year, there had been a feeling that a building for its especial use was needed. Several propositions bearing upon the subject were considered, but nothing was accomplished. At the close of the session of '81, the Faculty felt that if something was not done before another year the whole thing must be abandoned, or the



YACHTING.

Institute removed to some other locality. At this juncture the Rev. Dr. Morrison, President of the Camp Meeting Association, who had become deeply interested in the work of the Institute, suggested to Professor Putnam, who was trying to solve the problem, that a subscription paper presented to the cottagers and summer visitors, would undoubtedly meet with a hearty response. Professor Putnam at once threw himself into the work, and as the result of his earnest efforts the Institute was saved, and a sum was subscribed sufficient to justify the erection of a building for its accommodation. Four years had shown the people of Cottage City that the Institute was a benefit to the place. They had enjoyed the lectures of such men as Sprague, Lord, Rolfe and Winchell; they had seen coming into the town, each year, a class of earnest and cultivated people, bent on improving their minds to a still higher degree,—people who are a blessing to any community; and they were not willing to let them leave the island.

With the pledge of this sum of money, and the indications of a continued location on the island, a more permanent form of organization was deemed important. Accordingly, in September, the following gentlemen, viz.: Homer B. Sprague, T. J. Ellinwood, Benjamin W. Putnam, William B. Dwight, Hermann B. Boisen, John D. King, William V. Morrison, Alexander Winchell, William J. Rolfe, William H. Daniell, and R. R. Raymond, organized themselves into a corporation under the provisions of the general statute relating to religious, educational, and charitable institutions. They adopted by-laws, and proceeded to elect officers, with the following result:—President, Homer B. Sprague; Vice-President, William J. Rolfe; Clerk, Benjamin W. Putnam; Treasurer, Truman J. Ellinwood.

The clerk of the corporation was elected as the Business Agent, and instructed to attend to the erection of a building commodious enough for the present and prospective wants of the various classes of the Institute, on a lot of land which had been given for this purpose (under certain restrictions) by the Vineyard Grove Company.

A building, containing sixteen class-rooms and an assembly hall, was completed for use before the session of 1882. A view of the building appears with this article. It was named Agassiz Hall, in honor of the eminent naturalist and great teacher, who founded the first Summer School of Science in the country, loca-

ting it on another island of the same group. This school having been given up soon after his death, the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute became its natural successor.

On the 13th of February, 1882, Colonel Sprague tendered his resignation as President, impelled thereto by "ill health and a press of other duties." As he made this positive, the Directors were compelled to accept it. Professor William J. Rolfe, the Vice-President, was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. Of him the retiring President said to the Directors: "You are fortunate, indeed, to secure the services of one who has achieved success in both science and literature; one whose fame, through his works, is not only national but international." He has held the office to the present time.

The erection of a spacious and convenient building on a cool and commanding site, gave a new impetus to the good work, which was apparent in the increased attendance at the opening of the session of 1882. The building was dedicated with appropriate services,—the former President, Colonel Sprague, delivering the dedicatory address. The following hymn, written for the occasion by a lady<sup>1</sup> who has always been deeply interested in the success of the Institute, was sung with spirit by the large audience in attendance.

[JULY 20, 1882],

Father, on Thee we wait,  
To Thee we consecrate  
The house we raise;  
Bless Thou each heart and hand  
That nobly gave and planned,  
Where we now grateful stand  
To give Thee praise.

Thou said'st, "Let there be light,"  
And Nature's temple bright  
Uprose to view:  
Let now Thy light descend  
On stranger and on friend,  
And all our spirits blend  
In friendship true.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. B. W. Putnam.

We dedicate our Hall,  
And write upon its wall  
The "Teacher's" name;  
May dews from heaven baptize,  
And Ocean's pæan rise,  
While through the sounding skies  
Rings his fair fame.

Help each, like him, to be  
The child of nature, free,  
Seeking for light;  
Let science prove all true,  
And art bring out to view  
The hidden beauties, new,  
By labor's might.

Great God, look down and bless;  
On all our hearts impress  
The truth sublime:  
That wisdom comes from Thee,  
Life, love, and liberty;  
Thine, Thine the glory be,  
Throughout all time.

The comfort of the new building, with the various appliances of a school-house, was fully appreciated by those who, for four years, had struggled on without them. One large room is made extensively useful as a reception room, where students can meet for social intercourse, to read and write; where, also, are displayed on shelves the various new text books of the year, sent by the publishers for examination; and where all other necessary school supplies are kept for sale.

In 1882 the Directors decided to publish a paper, which was issued under the name of the "Institute Herald." This paper, under the energetic management of Dr. William F. Morrison, of Providence, son of the Treasurer, was a success, and aided in making the Institute better known, not only in the immediate vicinity, but throughout the country.

During this session, the Department of History was most ably conducted by Dr. Charles K. Adams, now President of Cornell University. Dr. W. A. Brownell, of Syracuse, took charge of the Department of Mineralogy, and has continued to fill that chair most acceptably to the present date. The German Department was in charge of Professor Hermann B. Boisen, author of some

valuable text books,—a most inspiring teacher, full of enthusiasm, which he imparted to his pupils in a remarkable degree,—but whose good work was soon terminated by his early and sudden death, while teaching at the Lawrenceville Academy, in New Jersey. The Shakespearian readings of Professor R. R. Raymond had become very popular, and large audiences gathered to enjoy his renderings of the plays of the great poet. The course of Geological lectures, by Dr. Alexander Winchell, was enjoyed by throngs of delighted listeners.

The season of 1883 was one of continued prosperity for the Institute. The erection of two buildings for the accommodation of the Musical Department, marked the outward growth, and relieved the already crowded rooms of the main building by furnishing accommodations for the large class in Vocal Music, under Professor Daniell, and that in the Piano Forte, under Professor Howard.

The Department of Didactics was, during the sessions of 1882 and 1883, in charge of Colonel F. W. Parker, at that time one of the supervisors of the Boston schools. His fame drew a large class, that met in Union Chapel, on the Oak Bluffs side of the town,—as there was not sufficient accommodation in the building. In the year 1883 a fair in aid of the Institute, was held in Agassiz Hall, under the charge of the wives of the professors, and a considerable sum of money was raised to meet obligations that had been incurred in the furnishing of the building. Another fair was held in Union Chapel the following year, but a severe storm and other causes combined to make it much less successful than the first.

In 1884, the Rev. Dr. Morrison, who had acted as Treasurer since the incorporation, felt compelled to resign the office; and the Institute was fortunate in securing as his successor, Professor William H. Daniell, who had so ably conducted the Department of Vocal Music, and who, as one of the Directors, had proved himself a staunch friend and wise counsellor. He received a unanimous election, and the Institute still enjoys the benefit of his services in this important position.

This year the Department of Pedagogy was in charge of Professor H. H. Straight, of the Cook County Normal School, Chicago, Illinois; who, by his genial and courteous manner, his enthusiasm and original methods, endeared himself to all who

met him. We are pained to learn that he has recently passed on, — pained for those whom he has left behind, not for himself; for he was ready to be with the Great Teacher.

This year the Department of Philosophy was in charge of F. Louis Soldan, Principal of the St. Louis Normal School, with Dr. William T. Harris, of Concord, as lecturer. The Department of Physical Culture was conducted by Dr. Dio Lewis, of New York, who, by his inspiring ways, pleasant manners, and original devices, awakened much enthusiasm in his specialty. The next year, sickness in his family, and then his untimely death by an accident, deprived the Institute of the further services of one who, with all his idiosyncracies, was a benefactor to the age in which he lived.

It has always been the aim of the Directors, other things being equal, to select the heads of the departments from as widely separate points as possible. As the students come from all sections, it is wise to have the professors from all parts of the country. This year they were fortunate in obtaining, to fill the chair of history, Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, president of the College of Charleston, S. C. For two seasons he has filled that position, commending himself to all by his genial manner and profound knowledge. The most noticeable improvement, in what may be termed the plant of the Institute this year, was the erection of a building for a café, where the students who are obliged to lodge at some distance can take their meals with convenience. This plan is found to be both economical, affording board at a lower rate, and advantageous also in a social way, bringing the students more together, and promoting good feeling and a fraternal spirit.

The ninth year (1886) saw but few changes in the Faculty, — the most noticable being that in the chair of elocution, which was filled by Dr. S. S. Curry, Dean of the Boston School of Expression, who endeared himself to those under his immediate charge to a remarkable degree.

We may add in a general way, that each year, profiting by the experience of the past, the Directors have been able so to systematize matters that work can be begun the first day of the session and continue uninterruptedly till the close, — which, by a recent vote, may not be till the sixth week. It is proper also to state that, as this is a school established primarily for teachers, the members of the Faculty take especial pains to teach *methods*, not only by precept, but by example, in imparting a knowledge of their



own subject. Pedagogy, the science of teaching, has always been a prominent department. They hold that if they fill a pupil full of his subject he will gain the ability in which he can *best* teach it. It is a pleasure to teach a subject we know, and know we know. It is misery to try to teach a subject we do not know and know we do not know.

Does this study during vacation tend to injure the health and to unfit for the labors of the following school year? After careful observation we are prepared to say that it does not, when pursued moderately during three or four hours of the day. Experience has taught us that not more than two Departments can be profitably taken by any one student during a session. These, with the lectures, bathing and excursions for health and pleasure, fill up the time as fully as is desirable. The professors are enthusiastic specialists who have devoted a lifetime to acquire a knowledge of their subjects, and they almost unconsciously give out of their stores so freely that if several branches are taken only confusion to the learner follows if he is but a beginner. But what a gain to teachers if they can return to their work feeling that on two subjects, at least, they are ready to meet their pupils, and are prepared to give them the latest and best information on those! We have reached these conclusions after observing the results of this vacation work on students coming from every state and territory in the union, as well as representatives from Canada, Mexico, South America, the Hawaiian Islands, and even England.

This brief sketch of the leading points in the history of the Institute will enable the reader to form some estimate of its value as an educational force. He will see that it has come into existence and grown in response to a demand of the times. Without endowment, without State aid, it has steadily developed. The contributions to its support have been only in small sums, and at long intervals. It depends for its perpetuity upon the life of no one individual, as it has been built up by a body of earnest men, who, at no small sacrifice of time and money, have labored for this educational philanthropy—for such, surely, it may justly be termed.

The fact that it has reached its tenth consecutive session, in spite of the many obstacles in its way, and has enrolled about fifteen hundred students, and that it has had the services of nearly one hundred instructors—many of them eminent in their special

line of work — carries this school beyond the experimental period, and places it squarely among the institutions of learning that have become a part of our advancing civilization.

It is not yet fully equipped. At present the students are obliged to lodge at some distance from the class-rooms. This is both inconvenient and expensive. Dormitories are needed; they were contemplated in the original plan, and ground was reserved for their location, but the necessary funds are still wanting.

We hope and believe the day is not far distant when the heart of some person of abundant means will be moved to complete the equipment of the school by supplying this deficiency. — some Cornell or Peabody, who would thus link his name with an educational institution whose beneficial influence has already been felt in every State of the Union; an institution that knows, in dispensing its benefits, no distinction of creed, race, or color.



*THE LILACS.***THE LILACS.**

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

WITH homesick heart and weary feet  
 I wandered through a dim old street  
     In a land remote and far,  
 Just as day from the twilight gales  
 Was softly folding her rosy sails,  
     To anchor beneath a star.

An unknown speech perplexed my ear,  
 A strange bird sang a night-song drear;  
     A wind-mill white, in distant haze,  
 Looked like something within a dream;  
 The moonrise, with its pallid gleam,  
     Like pictures seen in childhood's days.

Even the window lights aglow  
 Ruddy and warm through blossom snow,  
     Nothing of welcome seemed to say;  
 Nor the children's voices gay and sweet,  
 That sang out through the quiet street,  
     From a gable over the way.

Spring was there under waving trees;  
 She kissed my cheek with her light breeze; —  
     But not the spring I knew, — alas,  
 Whose breath with cherry blooms was sweet,  
 Who scattered daisies at my feet,  
     Within the green New England grass;

Then suddenly the air grew charmed, —  
 My eyes were wet, my heart was warmed,  
     My footsteps quickened with delight, —  
 A lilac scent. O breath of home!  
 The brave old flowers — like purple foam —  
     Waved welcome o'er a paling white.

Familiar as the village green,  
 The homestead lane, the foreign scene  
     By their sweet magic had become.  
 "What though the world be vast and wide,  
 All, all are kin," low voices cried,  
     "And everywhere you find sweet home."

## CONSERVATISM IN TERMS OF MEASUREMENT.

By ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

SOME twenty-eight years before the beginning of our era, there was set up in the Roman Forum the golden milestone. The act was done by command of the Emperor Augustus. This stone marked the middle point of the city. It was called the milestone because, as it is reported, the Emperor designed that all the roads leading from the thirty-seven gates of the city should have the distances upon them measured, and their milestones numbered from this central one,—the *Milliarium Avenum*. The practice previous to that had been to reckon distance either from the old wall of the city or from the gate in the outer wall. The innovation proposed was for the convenience of the general public, and it could injure no one. It would seem there was need only that money enough be appropriated from the public funds to meet the trifling expense of the work. If no voice was raised against this expenditure, what possible objection could be made?

But Augustus did not live long enough to see this undertaking carried through. Indeed, it was never accomplished. The Emperor carried other measures that seem to us far more difficult than this plan of re-numbering the milestones along the public ways. He carried them with a pretty high hand at times, and that, too, in the remotest parts of the globe. But here was a little home affair, a pet scheme of his own, concerning only the city and its environs, involving no principle of administration to antagonize popular sentiment, apparently beyond his personal and his official authority. The obstacles in the Emperor's way were such as lay outside the scope of legislation, and were insuperable to executive power.

The case is an interesting and instructive one, for history abounds in instances of just such futile attempts at reform. If we can realize what were the hindrances to the Roman Emperor's sensible and benevolent design, we shall understand better about what rate of progress to look for when any reform is started. A study of the particular case may keep us from losing patience with a slow old world which never seems to know what is really

best for it. Individually the world gets impatient with its collective self a thousand times because of this stupid slowness.

For us to understand how this matter of the new milestones stood at Rome, we must try to get a foothold in that neighborhood, with neighborly interests, and with antipathies in common with the people who lived along those ways, and who travel over them to the city upon visits of pleasure and business. For the time being we must become tenants by sufferance of a suburban estate. Our friend, Paulinus Julius, who lives directly across the road from our modest holding, and who has received his *ager privatus* (paternal acres) through a long line of ancestors, will politely come over to the bench under our vine some bright afternoon, *ut salutem dicat* (to wish us good morning ;) and he will forthwith ask us how we like the idea of living two or three miles farther from the town than we have been living heretofore. The question is put not with any intention of drawing out our own sentiments, but simply to pave the way to our neighbor's unburdening himself. Without waiting for an answer to be given, he goes on to say that, for his part, he is thoroughly disgusted with the whole thing. Why, there is that little property of his over there, which has always been described in the *itineraries* as seven miles from Rome, — who is going to recognize it when the milestone down the road there is marked *nonum* (ninth) instead of as now, *septimum* (seventh)? In fact, himself and all his ancestors will lose their identity if they are to be thrust out into the Campagna two miles or more beyond their well-known location. Are such things to be?

Before Paulinus has time to go on to answer this question to his own satisfaction, and to our relief, another query is propounded. Bucolicus comes along from some hill-farm out in Apulia, driving some half-a-dozen goats from his master's flock to market. The goats are growing tired. Their driver reached the full limits of growth in that direction years ago. "How far to Rome?" he asks. "*Millia passuum septem*" (seven miles), says Paulinus, "and if you don't hurry along, the Emperor will have made them *novem* (nine)." "*Quid ais?*" (Do tell! how's that?) And Bucolicus rests his crook against the trellis in token of that rest which he proposes to take himself. "Why," says the other, "that milestone down there by the roadside, — *videsne* (d'ye see)? which has been known as the *milliarium septimum* for all time within the

recollection of our fathers, is to be moved down the road *passus sescentos* (half-a-mile) at least, and then have two added to its number. That's Augustus's idea."

The herdsman has not time to take in so vast a subject, and to utter language which may be noted as disloyal and seditious — before Quintilius, of the ancient family of Quintius, comes up from the *vicus Quintianus* to see about an amphora of wine which was stored upon the premises before we came into possession. The little hamlet to which this personage belongs, and from which his family takes its name, has grown up in the course of centuries around the *milliarum quintum* (fifth milestone), and all the greatness of both place and family is associated with the spot. "*Mehercule* (Egad)," says he, "here is Virgil singing '*Tendimus Latium*' (We are on our way to Italy), but it looks as though in this matter we were likely to sing, '*Ab Roma distrahimur*' (We are being dragged away from Rome). *Quid possumus* (What can we do)? There are the tombs of our ancestors, and their names are all inscribed upon the memorial tablets — the honored name of Quintus. Shall these inscriptions be erased, and the tablets all be recut with the names of certain *Septimii*? But no Septimius has ever had his name written in the records of the Senate as having deserved well of his country, and shall these sacred records be falsified? *Inmo vero* (Why, bless my soul, more than all that)! what will become of the name and good-will of our *diversorium* (hostelry), which is worth *plus nummorum milibus octo per annum* (more than three hundred dollars a year)?" asked the worthy *caupo* (landlord). This last remark convinces us that Augustus's idea will never prevail so far out as to the fifth milestone from the city.

This world of human kind, vain of its past and confident of the future, may well echo the Song of the Brook,

"For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever."

It is all very true that the world does go on while we mortals falter and lag by the way. The thing to be noted here is that with all the boasted advance of the present, the world is getting on, where it is making any progress at all, very much as it was trying to get on in the time of Augustus. Frequent illustrations of this may be found in the history of most proposed economic reforms.

The advocates of the adoption of the metric system as it is commonly called, but, more properly, the decimal system of weighing and measuring, display, at times, some little impatience at the slow advance which is made towards its adoption. Such persons will do well to bear in mind that a change of standard weights and measures is one of the things which cannot be effected by legislation much more easily than could a change in language. Indeed the two are closely related. The conservatism of custom in these matters is not easily overcome. People find it easier to continue in the use of what is habitual than to change to another usage, even though this be in itself a better one. We have an example of this conservatism, and that an instructive one, too, in the tardy adoption of the decimal system in our federal currency. This currency was provided for by the Continental Congress before the close of the Revolutionary War. For years after this, however, money continued to be reckoned in sterling denominations — pounds, shillings and pence — according to old tenor, as it used to be called, after the manner of colonial times. Even to this day the “two and threepence” and the “four and sixpence” of old tenor, together with some other kindred terms, are frequently employed, and they must still be familiar to many of the present generation. They are survivals in language.

There is good reason, moreover, to suspect that the partiality for the duodecimal system of counting as compared with the decimal, is itself also a survival. The two systems were known and in use in the earliest historic times. Homer numbers the troops by decades; and he represents Proteus, the old man of the sea, as numbering his flocks by the process of fiving them. This appears to have been the most antiquated fashion of counting known and practiced in his day. Five must have been one of the earliest collective units adopted, as it could be represented by the fingers of one hand. One can easily picture to himself the old herdsman of the sea holding up his hand before him and assigning to the thumb and each separate finger a sea-calf from his herds, until the tale was complete. The decade as a collective unit evidently came into use from employing both hands. It is safe to assume that no people have ever made any considerable intellectual advancement without having known the properties of decimals. And just as certain is it that every one of these people have shown a decided preference for duodecimals to be employed

in the matter of weighing and measuring goods and in reckoning time. In estimating long periods of time, or extended areas, or great quantities of any products or merchandise, however, no such preference appears. It is most clearly seen in cases where the amount of time, money or goods is such as might be subject to private ownership. The *millia*, the *centuriæ*, and the *millenia* were never objected to in the least. These units were not involved in the daily calculations of the private and personal interests of individuals.

We may never find out precisely in what substratum of interest, or privilege, or craft, the divisions of the day, of the shilling, of the foot, and of the pound, the use of the dozen and the gross, are so deeply and so firmly rooted. But one cannot avoid the impression that this growth had a good and reasonable origin in the minds of reasonable men. It seems rather to be a prejudice against the decimal system than any preference for a different unit. It has the appearance of an aftergrowth. It assumes a larger collective unit than the decimal, and its parts must be proportionally smaller. The popular character of this prejudice goes to show that the adoption of the later system must have been to the advantage of the people. Now all these considerations point to one and the same origin. A system of tything was practised everywhere in early times. It embraced all revenues and income. Taxes, imposts, rates and rents were reckoned as tithes, or the tenth. The decimal system, adopted by the government, by the landlord and by the clergy, became odious to the people who bore the burden. All these payments were made in kind. One pig, one kid, one calf paid for the herd, flock, or drove of ten of these animals, or rather for the nine that were left to the tenant or drover. The most ready device to evade full payment was to make exchanges and sales by the dozen, and compromise with the authorities for the payment of one in each particular instance. Suppose the farmer took twelve kids to the city for sale. At the city gate, or at the church door, he would be required to pay the customary tithe. If the tax-gatherer would let him off with the payment of one kid — and no nearer payment could be made until the animals were sold and slaughtered — the farmer was having one fifth of his dues abated. Under such conditions of industry and trade as are here assumed, this system of evasion would be practised everywhere that percentages were to be reckoned. Seeing



this, all one can say is that humanity has not yet outgrown the cringing fear, the craft and the duplicity ingrained by a universal system of tithing. Mankind still cherishes the fond fancy that it enjoys some advantage from the long ton, the dozen, and the gross.

Some historical evidence as to the gradual introduction into use of the decimal system in our own currency may be of interest. The following note of hand, given in the year 1781, contains mention of *old tenor*, and shows that at that time two modes of reckoning money were in vogue. Whether *new tenor* was at any time applied to our present system is doubtful.

"I promise to pay to Samuel Kennard, or his order, in December, 1781, thirty-eight and one-half Bushels of good Indian Corn, to be delivered at my Dwelling House in Kittery; also thirty-eight and a half Silver Dollars, to be paid in Beef at Two Shillings, Old Tenor, per pound, in Massachusetts money, the Beef to be good and to be valued on the foot; and to be paid to the Sd. Samuel Kennard, or his order, in November, 1781; it being for Value Received by me.

"Kittery, June 9, 1781.

ISAAC HILL.

"Witness: James Neal."

The "Silver Dollars" mentioned in this note are not to be understood as belonging to our currency. They were Spanish coin which were put into circulation here through the commercial intercourse between the New England colonies and the West Indies and Spain. They were commonly described as "Spanish Milled Dollars," and in early colonial times they became a standard of values. Of course, in 1781 none of these "Dollars" were in circulation. They were withdrawn as soon as Continental paper was issued.

One can easily satisfy himself that in New England, accounts continued to be kept in the money of Old England until the beginning of the present century. At that time the practice was not uniform. That it had reached a transition stage, and the federal currency was beginning to be recognized, appears from the following:—

"Portland, 10th Mo. 11, 1800.

"Ezra Varney Bot. of John Taber & Son:

1 iron shovel . . . . .	£0	7	0
1 hammer . . . . .	0	2	3
Rasp . . . . .	0	1	6
Chisels, 2s., 1 at 1s. 6d. . . . .	0	3	6
	<hr/>		
	£0	14	3
	<hr/>		
	\$2.37	1-4	

"Received payment,

"John Taber & Son."

Four years later than this the old Colonial usage of reckoning in English money was pretty nearly abandoned. The following promissory note will show what had become the prevailing custom. It will also show, in the minuteness of its specification, a scrupulous care for funds held in trust, such as, in view of the present handling of fiduciary funds, seems scarcely less antiquated than the old tenor reckoning which we were just now looking at.

"For Vallu received I promise to pay to Abraham Anderson, Treasurer of the ministerial fund, the sum of two Dollars and thirty-five cents and 9 mills in one year from the Date.

Windham, October 7, 1805."

It will be seen that the adoption of the decimal system in our system of accounts was by slow degrees. It will also appear that in the process of naturalization in our language most of the terms employed in naming the parts of the dollar were so clipped as scarcely to suggest their original Roman form. *Pars decima* dropped its noun, and retained the ordinal under the form of *dime*, which it assumed through the French *disme*. By clipping alone *centesima* was contracted to *cent*, and *millesima* to *mill*.

The tardy coming into use of the metric system in its completeness is by steps still more laggard and reluctant. Language is one great hindrance to its immediate adoption by the people. No one can with any confidence forecast what form its terms will eventually assume, but it is morally certain that such words as *kilogramme*, *millimeter* and *myriastere* will not pass English-speaking lips except at serious peril of mutilation. They are foreign to our tongue, and do not lend themselves with a good grace to the idiom of our speech. This point easily admits of illustration. We

measure ordinary distances by the foot. By the foot we buy and sell town lots, lumber, ship timber and cord wood. In all these different uses of the term the foot has a perfectly well-defined meaning of its own peculiar to the merchandise or to the purpose to which it is applied. In the measure of distances, it is the linear foot that is meant; of land, it is the square foot; of lumber, it is the square foot one inch in thickness; of timber, it is the cubic foot, and of wood, it is the cord foot, or sixteen cubic feet. Now, in no one of these cases is there any need to specify the kind of foot intended. In the use of the metric system we have these several measures represented sometimes in terms of the *meter*, sometimes of the *are*, and sometimes of the *stere*. The inch and the yard are equally well fitted as the foot, for use in our language; and the same may be said of the denominations of our weights and measures. More than all this, we use one and all of these terms as descriptive words whenever we have occasion, as when we speak of a two-foot rule, of a four-inch joist, of three-penny nails, of a ten-dollar bill, or of a dime novel.

But it may be urged that the new terms of the metric system will be found equally pliable when they shall have become familiar. All this is granted, and yet the difficulty remains; for it must be borne in mind that the problem is how to make the terms familiar. The proposition may be stated in the converted form, that the terms will soon become familiar when once they have been adapted to our use. The trouble is that no one can tell by what process to change them. It is pretty certain that their form must be much shortened, but how this is to be done is by no means so clear. No one can foresee what is to be left after this process is completed. Plainly stated, the difficulty is this: these terms must be adapted to our language by use among the people, and the people will not use them until such adaptation shall have been made.

The words must also have a fixed, definite meaning attaching to them. As used at present they have little more meaning to the common mind than the characters in which a physician's prescription is written. It is worth while to observe in connection with this that in countries where a Latin language like the French is spoken, the metric system is much more readily introduced than among us. In some of the countries of South America, for ex-

ample, where it was first proposed later than with us, it is now universally employed. It may be thought that its adoption in Germany proves its suitability for use in England and America ; but it is well known that, in the Franco-Prussian war of 1871, the French language conquered the German on its own soil about as completely as did the German arms prevail in France.

But aside from the question of language, there are reasons in the very nature and constitution of the systems themselves why our old English system of weights and measures, which is essentially duodecimal, should hold its ground against the decimal. Both systems are survivals from pre-historic times, and the world has not yet fully made up its mind which of the two is the fitter one to survive. England has employed both of them variously combined for so long a time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The long ton, the long thousand, and the long hundred, are examples of their combination. To which one of the many invasions and conquests of the island we are to credit their introduction, we cannot now decide. It is certain, however, that at an early time the English had these in common with the Gothic people of the North. There is a beautiful illustration of the early use of the combined systems in Sweden to be found in the *Frithiof's Saga* of Tegner. Though the poem is a modern one, it is true to the old life of the country. The following lines are from the description of an ancient farmstead :

“ Ranged in their stalls like winds close fettered and proud and impatient,  
“ Pawing there stood twice twelve chained coursers, sweet grasses champing.  
“ Knotted with red were their manes, and their hoofs shone brightly with steel shoes.  
“ Wide, and a house by itself, was the drinking-hall built of tough heart-fir.  
“ Not five hundred men (though ten twelves went to the hundred),  
“ Filled that spacious hall, when at Yule they gathered at banquet.”

A hasty examination will reveal something of that magical power with which the number twelve holds its own against its neighbor and rival as a base of calculations. The surveyor, the architect, and the artisan has occasion to take parts of the base as well as multiples of it, in laying out his work. Now, the half, the third, the fourth, and the sixth of the foot may be exactly laid off in inches, while the eighth, and the ninth may be laid off in inches and duodecimal parts of an inch. Thus it appears what a variety of ratios the carpenter or other workman may select from

in his work, and experience no inconvenience in measuring them with his foot rule. Let us suppose, however, that his rule were divided and subdivided upon the decimal plan of the metric system, the half and the fifth would be the only parts he could lay off lineally. The third, the sixth, the seventh, and the ninth would be impossible ; and the fourth and the eighth inconvenient to measure. Here is a hint as to the sources of strength which the duodecimal system has in reserve.

The reform proposed concerns more nearly workmen in mills and in shops than it does the weighers and guagers in the custom-houses, and the former will have the controlling voice in deciding which of the two systems shall prevail. The change of standard measures, if ever consummated, will require a longer time than did the change in our currency. Something like the metric system was recommended to the attention of the first Federal Congress by Washington, and to that of succeeding Congresses by Jefferson and Madison. It has been advocated again and again in national and international conventions of learned bodies, and it has been taught in the public schools for years. Time and money enough have been devoted to this object to justify the query, *Cui bono?* Obviously the world is slow to change its habits of thinking ; and the advocates of any particular reform will do well to moderate their hopes and expectations, to recognise patience as a cardinal virtue, and to cultivate this as assiduously as they labor to promote the cause whose success they have at heart.

**SHARKEY.**

BY E. K. B.

By a keen instinct among Institution boys, and a quickness of perception peculiar to that class, the boy whose name was entered on the great book at the office of the "Home," as Thomas Baker was dubbed "Sharkey" by his fellows before he had been upon the playground an hour, and by the time he had been an "inmate" six months, he was known only as "Sharkey" by all connected with the institution. He was a hungry-looking boy, with deep, dark eyes, and a large mouth—looking larger by reason of the thinness of the face in which it was set. But the delicate curve of the nose, and the sensitive dilating and contracting nostril, gave a hint of better blood than usually finds its way into such places.

The brief history which was with difficulty extorted from him upon his arrival, and which stood opposite his name in the little square allotted to it, ran as follows :—

"Mother living, step-father, one sister, older. Ran away from home, could not find work, got into bad company, and was arrested for vagrancy."

There was nothing in all this to arrest the the attention of any one who might chance to look over the book. Are there not great books filled with similar histories all over our land? Is not their name "Legion" who are swallowed up among the multitude of such children in our great institutions, all labelled "Inmates," and all wearing precisely the same cap and jacket, until each does not know his own, until he scarcely knows himself? There was one place, however, where Sharkey's history was written more minutely, and where his individuality was preserved—where his name was not "Sharkey" nor "Thomas Baker,"—but as lips that had murmured it over his cradle, "Jamie Winslow," and as baptismal hands, in blessing, had written it upon a mother's heart,—and so indelibly that no waywardness nor wandering could eradicate its characters. It was this heart history that had brought Mrs. Winslow, in the blustering days of March, to the office of more than one institution, hoping by some means to gain in-

formation regarding her child. Long lists of W's had been looked over time after time, and almost everything but Winslow found. Her quest at the "Home for Juvenile Delinquents" had been no more successful than at other places, though how near she then was to her lost boy was known only to the All-seeing One. So there was an evil in going under an assumed name, which the boy had occasion to reflect upon later.

"I say, boys, Jim Doolan's mother was here just awhile ago, an' she brought him a pie an' some chewin' gum,"—was the latest news which was received after school from the office boy—round whom the others gathered like politicians about a bulletin-board at election time; "an' 'nother feller's mother was here, too, only the feller wasn't here. She asked for 'Jamie Winslow,' 'an when 'Soapy' in the office told her there wasn't no sech boy here, she cried."

"You look wild, Sharkey; your mouth's bigger'n ever," he exclaimed, as he caught a glimpse of the lad's look of grief. "You're a green 'un if you s'pose Soapy'd care. He don't care for no feller's mother, but"—and here the speaker's expression changed to a grin—"he do care for them women directors as comes here once a month."

"I say, Sharkey," he continued, after a brief pause, "do you s'pose one of them wimen is mother to anybody? That big, red-faced one was in the office to-day when that Mrs. Winslow was there, an' she asked her if she drank? As if every feller's mother drank! She looks a heap more like it herself, an' if the state can buy cigars for the men directors to smoke when they come here, couldn't it buy wine for the women?" And the clerk's assistant thrust both hands in his pockets, and with a grimace which spoke volumes, darted off among his playmates and was lost in the crowd.

Sharkey sat on a great stone in the yard with a flushed face and flashing eyes. as he thought of the insult offered to his mother. He was ostensibly absorbed in the manufacture of a chain from some rubber buttons, but was at the same time considering a plan which had for some time lain in his mind as a possibility, and now took the form of a fixed resolution; and thus he worked away until the whistle blew for the boys' supper, when he "fell into line" with his comrades and went to what he had determined should be his last meal at the "Home."



Supper was soon over — not so soon the long study hour that followed. The boys finally assembled in the chapel for evening prayers. A beautiful meaning, and one altogether new to "Sharkey," rang out from the six hundred voices that repeated in concert the sweet supplication contained in the fifty-third psalm; neither had the low monotone of the Lord's Prayer ever so touched him as now, and the singing of "Where is my Wandering Boy to-night" seemed the sad plaint of his mother's aching heart. Sharkey had gone through with this routine every night for six months, but his thoughts had usually been occupied with something else, or he had gone to sleep and lost the whole. Not so to-night, however.

Prayers being over, the long lines of boys, keeping exact step, passed through the halls and up the worn stairways to the dormitories, where the narrow, rounded beds, with their white covers, looked in the dim light like so many little snow-covered graves. In a twinkling the last boy was in bed. There was no tucking in, no good-night kiss — no noise, finally, save the heavy breathing of tired children, broken occasionally by a cough or a sob, or by a faint cry of childish pain, which, finding no responsive human sympathy, died away, and all was still.

The watchman had once, twice, thrice, gone his rounds, had again turned the key in the doors, and gone to his midnight supper. Now came Sharkey's opportunity! He had dressed in bed, and it was but the work of a few moments to tie together sheets and the spread, to fasten one end of this rude rope to his iron bedstead, throw the other from a near window, where it fell to within a few feet of the ground. Swinging himself out of the window, he slid safely down, and was free once more.

His plan had only been laid to pass the stone wall enclosing the grounds, and after that — his mother! The difficulties that lay between the two, he had not well considered. He bounded over the wall, when lo! an irregular pile of lumber afforded just the temporary cover which he needed for concealment until he could decide upon the next step. Before he had found a secure hiding-place the sound of hurrying footsteps proved that his flight had been discovered.

"Hang the young scoundrel, I'll strap him well if I catch him," said a voice which he recognized as that of "Soapy" the office clerk.



"He'll get another from me," said the Yard-master, called "Judas" among the boys. "I never caught a boy yet but he remembered it. I striped Jim Dawson's back so that he had to go to the hospital for two weeks, and they played off to the Directors that he had the rheumatism."

"He didn't try running away again, and he minded me after that every time;" added the clerk.

They passed on down the road; and Sharkey, coming forth from his hiding-place, fled in an opposite direction.

As the distance between the boy and the Institution increased he began to feel the discomforts of his present situation. The roads were rough to his naked feet, while the chill night air penetrated his thin clothing; and as he traveled on, he began to feel need of food. He at length left the carriage road, and sought the railroad, which he had unwisely decided to follow. He now started nervously at every noise. The creaking of the dry branches were footsteps, the soft sighing of the night winds were weird and unearthly voices,—as he passed through a narrow strip of woods; and it was with a long drawn sigh of relief that he gained the track at last, and started out upon it, feeling almost safe.

Thin clouds were scurrying over the face of the moon all the time, until a break let out for a few seconds a flood of light along the line. It showed the lad some figures on the track—only a few rods behind him, and moving towards him! Carefully he stepped to one side, and with the hope that he might not have been seen, secreted himself behind a pile of rocks, and waited for them to pass him. Nearer and nearer came their tread until opposite where Sharkey lay crouched behind the rocks.

"He's about yere somewhar," said a voice; "an I'll bet it's one o' them 'Home' boys runnin' away agin."

There was no chance to get away unseen now; and a moment later the strong hand of a man was upon him.

"Oh, do, do let me go to my mother," begged the boy, weakened and discouraged by this surprise.

"Yer ain't no bizness ter have any mother," said the stranger. "Yer belongs to the State, an' I aint goin' ter let yer go, when I kin git five dollars fur bringin' yer back." The poor captive said no more, but walked on quietly between the men; who, finding him footsore, hungry and weary, felt that he needed no further

guarding. They walked back past the place where Sharkey had struck the track, and were climbing up the bank to take the main road, when like a lightning-flash the boy turned and was gone! Down the track he sped, his captors too surprised to attempt pursuit until it was too late. They had lost their prize! On, and on sped Sharkey, forgetting hunger and fatigue in his regained sense of freedom, never looking back until he came to a sharp curve in the road,—when, without any warning whatever, he ran straight into the arms of the Yard-master!

Any resistance now was futile. The last effort was a forlorn hope, and it had failed! Drawing a short strap from his pocket, “Judas” growled as he laid stroke on stroke across poor Sharkey’s shoulders;—never minding if he laid an occasional welt across his neck and face, muttering, “I’ll learn ye to get folks out o’bed nights ter hunt yer miserable carcass.”

Thus did this humane “officer” of the “Home” satisfy his love of authority; and between himself and the clerk, who gave an occasional taunt or returned an appropriate remark, the boy was dragged on until, just as the sun was rising over the eastern hills, these dignitaries with their victim entered the great iron gate opening into the grounds of the “Home!”

Sharkey was received with both hisses and cheers from his mates, as he passed the playground, but he cared for neither. The superintendent had just taken an early train for the city, and the assistant superintendent who was deputed to carry out the wishes of his superior in his absence, ordered Sharkey to be put in the cell where all returning captives were confined at the discretion of their keeper.

This cell was a basement room about six by nine, with damp walls and floor; its only furniture, an iron bedstead; while its only chance for light and air was through a narrow grating above the iron door. After a couple of hours had passed, the Assistant with a boy to aid him, carried a slice of bread and a mug of water to the cell, where he found Sharkey lying on the floor, pale and motionless, showing no sign of recognition of his presence.

“Sharkey,” said he, “what’s the matter?” The voice sounded kind, but “Sharkey” could not answer.

“I guess you’d better go to the hospital;” said the assistant. And he took him up in his strong arms, and carried him out into the daylight, and up to the east wing of the building, which was used as a hospital.

How long Sharkey lay in the little bed in the long row with a dozen other boys, he did not know. Day after day passed away. The warm Spring sunshine came in at the windows and lay in long, bright lines on the white floor. The trees were budding, and the birds were singing just as choice music to the children at the "Home" as to those who played out in the city parks in their unappreciated freedom. Yet nothing occurred within the walls to break the dull monotony of the daily life of the institution children, until the advent of a new teacher. This was announced to the hospital children by a new patient, who had been sent up with a broken arm, and who was the next day painting her in glowing colors to his companions in suffering.

"I'll tell you fellers, she's just the boss teacher. She's young like, but she's kind o' motherlike too, an' somehow if a feller felt bad, she'd be just the kind to go an' cry on." "I'll bet she'll be up here to see me, cause I'm in her class, you know; then you'll see her too," said the boy,—conscious of his immense advantage over the others in his acquaintance with the new teacher.

The boy was right. The new comer, who had, in less than a week, won her way into the hearts of these friendless ones, was not likely to neglect the sick member of her class. That very afternoon, after school had closed, a fair young girl with her hands full of flowers appeared at the door of the hospital, and nodded with a smile to the angular old nurse, who sat making a shroud. This was always her cheerful occupation when sitting down in the afternoon with the boys.

"It would come in play sometime," she would say.

It was suggestion not of death, but happy life that now pervaded the room.

"I have brought some flowers for your sick boys, and a picture scrap-book for them to look at," said the teacher. "And I believe I have a boy here with a broken arm. I must see him."

As she said this she removed the shade hat which partially covered her face. One head after another was raised from the pillows to get a glimpse of her, when a shrill scream from Sharkey as he uttered the name "Agnes," brought the nurse quickly to his bedside. He had fainted, and at the same moment Miss Winslow dropped her flowers, and, pushing aside the nurse, sprang to the boy's side exclaiming, "Oh, my God! he is my brother! Jamie speak, do speak to me."

But he did not speak. As soon as possible their mother was sent for, and came. Two weeks of suffering followed, during which time he spoke only in moaning pain to the fond mother and sister, his loving watchers. Three weeks later the portly superintendent bowed Mrs. Winslow and her children out at the office door and into the carriage which awaited them, with all the deference which he would have shown one of the Directors; and when we have said that, we have stated his entire capacity. He had been in turn a policeman, a butcher and a dentist, but had a year before, during a change of administration at the state house, by keen political wire-pulling, been appointed to fill this singularly inappropriate position.

Twenty years have passed; and as the traveler approaches one of our large Western cities, he may not notice unless it should be pointed out to him — so nearly is it hidden by the sheltering trees — an institution rightly named “A Home for Youth.” It is not called a “Reform School,” or a “State School,”—though partially supported by a noble state. Its locks and bars are love and kindness, and its cells for the worst cases, a great kindly human heart; and to that cell each boy has a key.

No wire-pulling of jealous or envious politician can easily dislodge the rare man who superintends its affairs, for he is appreciated by a community and a State who know that such men are born and not made. Having suffered, he can sympathize with suffering; for he is none other than Mr. James Winslow,—our old acquaintance, Sharkey; and Agnes, the mature sister, is the hospital nurse.



## PROTECTING STRENGTH,

BY I. B. C.

IN summer's dust a child's bare foot,  
 With frequent step, has left a dimpled print;  
 Above that track a farmer's hob-nailed boot  
 Mars the fair mold with deeply grinding dint.  
 Above the helpless child a pair of sheltering arms  
 Those sturdy feet had borne, to shield from unknown harms.

## MOSES BROWN.

By AUGUSTINE JONES, LL.B., PRINCIPAL OF FRIENDS' SCHOOL,  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THIS is an earnest practical age, which reserves its regard and its gratitude for the memory of those gentle, quiet, unobtrusive people, who have little by little served the world and improved the conditions of human existence,—who have helped the multitude to better and more abundant food and clothing,—who have contributed to furnish the cottage with the comforts, luxuries and refinements denied until of late to the palaces of kings,—who have founded schools, inspired the people with a desire for learning, and furnished the means of culture, until the finest thought and wisdom of the ages is possible to the humblest child and the most unpretending fireside. Among such benefactors is Moses Brown, who introduced to New England Samuel Slater, who had brought to it Sir Richard Arkwright's invention of spinning cotton with rollers by water power, from whence sprung our vast manufacturing and commercial prosperity. He was also a pioneer in common school education in his state, an ardent abolitionist, a founder of Brown University, and of a large and flourishing private school in his own city.

Moses Brown was the son of James and Hope Brown, and was born at Providence, R. I., July 23, 1738. He was the youngest of four brothers,—all famous. He was in the direct line from Chad. Brown, who was the first Baptist Elder over the first Baptist Society in the United States,—and was himself a Baptist until 1774, when he became a Friend. He was secretary of the lodge of Free Masons in Providence from 1758 to 1769, and was present at eighty meetings of the ninety-seven held. Punctuality was through his life such a characteristic that it became proverbial that "Moses Brown will be there at the hour." The Assembly of Rhode Island admitted him to be a Freeman in 1760. He was authorized by it, in 1762, to raise thirty thousand dollars by lottery to pave the streets of the city, and became a director in the enterprise. The four brothers in 1763, and in the following

ten years, were engaged in a large and successful mercantile business. The year 1764 was an important one, for in it Moses Brown was married to his cousin Anna Brown (daughter of his uncle Obadiah,) became a member of the Assembly and aided in obtaining the charter of Brown University.<sup>1</sup>

The charter name of the University was Rhode Island College, and it was located at Warren. As "Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead," so four — Warren, Greenwich, Newport, and Providence — strive for the honor of the whilom local habitation of the college living.<sup>2</sup>

Governor Stephen Hopkins and Moses Brown were the advocates in behalf of Providence at the corporation meeting which located the college at Providence, February 9, 1770. Moses Brown gave the college one thousand dollars in 1771, and afterwards a donation of books. His connection with the foundation of the college, I believe, is well sustained by what I have quoted and written. He was not a charter member, probably because he was a member of the Assembly which granted the charter. In a letter written in his ninety-fifth year, presenting an account in part of the services of his family to the college is the following: — "Thou may see by all this our family had an interest in promoting the Institution now called Brown University, besides the purchase of the name by my worthy nephew Nicholas; and I hope it may continue useful to posterity and retain the liberal principles of the founders of the State and Institution."

His self-abnegation was so thorough that nothing could have induced him to give his name to an institution; he would not even permit his picture to be painted.

<sup>1</sup> Writings of William Goddard, Volume I., p. 269.

<sup>2</sup> *The History of Brown University*, pp. 177-203, by Dr. R. A. Guild, contains the following: "The first motion to have the college in Providence came, so far as we can learn, from Mr. Moses Brown. . . The reader will not fail to observe how active and zealous Moses Brown was, in securing for Providence the final location of the college. He was never a member of the corporation, although elected a Trustee and repeatedly urged by his associates to accept the position. In 1774, at the age of thirty-six, he became a member of the Society of Friends. Withdrawing at this time, from the bustle of commerce and trade, he sought that retirement . . . which was more congenial to his early-formed taste for intellectual pursuits. Here, on his beautiful estate in the environs of Providence, in rural quiet and simplicity, he spent a long and useful life, aiding by his judicious counsels and abundant wealth in the promotion of intelligence, piety and freedom among men."

Governor Hopkins was such an intimate friend of Moses Brown, although thirty-one years his senior, that this sketch would be defective without some mention of him. He was the oldest member in the first and second Continental Congress in 1774-6, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; also a member of the Albany Congress of 1754, Chief Justice of Rhode Island from 1770 to 1776, and chancellor of the University twenty-one years,—until his decease in 1785.<sup>1</sup>

Moses Brown mentions in 1781 an interesting incident:—"I was with Stephen Hopkins sitting when General Washington called to see him. I sat sometime, viewing the simple friendly and pleasant manner in which these two great men met and conversed with each other on various subjects." He adds "that he had occasionally seen Washington before and since, and had been impressed by his simple easy manner, as resembling that of Governor Hopkins."<sup>2</sup>

The political storm which was to culminate in the Revolution was constantly rising during his seven years of legislative service—from 1764 to 1771. He was as firm as a rock against the Crown, and in March, 1773, was a member of the Committee for correspondence with the other oppressed colonies.<sup>3</sup> He had previously been a member of a similar committee, which had exceeded in strength and boldness of expression any earlier arraignment of the British ministry. It is even alleged that the proceedings of this committee were among the original influences resulting in the union of the colonies, and the subsequent creation of the nation.

The destruction of the *Gaspee* and wounding of her commander near Pawtuxet in 1772, were highly important events; since

<sup>1</sup> William E. Foster has cogently presented the relations of these men as follows:—"With Moses, the youngest, however, the intimacy was perhaps greater than in either of the other three instances. They were both Friends, they were both deeply interested in mathematical studies, they were both unusually devoted to promoting public education in Providence, they were both assiduous readers and students—perhaps among the most widely read citizens of the town,—Moses Brown in fact, retiring early from active business with ample fortune, found abundant leisure. . . This leisure, moreover, he frequently devoted, with self-sacrificing generosity, to his friend Governor Hopkins; acting on various occasions as his amanuensis on Committees of the Assembly."—

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Hopkins, p. 97.

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* 161.

<sup>3</sup> 7 Rec. Col. of R. I. 228.



this was one of the first occasions of armed resistance to England. It was the first blood shed in that contest which severed the great English-speaking nations.

Here then was "fired the shot heard round the world." When it was quite certain that the persons who had done this thing or were suspected of doing it would be sent to England for trial, Moses Brown's committee of correspondence applied to Samuel Adams, of Boston, for advice. He replied to their letter that the occasion "should awaken the American Colonies, and again unite them in one bond."<sup>1</sup> John Brown furnished the boats for the attack, it is said. Did his firm really do it? Did they own the boats? If so, then Moses Brown was connected with it. Two members of the firm were present — John and Joseph. John was taken to Boston on suspicion, and Moses went there and secured his discharge,—how and by what means is not known to this day.

There was, however, a crisis at hand in the life of Moses Brown. His wife died February 5, 1773. He was most deeply affected by this event. He soon retired from business. He immediately liberated his slaves; and on April 28, 1774, he became a Friend. The movement for the liberation of slaves was general in the society, and not a Friend in the world held slaves in 1776. And this man, until now a resolute, inflexible and belligerent patriot, is transformed under the all-subduing power of religion into a noble Christian philanthropist. He was a changed man. The things he once loved he now hated. He turned from violence, like Saul of Tarsus at Damascus. Such a change is finely presented in Whittier's "Barclay of Ury:"

"Who with ready weapon bare  
Fronting to the troopers there,  
Cried aloud: "God save us!"  
Call ye coward him who stood  
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood  
With the brave Gustavus?

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord:  
"Put it up, I pray thee;  
Passive to his holy will  
Trust I in my Master still  
Even though he slay me."

<sup>1</sup> 6 Bancroft's *History of the United States*, p. 441.



Washington was besieging Boston in 1775, and was attempting to reduce the British garrison by cutting off the supplies of the city, in which he was successful. Moses Brown with other Friends applied to him for permission to carry provisions to the starving poor within, and was refused.<sup>1</sup> They then made the same request to the British commander and were refused. They sent in, however, five hundred dollars in money. The same committee had entered the town by boats from Lynn with provisions in July. They had followed the wasting track of war and fed the hungry from Marblehead to Nantucket.

This provision was not to give aid and comfort to the enemy, but was for non-combatants. This humanitarian action does not look for justification to the laws of war or the wishes of commanders. It emanates from the higher law. It takes its appeal to the court of Heaven.

The best assurance is given us that this conduct was not considered disloyal to the American cause by his contemporaries, for it was public and well known, and the relations of Moses Brown with Stephen Hopkins were unchanged. He was admitted freely and cordially into the company of Washington himself in 1781, as we have seen.

In 1769 he had assisted his brother in observing the transit of Venus, finding nearly the true latitude of Providence.

He was intrusted by the State largely with the important northern boundary question, involving a district of territory one fifth as large as the State.

Sir Richard Arkwright, by his invention of spinning with rollers in 1771, first made unmixed pure cotton cloth possible. Before that, the woof was cotton and the warp linen. Samuel Slater brought this invention to America in 1790 for the first time. "Every attempt to spin cotton warp, or twist, or any other yarn, by water-power had wholly failed until then."

It is my purpose to show that it was Moses Brown who induced Samuel Slater to come to New England, and so admirably aided him with men and means that his triumph was complete over all

<sup>1</sup> This committee is the origin of the "Meeting for Sufferings," composed of a standing committee of the Yearly Meeting of Friends for New England which has been appointed annually ever since. The poor of Boston at the siege furnished the first case of "suffering."

obstacles. Manufactures in New England received an immense impulse which has never been lost. It is probable, but for him Slater would have gone to Philadelphia; and without the generous aid, without the skilled workmen furnished by Moses Brown, the result might have been postponed or rendered doubtful. But whatever might have been, the fact remains, that he was the man who induced Slater to come, and who fostered his enterprise until it was finally established by experiments.

Slater arrived in New York, November 11, 1789, entered the employment of a New York company, and in two weeks was dissatisfied. He had thought of going to Philadelphia. A captain of a Providence packet informed him of Moses Brown, and advised him to write to him, which he did, as follows:—

“New York, December 2, 1789.

Sir,—A few days ago I was informed that you wanted a manager of cotton spinning, etc., etc.. I have had opportunity, and an oversight, of Sir Richard Arkwright's works, and in Mr. Strutt's mill upwards of eight years. . . If you please to drop a line respecting the amount of encouragement you wish to give, by favor of Captain Brown, you will much oblige Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL SLATER.

N. B. Please to direct to me at No. 37 Golden Hill, New York.

MR. BROWN, PROVIDENCE.”

The answer is as follows:—

“Providence, 10th 12th month, 1789.

Friend,—I received thine of 2d inst, and observe its contents. I or rather Almy and Brown, who has the business in the cotton line which I begun, one being my son-in-law, and the other a kinsman, want the assistance of a person skilled in the frame or water spinning. An experiment has been made, which has failed. . .

If thy present situation does not come up to what thou wishest, and from thy knowledge of the business, can be ascertained of the advantages of the mills so as to induce thee to come and work ours *and have the credit as well as advantage of perfecting the first water-mill in America* we should be glad to engage thy care so long as they can be made profitable to both, and we can agree

I am for myself and Almy and Brown

MOSES BROWN.”

Almy and Brown were poor,—Moses Brown furnished the capital. Mr. Slater came to Providence in January, 1790; and on the 18th, Moses Brown took him to Pawtucket and introduced him to Oziel Wilkinson, a Friend, and a blacksmith who had two ingenious sons who were also blacksmiths. He had also a daughter attractive to Slater, at least, for he soon said to her parents, "You may send her where you please, but I will follow her to the ends of the earth." This suggested so extensive a journey that he was allowed to marry her.

Samuel Slater and these blacksmiths, with the capital of Moses Brown, and without a drawing of any kind constructed the Arkwright machinery. The first trial of his cards failed. He had no one to appeal to who had seen such in use. He says "If I am frustrated in my carding machine they will think me an imposter." He was a stranger to Moses Brown, who allowed him to construct the mill in his own way. He was much longer, and required more capital than was expected. Moses Brown after twelve months of patient waiting for results became a little discouraged.

Slater was fortunate in his blacksmiths. Tristram Burgess says, "I have often thought Divine Providence directed Slater and brought him to lay his project before the Wilkinsons because he had not fitted any other men in this country." But something, at least, is due to the sagacity and discernment of Moses Brown, who made the selection of men and furnished the means.

They used an old fulling mill waterwheel for twenty months, which was washed away in 1807. But early in 1793, the oldest mill in America now standing, as shown in the cut, was set in motion with seventy-two spindles. The price of cloth soon fell from forty or fifty cents per yard to ten cents. Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, says December 5th 1791; "The manufactory at Providence has the merit of being the first in introducing into the United States the celebrated cotton mill" (meaning Arkwright's patent.)

Samual Slater was the father of American manufactures, but Moses Brown gave him position, prestige, material aid and the benefit of his sagacious judgment. He had retired from business, and was a philanthropist laboring for others. He said: "This country may avail itself of the most valuable manufactories, from which every part of the Union may be supplied. He received no encouragement from laws or donations of state or nation. The

country was flooded with foreign goods to crush the enterprise, but it survived. Therefore in the monument of gratitude we rear to Samuel Slater, let us remember to construct a lofty and worthy niche for his patron.

Moses Brown has his parallel in Edward Pease of England, — who it was said, “could see a hundred years ahead.” He had discernment of the powers and qualities of men, and with it the courage of his convictions. He found George Stephenson, then known as Geordie, the engine-wright, in a coal pit in the north of England in 1822. Others scoffed and jeered, but Pease furnished to the poor inventor capital, opportunity and assurance, — and this man and the locomotive engine have changed the face of the earth.

Moses Brown was largely instrumental in securing the emancipation act in Rhode Island in 1784. The last great work of his life was the founding of the Friends’ School, at Providence. He began in 1780 by a donation of \$575. The school opened in Portsmouth in 1784, and continued four years. It re-opened at Providence in 1819, when he gave to it forty-three acres of land. He later gave to it other considerable sums of money. This school has already influenced the lives of more than ten thousand American youth, and twenty-one states are to-day represented in its list of pupils. The importance of this noble foundation is vigorously given in the words of Edward Everett: “Education — a better safeguard for liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the school master, we must raise the wages of the recruiting sergeant.”

As mind is more noble and enduring than matter, it was fitting that the last and crowning effort of his life, which had contributed so much to the material benefit of his country, should be devoted to the intellectual and spritual culture of its youth.

In 1833, he met President Jackson in Providence. On being presented to him, he said. “I am glad to see thee, I have known all thy predecessors in office, and I wanted to know thee.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> John G. Whittier furnishes apropos of our picture of him a characteristic note suggestive of their mutual interest and sympathy. He says “It recalled to me the picture of him (Moses Brown) as I saw him in 1833 or 4, when I read to him, at his request, the speech of the Premier on the passage of the Emancipation Act in England. He must have been then in his 94th or 5th year.”

Moses Brown died in 1836, being in his ninety-ninth year, — a venerated patriarch, highly esteemed by his fellow citizens without regard to sect or party. And the angel might write him "As one who loved his fellow men."

The proud epitaph of Thomas Jefferson, written by himself and inscribed on his monument runs thus :

"The author of the Declaration of Independence ; of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom ; and Father of the University of Virginia."



THE OLD SLATER MILL.

No monument marks the humble grave of Moses Brown ; but his life-work is his monument, and it rests upon four foundations: Manufacturing Industry, Patriotism, Education and Philanthropy.

## NEW ENGLAND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

## X.—FRIENDS' BOARDING SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE.

By W. S. MEADER.

THIS is one of the oldest educational institutions in Rhode Island. It dates from 1784, when the school was opened in Portsmouth, R. I., by the Yearly Meeting of Friends. The funds of *this* school, to which Moses Brown added nearly \$20,000 and forty-three acres of land, formed the basis upon which the school was opened in 1819 on its present site.



FRIENDS' MEETING AND SCHOOL HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, R. I.

At that time the lofty central building was erected under the personal direction of Moses Brown. Extensive wings have since been added to either side of this building; Alumni Hall has been joined to the east, and two large additions to the west wing, so that now the four story brick structure extends for five hundred feet in length.

Besides the farm (which contains more than fifty acres, and is valued at perhaps forty cents a foot, or more than \$800,000) the school has received numerous bequests and gifts of funds to be devoted to the aid of needy and deserving students. Among these gifts may be mentioned one of \$100,000 by Obadiah Brown, son of Moses Brown, the founder; one of \$30,000 from Ebenezer Metcalf; and one of \$30,000 from a Boston lady. These funds

and others, together with sums arising from sale of land, are devoted as scholarships to the reduction or entire payment of tuition, board, etc., of worthy pupils. The school therefore has a larger *charitable* fund than many colleges, even — we may say — than that of Brown University, its elder sister.

Among the pupils of this school, the ratio of "Friends" for many years past has been only thirty-seven per cent. of the whole. Many of the teachers, also, are not members of that society; so that although the character of the institution — its simplicity, its gentle but firm discipline, and its strict morality, are due to this connection, yet the instruction is wholly unsectarian.

George William Curtis, writing of the school in Harper's Monthly January, 1886, says: "Providence, like an older city, is beautiful for situation. In one of the pleasant suburbs of this city, and in a spacious grove within the city limits, stands, and for many years, has stood the Friends' Boarding School. The school is famous for the excellence of its instruction and the serene influence of its discipline." This high praise of our great journalist is well merited by the institution. It would seem that it possesses every advantage and facility for accomplishing the three great objects of a boarding school—physical health, mental development or culture, and moral strength, in its pupils.

In regard to health, — the school is situated on the lofty ridge of land running down to the head of Narragansett Bay between the Seekonk and Providence rivers, and is about equally distant (three fourths of a mile) from each of these three waters. It is surrounded by groves and open fields and thus always enjoys a pure and bracing atmosphere. The sanitary arrangement of the buildings is nearly perfect. The school-rooms and class rooms are large, high and well ventilated, heated by steam and furnace, and lighted by gas or electricity. The sleeping rooms are comfortable, bath-rooms are provided, and cleanliness of person, room and habits enforced. The large farm gives ample space for exercise. The boys playground contains three base ball grounds, a large number of tennis courts, and an excellent campus for foot ball. Beautiful macadam roads towards Pawtucket and Swan Point make bicycling pleasant. In the winter the gymnasium, skating, coasting, carpenter work and wood-carving give exercise and pleasure. Thus pure air, comfortable buildings, regular habits, wholesome food and pleasant exercise insure the best possible health for the two hundred students who gather here from all parts of the country.



FRIENDS' SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

This good health renders possible the best results in the second or intellectual branch of education. For this work of aiding mental development and culture in its pupils, the school is admirably equipped. Its large endowment has supplied commodious buildings and costly apparatus for all branches of physical and mental science. The chemical and physical laboratories are extensive. The collection of birds and cabinet of minerals are large, and the astronomical observatory and instruments are fine. The library consists of over six thousand volumes, and has exhaustive catalogues, which, with its librarian, are valuable aids to pupils in literary, historical or scientific research. In addition to this, the Principal's private library of over two thousand choice books is always open to the students.

These things are excellent instruments



in the work of education, and to wield or apply them the school is able to secure the best skilled workmen, or teachers,— the labors of each of whom are confined to one subject. This is strictly the case in the following departments :— Natural Science, Modern Languages, Classics, Literature, Mathematics, Art, Music and Government. Some of these specialists have occupied their present positions for more than twenty years, and all are experienced, widely read, and masters of their subjects. The remaining teachers (there are eighteen in all) are also selected for their success and their broad culture.

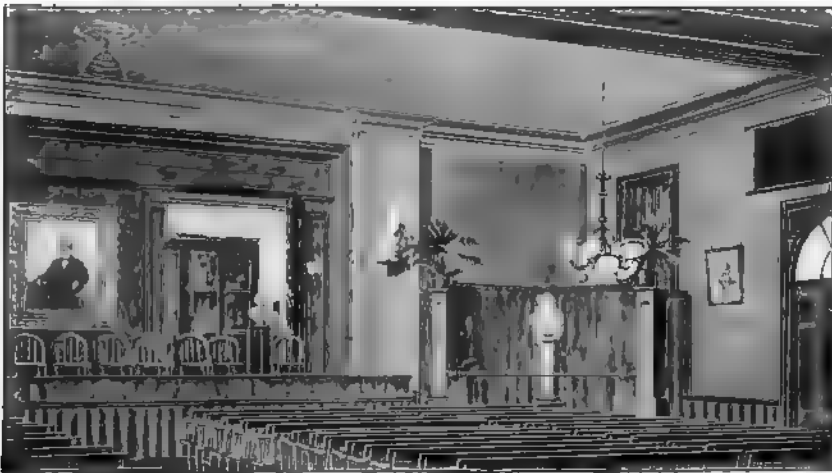


GIRLS' GROVE, FRIENDS' SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Principal of the institution, Augustine Jones, L.L.B., was for many years a member of the bar in Boston. He studied law with John A. Andrew, the war governor of Massachusetts, and remained with him till his death, and was then appointed administrator of his estate. Hence he brings to the school a thorough knowledge of men and things. The liberality of his management and the breadth of his views of education are well known and appreciated by the public. It is evident that his strong corps of instructors, with all modern aids and appliances, will be able to do good work with students whose minds are not distracted by outside affairs. The school forms a little world by itself. All the pupil's plans and ambitions are confined to his school work, and he accomplishes much more than one whose evenings and holidays are

filled with excitement tending to draw the mind away from his studies.

The regular hours for work and recreation, the constant presence of teachers for advice or aid, the gentle rivalry of boys and girls in scholarship and deportment, and the inspiration and culture



VIEW IN ALUMNI HALL, FRIENDS' SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I

derived from intercourse with teachers and fellow students, all exert their influence on the intellectual progress of each.

But the school recognizes the fact that neither physical health nor excellence of scholarship is perhaps the most important element of a successful life.

Perfect moral integrity, sound christian principle, is seen to be the only basis of noble character; therefore the utmost care is taken to secure this foundation. The chief duty of the "governor" (the governess holds a similar position with respect to the girls) is to attend to the moral welfare of the boys. He is constantly with them out of school hours, joins their games, knows thoroughly each individual, looks after his personal habits, manners, bearing and deportment — and by example, precept and parental authority endeavors to lead him toward a perfect manhood. This is rightly considered the most responsible position among the teachers, and great care is taken to secure for it, as nearly as may be, an ideal man. Every precaution is taken to shield the student from temptation and outside influences. He

does not leave the grounds (which are strictly private), and is constantly under the governor's care. And yet continued intercourse with schoolmates develops strength of character, self-reliance and a practical knowledge of mankind which he would not get at home.

The religious teaching is broad, spiritual, practical christianity, but wholly unsectarian. The resident minister is a college graduate of broad culture, and a noted student of the Hebrew and Greek Bible.

It would seem that this guarded and yet self-reliant life should develop a strong and pure character in the pupil. The *earnest* student has there, ample opportunity for this three-fold progress — physical, mental and moral, and indeed *none* can attend the school for a year without imbibing *some* of the benign and cultivating influences which have gathered around it during the century of peaceful growth which it has enjoyed. Its academic groves, its halls and libraries, its treasures of art and its literary pursuits, give an atmosphere of culture which all must breathe. As Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, speaking of three of these art treasures — the marble busts of John Bright, Elizabeth Frye and the portrait of Whittier, said: "Eloquence, Poetry and Philanthropy will form an inspiring group for your scholars to have ever before their eyes, and may lead them to emulate what they admire."

My own recollections of the five years spent as a student at this school are among the pleasantest of my life; and I can most sincerely say with Whittier,

.. Long live the good school! giving out year by year  
Recruits to true manhood and womanhood dear;  
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent forth,  
The living epistles and proof of its worth!"

**THE ANCESTRAL GHOST.**

By ARTHUR DUDLEY VINTON.

It is bad enough to wake up in the night-time with that strange consciousness that there is some one in the room, and find that the cat is prowling about ; but it is infinitely worse to awake to the sudden realization that some freak of fortune has donated to you an ancestral ghost whose duty it is to continually haunt you ! Yet this latter experience was one which Spuytenduyvil Bloomingdale suffered.

Now ancestral ghosts are common enough, heaven knows ! There's hardly an ancient family in Britain without its spectre, vouched for by fact and fiction ; but the air of America or the subtle influence of Republican principles has been generally supposed to be obnoxious to these appendages of aristocracy. Nevertheless Spuytenduyvil Bloomingdale found himself most unexpectedly possessed of one.

It was the hour just before dawn — the hour when night seems to condense all her shadows into deeper darkness — the hour when sick men, foredoomed to die, yield to the inexorable conqueror — in other words, it was about four o'clock A. M. when S. Bloomingdale awoke from his slumbers and perceived something moving about his room. He sat up in bed and tried to make out what the object was. It appeared to be a luminous, semi-transparent shape, exceedingly indefinite in its outlines and quite indistinct in its corporeal constituents. It was evidently making a careful and critical examination of the room ; and for some minutes Spuytenduyvil watched it curiously. Then he spoke up and said :

“Hallo there ! what are you doing here ?”

The figure turned and approached the bed.

“I'm your ancestral ghost,” it remarked calmly. “I've just arrived from across ‘the pond’ — I believe that's what you Americans say, isn't it ?”

To say that Spuytenduyvil Bloomingdale was astonished would be a mild description of his sensations. The last thing in the

world which he had dreamed of possessing was an ancestral ghost. He had not even inherited ancestors — that he knew of; for he had been found, when but a few days old, in a basket on the doorsteps of the house of a prominent citizen, and had spent his early years as an inmate of a foundling asylum, where, indeed, he had received his aristocratic and euphonious name. His amazement, therefore, was too intense for utterance; and as a natural consequence he remained silent.

“Yes,” resumed the ghost, after the lapse of a few seconds, — “yes, your father died last week about this time, and I took passage over by the White Star Line.”

“Ah, did you have a pleasant voyage?” asked Spuytenduyvil, so thoroughly surprised that he was unconscious of the absurdity of his remark until his ears heard it.

“Quite, thanks. We had the Percy and Castlewood spectres on board. In fact we got along so well that when the steamer arrived last evening we agreed to see the city together. I should have been here before if it hadn’t been for that.”

“Well, what do you want, anyhow?” said Spuytenduyvil Bloomingdale, gathering his wits together.

“Oh, nothing in particular,” the wraith answered. “I’ve got to stay with you until you die, you know.”

“I’ll give you five seconds to get out of the room,” said Spuytenduyvil Bloomingdale, his anger rising.

“Pooh,” said the ghost, “what’s the use of getting mad about it? You can’t help it — neither can I, more’s the pity. Do you suppose I’d stay in this blasted country if I could get away? Go to sleep. You’ll get used to me after a day or two.”

Spuytenduyvil’s first impulse was to arise and forcibly eject his nocturnal visitor, but a few moments of calmer reflection convinced him of the futility of such a proceeding. To accept the ghost’s advice seemed after all to be the best thing under the circumstances; and so he laid his head down on the pillow and fell asleep.

He awoke in the morning in surprise that he should have fallen asleep. He looked curiously about his room with the recollection of his last night’s experience in his mind, and breathed more freely when he found that he was the only occupant of the chamber.

“It was a dream,” he said with a laugh of satisfaction, as he

leaped out of bed ; "it was a curious dream. What have I to do with ancestors or ancestral spectres !"

In truth, Spuytenduyvil Bloomingdale had no use for either the one nor the other. The hardest part of his life had already been spent. He had gone as an errand boy, at the age of twelve, into the employ of a mercantile house, and had risen from one position to another by dint of perseverance and natural ability, until now, at the age of thirty, he was the junior partner of the firm. Ancestors could not benefit him now, and an ancestral ghost was altogether an useless piece of property.

The events of the day drove the apparition of the previous night entirely from his thoughts, and it was not until his return homeward that he recalled it. As he entered his sitting-room, however, the same shadowy figure that had roused him from sleep rose from the easy chair by the window and bowed him a welcome.

"Oh, you've come back again, have you?" Spuytenduyvil Bloomingdale exclaimed in a tone of disgust. "I was in hope you were nothing but the phantasy of a dream."

"Yes, I'm back," answered the ghost with a grin. "There isn't anything dream-like about me."

"Well, now you're here, you can go away again," Spuytenduyvil said, lighting the gas.

"Thanks, but I've come to stay," replied the ghost, whose presence was still faintly visible. "You don't seem to appreciate that I'm an *ancestral* spectre, and, as such, bound to haunt you until your dying day."

"But I don't want you," said Spuytenduyvil.

"Awfully sorry, my dear boy, but you can't help it," said the ghost.

The ghost was right — Spuytenduyvil couldn't help it. The ghost stuck to him, and the unwilling host at last concluded that the only thing left for him to do was to put up with the infliction with the best grace possible. This might not have been so very difficult had not the ghost developed, in course of time, certain eccentricities which continually caused annoyance. It was invisible, of course, to all of Spuytenduyvil's friends, but he could perceive its every motion. In fact, the ghost developed the most inordinate curiosity. When Spuytenduyvil's acquaint-

ances visited him the spectre was not satisfied until it had investigated their hats and canes, their coats, and even the contents of their pockets, until Spuytenduyvil felt his anger becoming uncontrollable. It was quite a while before he learned to see these antics of his supernatural inheritance without remonstrating. He offended several of his friends by addressing uncomplimentary remarks to the ghost which they could not see, and others he frightened by apparently purposeless gesticulations. It began to be whispered about that Mr. Bloomingdale was showing unmistakable signs of insanity, and Spuytenduyvil hailed with enthusiasm the suggestion of his partners that he should proceed to Paris and investigate the affairs of their branch house there.

Affairs kept Bloomingdale some eighteen months in the French capital, and in this period he met and fell violently in love with Maric de L'Arcantraite. Monsieur and Madame, the young lady's parents, were speedily satisfied that he was an eligible suitor, and that the settlements which he proposed were highly honorable; but to Spuytenduyvil's anger and disgust the ancestral ghost announced its displeasure at the match.

"It makes no difference to me whether you like it or not," Spuytenduyvil said. "I wish you'd go 'way. You're only a nuisance, anyhow."

"Well, I *won't* go," said the ghost testily. "Even if I wanted to, I couldn't; and I wouldn't go now if I could. None of your ancestors ever married a Frenchwoman; and what you see in that girl to be so gone on her I can't imagine."

"Confound my ancestors and you too," Spuytenduyvil ejaculated (only he used a much stronger expression). "Can't you take a leave of absence and clear out for a year or two?"

"It's not permissible," said the ghost promptly. "I'm going to stay here and break off the match."

We draw a veil over Spuytenduyvil's further remarks. They were vigorous and forcible, but ineffectual. The ghost was obstinate enough to have been an Englishman of the present generation. At the most inconvenient seasons it performed the most absurd antics. When Spuytenduyvil called upon his *fiancée* the ghost straightened the pictures on the wall and tried the effect of different arrangements of bric-a-brac on tables and shelves. Madame de L'Arcantraite grew nervous at these ghostly performances

and Spuytenduyvil was obliged reluctantly to explain about the wraith. The old people liked the idea of his having plenty of money, but the possession of so lively an ancestral ghost was a decided disadvantage; nor could Madame become reconciled to the sight of her most fragile and cherished treasures borne through the air by invisible hands.

Now, attached as chaplain to the L'Arcantraite family was a little, weazened priest, Father Loyola by name, who played cards with Madame of an evening, and was consulted by her on all worldly and spiritual matters. He was a shrewd, keen-witted old fellow, who knew human nature pretty thoroughly. He ridiculed the idea of an ancestral ghost as preposterous, and was inclined to suspect poor Spuytenduyvil of some deep treachery; but a few *séances* which the spectre thoughtfully provided when he was present speedily converted him into a believer.

Madame and priest put their heads together; and the result of their confabulations was imparted to Bloomingdale, who cheerfully consented to their plans. So one afternoon, in the *salon* of the L'Arcantraite mansion, Father Loyola, arrayed in full canonicals, duly sprinkled Spuytenduyvil with holy water and read aloud the formula for the exorcism of spirits.

As Spuytenduyvil was the only one present who could perceive the obnoxious spectre, it devolved upon him to report its behavior. At first it looked on curiously; then, as if assured that the ceremony was something exclusively personal to Spuytenduyvil, it turned away and wandered about the room in its usual prying manner.

"I think, Father," Spuytenduyvil ventured to suggest, "that it is the ghost and not I that should be sprinkled."

"But, my son," rejoined the chagrined priest, "the spectre is invisible to me."

"I'll point it out," said Spuytenduyvil. "It stands now close to the book-case, behind the chair."

Cautiously and on tip-toe, as boys approach a bird they hope to catch, the good priest crept up to the spot designated; but the ghost saw him coming and edged away. The experiment was a decided failure.

\* \* \* \* \*

The period of probation passed, and Spuytenduyvil and Marie de L'Arcantraite were married. *She* could see the ancestral ghost, now that she was one of the family; and although it



alarmed her at first, she soon grew accustomed to its presence. Still she did not relinquish the hope of ultimately getting rid of it.

Spuytenduyvil Bloomingdale and his wife went to New York directly after their marriage; and for several weeks Spuytenduyvil was busy showing Marie all the sights. Among the places to which they went was a spiritualistic *séance*. Of course the ancestral ghost went too; and Spuytenduyvil saw it kissing its hand to a pretty female spirit which the medium materialized. He called Marie's attention to the act.

One evening several weeks later, when Spuytenduyvil returned home to his dinner, he found a stranger waiting, whom his wife introduced as Madame Mitchell, a spiritualistic medium.

"We have joined forces against the ancestral ghost," Marie exclaimed gleefully.

Then she proceeded to detail the scheme they had devised. She had enlisted Mrs. Mitchell's sympathies, and the pretty female spirit they had seen materialized was instigated by the medium to play the part of Delilah to the Sampson of Spuytenduyvil's ancestral spook.

"And why do you think our previous exorcism failed?" Marie cried excitedly, when the story had reached this stage. Then, not waiting for an answer, she proceeded:

"It is an English ghost—your ancestral spectre," she said, "and the English do not speak Latin as we of the Continent pronounce it."

"Ah!" ejaculated Spuytenduyvil, a light breaking upon his mind, "it did not comprehend."

"That's it," said his wife. "The pretty female ghost found out. It did not know that it was being exorcised."

Of course, after this, Marie had set her heart upon having some one who understood the English method of pronouncing Latin perform once more the ceremony of exorcism; and of course Spuytenduyvil, as became an indulgent husband, yielded assent.

The effect upon the ancestral ghost was curious. It listened more and more intently as the meaning of the rite became apparent to it, and when the priest had finished speaking, came to Spuytenduyvil, gave him a reproachful glance and faded from his sight.

"It has gone!" said Marie.

"Yes!" said Spuytenduyvil Bloomingdale. "It's you and I by ourselves now."

**ON POWOW HILL, AMESBURY.**

By EMMA M. CASS.

I STAND on the storied Powow —  
The Powow, o'erlooking the sea,  
Where the white sails come, and the white sails go,  
Like strange weird birds skimming to and fro  
On untrammelled wing and free.

Hither, in days long vanished,  
The lithe, swart Indian came ;  
All brave in his gay, fantastic gear,  
With glitter of wampum, with arrow and spear  
He sat by his camp's red flame.

No alien feet had trodden  
The tangled, unbroken ways ;  
And he couched himself in sun and in shade,  
With naught to trouble or make afraid, —  
In the ancient colonial days.

The fisher-folk have a story —  
And the old crones, wrinkled and gray —  
That the dead, to these haunts returning,  
Still keep their camp-fires burning  
As they did in the elder day.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is it that troubles my vision? —  
I see, or seem to see,  
Vague, dusky forms with faces grim,  
Flitting about in the twilight dim, —  
And a tremor seizes me !

But 'tis only the pine-trees waving  
Aloft on the freshening breeze, —  
The dead rise not from their burial-mounds —  
They are safe in the mystic hunting-grounds,  
Wrapped in death's mysteries.

## ISMS.

## VI.—SPIRITUALISM.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

By common consent Modern Spiritualism dates from the 31st of March, 1848. It was then that questions were first asked and intelligent answers given by means of rappings. The Fox family, living in a humble house in the obscure village of Hydesville, N. Y., had been disturbed by strange noises for successive nights, but on the evening of the 31st, after they they had retired, the disturbances became excessively annoying. At length it was found by the children that the sounds would respond to their requests. This was a new order of things, for ghosts usually stand and silently gaze on the beholder, and disappear at the first word addressed to them.

THE ANNIVERSARY which is now celebrated by Spiritualists throughout the world, was first suggested by Mr. James Lawrence of Cleveland, Ohio, who received a communication purporting to come from a spirit once eminent in the earth-life, suggesting that the day be thus set apart. The following year, 1870, the anniversary was almost universally observed by the societies of city and country.

A. J. Davis may be said to have been the John the Baptist to Spiritualism, having prophesied its coming in his "Nature's Divine Revelations,"<sup>1</sup> which was finished one year before the Hydesville manifestations.

Of the many so-called exposures, and theories explaining the phenomena, they have only exposed the ignorance of those who have put them forth. The most acute and vigilant committee, after thorough investigation, pronounced the phenomena occurring in the presence of the Fox children to be independent of them, and from that day to the present everyone who has honestly and patiently investigated has become convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations.

Such was the beginning of what has been called "Modern

<sup>1</sup> Page 675.

Spiritualism," as distinguished from "Spiritualism," which is as old as the race. It marks an epoch in time and the commencement of a reaction against materialism, which, with the new phase of scientific thought, was sweeping away the old beliefs in the supernatural.

What is Spiritualism? It is a religion and a science. Science is the classification of facts, the coördination of cause and effect, ultimating in broad generalizations. It is the search after truth. Religion is devotion to and for the truth for its own sake; the abnegation of self for the good of others. Spiritualism, spanning the gulf between this present and the future life, is a religion dominant in both. It forms the golden strands permeating through all religious systems and binding them with common bonds. You may take the sacred books of the world — Shasta, Zendavesta, Koran, Talmud, the Old and New Testaments — and you have brought together the spiritual history, ideas, emotions and superstitions and spiritual life of the early ages of man; but you have not Spiritualism, — you have only a part. You may take the sciences, — the terrestrial, intimately connected with our telluric domain, teaching the construction and organization of our globe, — and the cosmical, treating of the infinite realm of the stars, — and we have not Spiritualism; you have only a part. To represent it in its completeness the truth must be extracted from all sciences and religions, and blended into harmony. It takes man by the hand and assures him that he is a nobleman of nature, heir to the Godhead, owning all things, for whom all things exist, and capable of understanding all. He is not for to-day, nor acting for time, but for eternity; and whatever he writes in his book of life, is written for eternity.

What a position man occupies! On one hand are the lower forms of Nature, the brutes of the field; on the other the angels of light, towards whom he is hastening, one of whom he will become after death shall have cast from his spirit its earthly garments. The end and aim of evolution is the individualization of a spiritual being. As man is the greatest fact of nature, so individualized spirit is the greatest fact of man. The travail of the ages, — as bringing forth higher and higher forms, prophesying even from the Silurian mollusc the coming of man — in this light have a meaning; while they have not, if death is the end, — bringing to nought the accumulated fruitage of life's vast tree.

Spiritualism is leaderless. It is a singularity of the spiritual movement that it has spread with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of any other innovation, while no one has stood at the head of its believers to direct their movements. Its teachings, on the contrary, denounce leadership — individual worship, demanding of every believer to rely solely on himself. It is a great universal movement diffused throughout all ranks and classes of society, and from myriad sources the little streams flow into its vast channel. Other movements have had great and talented men to present and vindicate their claims to the world: they have had leaders who were considered infallible; but spiritualism has none. It has never had. No leader, no pope, no final appeal; everyone working out his own salvation; every one his own high priest, — and if he has sins, he must confess them to himself.

Organization. — It has been said as a reproach, that Spiritualists have no permanent organization, that those they have are little more than lecture clubs. It is true that the attempts at organization have been unsuccessful, because they aped the old, and had no inspiration from the new. Spiritualists are such, because intensely individualized. They do not wish for organization, but *association*; and in its time that will come in a form which will not suppress, but increase the energies of the individual.

And yet what would have been gained by organization? What by a leadership? There has been a leadership, but it has been of the spirit world. Had there been organization with a statement of destinies, there would before this time have been crystalization, stagnation along certain lines of thought, and, withal, isolation not only of society from others, but of doctrines. As it has been, these doctrines have remained unconfined and have permeated all organizations. There is no distinctive church of Spiritualism, but all the churches have been awakened and forced forward in a new intellectual life: no visible leader, but a leadership of the World of Light. Through the sea of humanity, the mighty current from the shores of invisible life has set with a flood more irresistible than that which streams through the ocean. We have all labored in our spheres of action, doing the best we could, helping in our feeble way; and our efforts have been wrenched to the purpose of this irresistible force. We knew not from whence it came, nor to what unknown coast it drifted, but we now begin dimly to perceive that the skies grow

clearer on the broadening horizon, and there comes a breath of odorous sweetness from some continent yet concealed beyond clouds that are now rosy with the dawn.

**Mediumship.** — All persons are sensitive to the impressions, but some are far more delicately attained than others. As an instrument, they vibrate to the waves of thought. The number of these has rapidly increased in the past few years. Centuries had gone by and not one! Barren centuries, when man remained stationary or retrograded into dense ignorance. The highest form of mediumship, or sensitiveness, is dependent on moral excellence and spiritual purity, but the lower form of physical manifestations depends on organization, which may accompany mental inferiority and immorality of life. This distinction is not given its full force by either those who accept or reject Spiritualism. The persistent belief in the infallibility and necessary superiority of celestial beings, throws a halo over all manifestations purporting to come from them, ministering to credulity on one hand and affording opportunity for reproach on the other.

There are various phases of mediumship, but they may be broadly divided into two classes — physical and mental. The first is more attractive, the latter more difficult to define and of greater value. There has been a great deal of fraud and deception practised in the name of Spiritualism. An overweening anxiety and credulity demanded more than it was possible to give, except as physical means were used to simulate the manifestations claiming to be of spirit-origin. There has been a rapidly growing tendency among Spiritualists to demand more and more astonishing manifestations, until recently fraud has overreached itself, and a healthy reaction has set in, demanding severe tests and a higher standard of moral character in those who profess to stand between two worlds.

**Position of Scientific Men.** — The so-called scientific men have been generally the most unfair and prejudiced opposers. They claim to be the only class capable of correct observation, and scorn the ordinary observer. They say Nature must supply the conditions for observation in the special departments of their labor, yet when they approach Spiritualism they reverse this natural order, and if not allowed to enforce their own conditions, discard the whole subject as unworthy their attention. When a table was suspended in the air without physical contact

before the eyes of Sir David Brewster, he said, "It *seems* to rise!" When Faraday was told that his table-turning theory had failed, he would not go and see for himself, but said he was "heartily tired of the whole matter." For this investigation none are by training or education as incompetent as the so-called scientists. They ignore the true scientific method, approach the subject with a sneer, and judge before the evidence is presented. The psychological societies, both English and American, have moved in the same rut from their beginning, frittered away their time in unessentials, and schemes how not to reach definite conclusions. And yet there have been many learned and fully qualified men who have investigated the phenomena and been thoroughly convinced. Professor Robert Hare made extended researches and became convinced that the phenomena were of spirit-origin. Professor Wallace, the peer of Darwin, C. F. Varley, electrician; Camille Flammarion, astronomer; Wagner, geologist of the University of St. Petersburg; P. A. Butlcrov, chemist; Dr. Max Perty, professor of natural science, Switzerland; Dr. J. R. Buchanan; J. H. Von Fichte; Dr. Frantz Hoffman; — these are a few names of men noted in science and philosophy, who have fully endorsed the facts of Spiritualism.

The Number of Spiritualists. — The sound of the tiny rap has gone around the world, and the philosophy it carries with it; and the Southern cross, as well as the constellations of the North, looks down on the hosts who accept the new doctrine of life here and hereafter. In a single generation it has made more converts than Christianity in the first five centuries. It would be impossible to make an accurate statement of the number, from the fact that there are so many who retain full relationship to the church and yet believe. I have no doubt that fully three fourths of all Spiritualists are today church members in full communion. Judge Edmonds in 1854 estimated the number at four millions. The Catholic estimate was eleven millions — which was entirely too high, and must have included all who were not Romanists.

Publications. — In the very beginning, a journal was started to herald the glad news. It was a small quarto, and contained the correct history of the phenomena. The time had not come for the exposition of a new philosophy, nor were the bearings of the new facts on old theories foreseen. Since that time an almost numberless succession of journals have been issued, most of which have

lived only for a brief interval. They have all been published by the self-sacrifice of editors, writers and publishers. "The Religio-Philosophical Journal" of Chicago, and the "Banner of Light," Boston, are the oldest and best sustained. "The Golden Gate," of San Francisco, is the leading organ on the Pacific coast. "Light for Thinkers" is devoted to the interests of Spiritualism in the Southern States. "Light," London, represents one phase of English Spiritualism, and "Medium and Daybreak" the other. There are several journals published in German, French and Spanish. The books published in the last thirty-nine years, devoted to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, would form a very large library, perhaps equalling if not far exceeding that of any denomination or sect.

What do Spiritualists believe? As there is no creed, and no one is bound by any ritual, it becomes exceedingly difficult to make a statement of belief applicable to all. Yet there are certain fundamental principles on which all agree, as forming the basis of the Spiritual Philosophy: —

1. Man is a dual being,—a physical structure and a spirit. The spirit is an organized form, evolved by and out of the physical body, having corresponding form and development.

2. This spiritual being is immortal.

3. Death is the separation of this duality, and does not affect the spirit, morally or intellectually.

4. The spirit holds the same relations to the spirit-world that man holds to physical nature.

5. The spirit there as here, works out its own salvation, receiving the reward of well-doing, and suffering for wrongful actions.

6. Salvation is attainable only through growth.

7. There is no arbitrary decree, final judgment, or atonement for wrong, except through the suffering of the guilty.

8. The knowledge, attainment and experience of the earth-life form the basis of the spirit-life, which is hence a continuity of the same existence.

9. Progressive evolution of the intellectual and moral faculties, is the endless destiny of individual spirits.

10. In the spirit-world, as on earth, each receives all he or she is capable of receiving, according to individual tastes, desires and capacity.

11. Heaven and hell are not places, but conditions of mind. Inharmony is hell; harmony, heaven.



before the eyes of Sir David Brewster, he said. rise!" When Faraday was told that his table-tur failed, he would not go and see for himself, "heartily tired of the whole matter." For t none are by training or education as incom called scientists. They ignore the true scie proach the subject with a sneer, and judge t is presented. The psychological societies, American, have moved in the same rut fro frittered away their time in unessentials, and reach definite conclusions. And yet there ha and fully qualified men who have investigat been thoroughly convinced. Professor Rob researches and became convinced that t spirit-origin. Professor Wallace, the peer electrician; Camille Flammarion, astrono of the University of St. Petersburg; P. Max Perty, professor of natural science Buchanan; J. H. Von Fichte; Dr. Fra a few names of men noted in science fully endorsed the facts of Spiritualism

The Number of Spiritualists. — Th gone around the world, and the philo the Southern cross, as well as the looks down on the hosts who accept and hereafter. In a single generat than Christianity in the first five ce to make an accurate statement of there are so many who retain full yet believe. I have no doubt Spiritualists are today church m Edmonds in 1854 estimated the Catholic estimate was eleven high, and must have included

Publications. — In the very herald the glad news. It wa correct history of the phenon exposition of a new philoso facts on old theories foresec less succession of journals

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lived only for a brief interval. They have all been published by the self-sacrifice of editors, writers and publishers. "The Religio-Philosophical Journal" of Chicago, and the "Banner of Light," Boston, are the oldest and best sustained. "The Golden Gate," of San Francisco, is the leading organ on the Pacific coast. "Light for Thinkers" is devoted to the interests of Spiritualism in the Southern States. "Light," London, represents one phase of English Spiritualism, and "Medium and Daybreak" the other. There are several journals published in German, French and Spanish. The books published in the last thirty-nine years, devoted to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, would form a very large library, perhaps equalling if not far exceeding that of any denomination or sect.

What do Spiritualists believe? As there is no creed, and no one is bound by any ritual, it becomes exceedingly difficult to make a statement of belief applicable to all. Yet there are certain fundamental principles on which all agree, as forming the basis of the Spiritual Philosophy: —

1. Man is a dual being, — a physical structure and a spirit. The spirit is an organized form, evolved by and out of the physical body, having corresponding form and development.

2. This spiritual being is immortal.

3. Death is the separation of this duality, and does not affect the spirit, morally or intellectually.

4. The spirit holds the same relations to the spirit-world that man holds to physical nature.

5. The spirit there as here, works out its own salvation, receiving the reward of well-doing, and suffering for wrongful actions.

6. Salvation is attainable only through growth.

7. There is no arbitrary decree, final judgment, or atonement for wrong, except through the suffering of the guilty.

8. The knowledge, attainment and experience of the earth-life form the basis of the spirit-life, which is hence a continuity of the same existence.

9. Progressive evolution of the intellectual and moral faculties, is the endless destiny of individual spirits.

10. In the spirit-world, as on earth, each receives all he or she is capable of receiving, according to individual tastes, desires and capacity.

11. Heaven and hell are not places, but conditions of mind. Inharmony is hell; harmony, heaven.

12. Spiritual beings are evolved by, and eliminated from, physical bodies. They differ in grades of morality and intelligence, as men differ on earth.

13. These departed spirits, retaining all their love and affection, can, and do return and communicate with those in this life. Their capability of so doing does not depend on their intelligence or morality.

14. Mediumship rests on sensitiveness, which is not dependent on culture or morals, though elevated and controlled thereby.

15. Communications from Spiritual beings are fallible, partaking of the qualities of their source, and may be for good or evil, according to their source, and the channel which transmits, and those who receive them.

16. The Spiritual communications of all ages emanate from this one source, and must be alike, tried by the test of reason.

17. Individualized spirit is the reality, and the highest type of creative energy. In this sense man is divine, and endowed with infinite capabilities, and united in brotherhood, having common origin, purpose and destiny.

18. Spiritualism encourages exalted aspirations, and energizes the spirit by presenting the highest, purest motives, and inculcates noble self-reliance. It frees man from the bondage of authority of book or creed. Its only authority is truth; its interpreter, reason. Every individual must be a law unto himself, draft his own creed, and grant to all others equal liberty.

19. If Spiritualists organized, it is because organization is the best method to reach desired results, and the means by which each shall receive the combined strength of all.

Such organizations must be based on absolute personal freedom and unquestioned right to individual opinion and action, so far as the rights of others remain inviolate.

## NOTABLE NEW ENGLAND WOMEN.

## III. — ANNE BRADSTREET.

By PAMELA McARTHUR COLE.

AMONG the celebrated persons who came to New England in the *Arabella*, in 1630, was Madame Anne Bradstreet, daughter of one, and wife of another, of the early governors of Massachusetts; afterwards an author of note, and the first poetess in America. She was the second child and eldest daughter of Thomas Dudley, and was born in Northamptonshire, England, in 1612. This gentleman was for many years steward to the Earl of Lincoln, and by his excellent management freed from debt that nobleman's large estate. He held this position at the time of leaving England, but had resided a few years previously in Boston, Lincolnshire, where he became an intimate friend of the Rev. John Cotton, who was afterwards one of the earliest ministers in Massachusetts, and in compliment to whom, it will be remembered, our Boston received its name.

In 1628, at the age of sixteen, Anne Dudley was married to Simon Bradstreet, the son of a non-conformist minister in Lincolnshire. He had been much in the family of the Earl of Lincoln, and filled the place of steward during the time that Dudley was residing in Boston. At the time of his marriage he held the position of steward to the Countess of Warwick.

Mrs. Bradstreet lived in a specially interesting period of English history. The reign of James the First was far more feeble as well as more peaceful than that of his brilliant predecessor, and many of his courtiers looked back with regret to the days of "King Elizabeth," — as they often called her in sneering contrast with "Queen James." But

"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war."

Some of the famous authors of Elizabeth's time lived to shed their glories over the reign of James, and the pages of English literature of that time bore many great names of poets, historians, and antiquaries. Anne Dudley was four years younger than the

Puritan poet, Milton, and the loyalist historian, Clarendon, — both born in 1608. She was one year younger than that noblest literary monument of James's reign, our English Bible — finished in 1611. She was two years old when, in 1614, Sir Walter Raleigh, distinguished as soldier, sailor, poet, and historian, published his famous History of the World, the fruit of so many weary years of imprisonment. She was four years old, when, in 1616, Shakespeare from England, and Cervantes from Spain, passed on to the Silent Land.

The reign of James is also famous as a period of great excitement in religion and in politics. Many and various were the new phases of thought and speculation; the many discordant elements which the firm hand of Elizabeth had repressed were struggling and gaining strength daily, and the forces were at work which were soon to break out into the open rebellion and civil war in the reign of the unfortunate Charles.

It was early in the reign of Charles, in 1629, that the "Massachusetts Company" decided to transfer their government and patent to America. Among those prominent in the movement were Thomas Dudley and his friend John Winthrop, — of whom it has been said that "a thorough history of the lives of these two men would embrace the history of Massachusetts, if not of all New England, down to the close of the seventeenth century." Dudley was chosen one of the "undertakers," — those having for seven years the "managine of the ioynt stock; with all things incydent thereto."

In 1630 the band of colonists embarked in four small vessels, the *Jewell*, the *Ambrose*, the *Talbot*, and the *Arabella*, — the last being named in compliment to Lady Arabella Johnson, who became one of its passengers. It was during the voyage that Dudley was elected deputy-governor of the new colony. The first landing was at Salem, where they found the settlers much reduced in number by illness, and greatly in need of provisions. The strangers, not wishing to remain there, came to join the colony already commenced at Mishawam, now Charlestown. There a religious society was at once organized, and early on the list of those subscribing the covenant are the names of Thomas and Dorothy Dudley, Simon and Anne Bradstreet.

The colonists soon became discontented, for there was much sickness, and the situation was considered unhealthy. The

majority of them, therefore, including Winthrop, Dudley, and Bradstreet, moved to Boston; but not long afterwards, fearing an attack from the Indians, they selected what is now Cambridge as a suitable place for fortifying.

Their sufferings were great. Dudley, one of the wealthiest, some months after their arrival, writes of some of his discomforts thus: "I write rudely, having yet no table, or other room to write in than by the fireside upon my knee, in this sharp winter; to which my family must have leave to resort, though they break good manners, and make me many times forget what I would say, and say what I would not."

In 1635 the names of Dudley and Bradstreet are found among the inhabitants of Ipswich. Even here they did not remain, but, somewhat later, began the settlement of Andover; the exact date is not known, but it was previous to 1644. There, in what is now North Andover, Mrs. Bradstreet continued to reside during the rest of her life. An old house, standing at the time of the publication of the latest edition of her poems (1867), is supposed to have been built and occupied by her husband, Governor Bradstreet. Their first house was burnt in 1666, and if, as is supposed, this was built to supply its place, it may have been her home for several years. This, however, is merely surmise.

The materials for Mrs. Bradstreet's biography are not abundant. She wrote for the benefit of her children a short sketch of her own life, but it is mostly an account of her religious experiences. She says: "In my young years, about 6 or 7, as I take it, I began to make conscience of my wayes, and what I knew was sinfull as lying, disobedience to parents, &c., I avoided it. I also took much comfort in reading the Scriptures, especially those places I thought most concerned my Condition, and as I grew to have more understanding, so the more solace I took in them." \* \* \* "But as I grew up to bee about 14 or 15, I found my heart more carnall; and sitting loose from God, vanity and the follyes of youth take hold of me. About 16 the Lord layd his hand sore upon mee, and smott mee with the small pox. When I was in my affliction, I besought the Lord, and confessed my Pride and Vanity, and he was entreated of me, and again restored me. But I rendered not to him according to ye benefitt received. After a short tyme I changed my condition and was marryed, and came into this Country, where I found a new world, and new manners at which

my heart rose. But after I was convinced it was the way of God, I submitted to it and joined to the church at Boston."

She suffered during all her life from ill health, which she seems to have borne with great patience. She often refers to these sufferings as a needed discipline and a deserved chastisement of her many faults. In prayer she found a never-failing comfort for her troubles. She says, in the spirit of a true suppliant, "I have had great experience of God's hearing my prayers, and returning comfortable Answers to me, either in granting ye Thing I prayed for, or else in satisfying my mind without it." She died, after a long and painful illness, in September, 1672. Her place of burial is not known; it is supposed to have been the family tomb of her father, Governor Dudley, at Roxbury.

A few of the many famous names among her descendants, are those of Revs. Joseph and Joseph S. Buckminster of Portsmouth, N.H., Mrs. Eliza (Buckminster) Lee, Richard H. Dana, Dr. Channing, Wendell Phillips, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The melodious utterance of Cicero, in praise of literature, has, through the long ages, touched the heart of many a scholar. "Other occupations," he says, "do not belong alike to every time, or age, or place; these instruct our youth, delight our age; they adorn prosperity, they bestow a refuge and solace in time of adversity; they give pleasure at home, hinder no duty abroad; they are with us in the watches of the night, travel with us in foreign lands, accompany us to the retirement of the country." Such must have been valued resources to Mrs. Bradstreet, when, at the age of eighteen, she came to dwell in a new country, in danger from famine, fire and sword, and with all the longings of an exile's heart. Her poems refer largely to her studies and varied reading; many record in quaint phrase her home experiences, and the many cares incident to her own peculiar lot,—as the wife of a magistrate, in troublous times, who was frequently absent from home on public business of importance,—as the mother of eight children, to be educated amidst so many disadvantages.

Mrs. Bradstreet's brother-in-law, Rev. John Woodbridge pastor of the church in Andover, returning to England, caused her poems to be published there, in 1650. The title-page is as follows:—

THE TENTH MUSE LATELY SPRUNG UP IN AMERICA,

or

Severall Poems, compiled with great variety of Wit and  
Learning, full of delight. Wherein especially  
is contained a compleat discourse  
and description of

The Four { Elements,  
Constitutions,  
Ages of Man,  
Seasons of the Year.

Together with an Exact Epitomie of the Four  
Monarchies, viz.

The { Assyrian,  
Persian,  
Grecian,  
Roman.

Also a Dialogue between *Old England* and *New*, con-  
cerning the late troubles,  
With divers other pleasant and serious Poems,  
By a Gentlewoman in those Parts.

Printed at *London* for *Stephen Bowtell*, at the signe of the  
Bible in Popes-Head-Alley. 1650.

A second edition, with some additional poems, and with the author's corrections and revisions, was issued in 1678, a third in 1758, but no other until 1867, when a new edition, consisting of only two hundred and fifty copies, appeared. It contains the poems previously published, and a series of meditations in prose, left in manuscript at the time of the author's death.

Many of her papers were destroyed by the burning of her house in 1666. The account of the "Roman Monarchy" is incomplete, for the reason that the loss of much that had been written discouraged her from continuing the task.

Many complimentary poems were addressed to Mrs. Bradstreet on her writings, and in accordance with the fashion of the time,



several of these were prefixed to the book itself. One represents Apollo, the god of poetry, called to decide on the comparative merit of the poems of Du Bartas (Sylvester's translation) and those of Mrs. Bradstreet. He found it difficult to decide, and said : —

“ I muse whither at length these Girls will go ;  
It half revives my chill frost-bitten blood,  
To see a Woman once do ought that's good.”

Though full of praise of her who was called “ Virtue's true and lively Pattern,” this appears to have been the sentiment of more than one of the writers of these complimentary poems. They would have seemed to anticipate the cynical words of Dr. Johnson, in the next century, when he went, induced by the persuasions of friends, to hear a woman-preacher, somewhat famous in her time. To one person who said that she “ did wonderfully,” he replied, emphatically, “ Sir, she did. It is like a dancing dog. The wonder is, not so much that he dances well, but that he can do it at all.” However, Rev. John Woodbridge, brother-in-law and friend of the author, having wondered, in view of books he had previously read,

“ If Women are with wit and sence inspired,”

kindly adds : —

“ When seriously I had revolved  
What you had done, I presently resolved  
Theirs was the Persons', not the Sexes failing.”

The following extracts are from “ Contemplations,” unquestionably to modern taste the most beautiful of her poems : —

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm  
Close sate I by a goodly River's side,  
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm ;  
A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd ;  
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,  
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,  
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,  
Which to the long'd for Ocean held its course,  
I markt. nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye  
Could hinder ought, but still augment its force :  
O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy race

Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,  
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,  
But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet,  
So hand in hand along with thee they glide  
To *Thetis* house, where all imbrace and greet;  
Thou emblem true, of what I count the best,  
O could I lead my Rivolets to rest,  
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye Fish, which in this liquid Region 'bide,  
That for each season, have your habitation,  
Now salt, now fresh where you think best to glide  
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,  
In Lakes and ponds you leave your numerous fry,  
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,  
You watry folk, that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to tast the air,  
Then to the colder bottome streight they dive,  
Eftsoon to *Neptun's* glassie Hall repair  
To see what trade they great ones there do drive,  
Who forrage o're the spacious sea-green field,  
And take the trembling prey before it yield,  
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,  
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,  
The sweet-tongued Philomel perchd ore my head  
And chanted forth a most melodious strain  
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,  
I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,  
And wisht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares  
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,  
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares  
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm,  
Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is every where,  
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,  
Reminds not what is past, nor whats to come dost fear.

The dauning morn with songs thou dost prevent,  
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,  
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,  
And warbling out the old, begin anew,  
And thus they pass their youth in summer season  
Then follow thee into a better Region.  
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

The following extract is an example of her prose :—

“ MEDITATIONS DIUINE AND MORALL.”

The hireling that labors all the day, comforts himself that when night comes he shall both take his rest, and receive his reward; the painfull Christian that hath wrought hard in God's vineyard, and hath born the heat and drought of the day, when he perceives his sun apace to decline, and the shadowes of his euening to be stretched out, lifts vp his head with joy, knowing his refreshing to be at hand.

Diuerse children haue their different natures; some are like flesh which nothing but salt will keep from putrefaction; some again like tender fruits that are best preserued with sugar; those parents are wise that can fit their nurture according to their Nature.

Dimne eyes are the concomitants of old age; and short sightednes, in those that are eyes of a Republique, foretels a declineing State.

A prudent mother will not cloth her little childe with a long and cumbersome garment; she easily foresees what euent it is like to produce, at the best but falls and bruises, or perhaps somewhat worse, much more will the alwise God proportion his dispensations according to the stature and strength of the person he bestows them on. Larg indowments of honour, wealth, or a helthfull body would quite overthrow some weak Christians, therefore God cuts their Garments short, to keep them in such a trim that they might run the wayes of his Commandment.

## MANUFACTURERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

## II.—WILLIAM ANDREW HARRIS.

By REUBEN A. GUILD.

WILLIAM ANDREW HARRIS, the builder of the "Harris-Corliss Steam Engine," was born in Woodstock, Conn, on the 20th of March 1835, being one of a family of three sons. His great ancestor, William Harris, came over from Bristol, England, in the ship "Lyon," in company with his brother Thomas, and the world-renowned Roger Williams. He was one of the little company who settled in Providence in 1636, one of the twelve to whom Williams deeded land in 1638, and one of the twelve original members of the First Baptist Church. He afterwards had a controversy with the founder of the State which lasted many years, and was the cause of bitterness of feeling and speech on both sides.

While he was a child, the parents of Mr. Harris came to Providence, where they remained until 1850, when they removed to North Adams, Massachusetts. In October, 1846 young Harris, then a lad of eleven, returned to Providence where he has since resided. He attended the Fountain Street Grammar School, under the principalship of Albert A. Gamwell, a famous teacher in his day; and in 1849 he entered the High School.

In the spring of 1851 he left the High School to attend a boarding school at South Williamstown, Mass., under the charge of B. F. and J. A. Mills. During the following winter he remained at home practicing drawing. In March 1852, he entered the Union Bank of Providence as clerk, where he remained three years, until 1855, when he entered as draughtsman the employ of the Providence Forge and Nut Company now known as the Providence Tool Company. The following year he entered the employ of the Corliss Steam Engine Company as draughtsman, remaining eight years. On the 1st of August, 1864, he commenced building on his own account the Corliss Engine, paying the inventor, Mr. George H. Corliss, a stipulated royalty. At first he occupied the old building on Eddy street, used in Dorr times as headquarters by the Dorr party. Here he remained four years. In

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1869 he exhibited one of his "Corliss Engines," at the American Institute in New York. The New York Tribune in describing it gave it the name of "Harris-Corliss Engine." The patent for the Corliss Engine expired in 1870 ; since which time Mr. Harris has manufactured it, with his own patent improvement, under the name originally given it by the Tribune.

On the 17th of November, 1868, Mr. Harris started his present works on the corner of Park and Promenade streets. The premises cover 148,120 square feet of land. The group of buildings — constructed expressly for the business — consists of a machine shop, pattern shop, blacksmith shop, iron foundry, brass foundry, pattern storehouse and other structures. A large force of well skilled workmen is employed in the establishment, varying with the fluctuations of trade, from two hundred to four hundred. A good part of the machinery and tools were invented and made especially for these works, the product of which consists of stationary engines, varying from ten to two thousand horse-power. When run to their full extent the works will produce half a million dollars worth of merchandise annually. This is shipped to all parts of the United States, to Cuba, Mexico and Spain.

A prominent feature of Mr. Harris' business is the apprentice system, devised by him, and improved and perfected by the experience of years. This was a feature of arts and trades throughout New England fifty years ago, but which now unfortunately has almost ceased to exist. Briefly stated, the system devised by Mr. Harris makes his engine works a manual or industrial training school of the best and most practical kind, covering a period of three years. During this time the learner is thoroughly taught to execute every part of the complex work in the best manner, so that at the end of his apprenticeship he is the master of a good trade, and can find employment where he learned the business, or elsewhere. A large proportion of the workmen employed by Mr. Harris have thus been taught under the direct supervision of his superintendent and foremen. There is thus freedom from the friction that too frequently exists between employer and employed ; each mechanic in this establishment thoroughly understanding what is expected of him, and both meriting and receiving the confidence of the proprietor.

During the late war, Mr. Harris entered the service of the United States in Company D., Tenth Rhode Island Volunteers,



WILLIAM A. HARRIS.



serving three months, when he was honorably discharged. He was a member of the Common Council from the 1st ward, and for four successive years (1882-6) he was elected a Republican member of the lower house of the General Assembly.

On the 8th of September, 1859, Mr. Harris married Miss Eleanor F. Morrill of New Hampshire. Two sons have blessed this union, one of whom has nearly completed a four years course of study in Brown University. In 1883, Mr. Harris travelled through England and France in company with his brother-in-law, ex-Governor Brown of Bristol.

In his religious belief Mr. Harris is a Unitarian, having been for many years a constant worshipper with the First Congregational Church. He is now in his prime, with reasonable prospect of an enlarged business, and of increased prosperity and usefulness.



## HOW THE CARES WENT.

*From the German of Gustave Parrins.*

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

A-weary, once, I sought the green-wood shade;  
My cares came trooping after.  
Vainly I ordered back the grim brigade, —  
They came — with mocking laughter.

But when we reached the place, from all about  
Rose whisperings and chiding;  
The little birds sang, "Quick! You cares! Out, out!  
Here is no place for hiding!"

The grasses, straightening up, gave them a throw;  
A wind-puff blew them higher;  
Tree branches sent them tossing to and fro;  
Brooks dashed some in the mire.

They found no peace. Some, running, broke their heads  
'Gainst giant boulders pelting;  
Some smothered were in wild flowers, dewy beds, —  
In flight from sun beams, melting.

"There now," I cried, when of this worrying crew  
No vestige could I find;  
"See what the wild-wood has in store for you!  
The next time stay behind!"



**ENSLAVED AND A FUGITIVE.****A QUADROON'S EXPERIENCE IN ANTE-BELLUM DAYS.**

By J. F. SHEFFIELD.

For years it has been in my mind to furnish the following facts for publication. The scenes connected with these events came under my personal observation; or were related to me by the principal actor, whose christian name, we will now mention, was Mary.

She still lives, unless very recently deceased—a woman of nearly four-score years. Her complexion indicates that away back in history her ancestors were dwellers in the “dark continent,” but bleached out by the marriage of her immediate ancestry into families of lighter complexion, she looks no more like “the image of God set in ebony” than do hundreds of other persons who have not a drop of African blood in their veins. She is intelligent, amiable, and still shows traces of the comeliness she possessed, when she went—a sprightly and trustful young girl—to do service in a hotel at the county seat of her native region.

It was a rather aristocratic place, and people of wealthy southern families were frequent visitors there. Those who are informed in reference to the slavery of two generations past in the South, know full well that these characteristics were dangerous to her—in the vicinity of slave-holding customs. One of the high-toned families of the southern gentility, who usually spent a part of the summer North, almost infatuated the young creature by telling her of the good times she might enjoy by leaving the hard employment in which she was engaged, and, as nurse for their children, accompany them to the goodly city of Boston. The desire to see a little of the world, especially the great city of New England, and the prospect of better pay, led Mary to accept their proposition; but she did not do this until assured that they would return with her to the place in which she was then residing. In the new scenes of the great city, the time of their stay seemed very brief. When they departed, there seemed nothing strange in their embarking in a vessel bound southward, for they had also come in a vessel from the place which she now expected soon to see again. But oh!

the sadness of heart when she learned, after they were well out to sea, that they were bound for the far-off sunny South ; and, unless she could fly, or walk the trackless ocean, there was no alternative but to submit. Attached to the children of her charge, and well cared for, as the world would say, by those who had so grievously deceived her, she staid a long time in the service of the family ; for she knew not how to do otherwise. For this service she received reasonable compensation.

But at length a change came, brought about by the serious financial embarrassment of the family estate. There was a necessity that a certain large amount of money should be provided within a specified time. Whether this was occasioned by the death of the man who had been guilty of so great a wrong to this poor girl, or otherwise, it matters not now. To the credit of humanity, let it be said that it probably did not enter into the thoughts of that master that Mary's enslavement was of a probable or even a possible result of his action. But, alas ! the law of his state presumed that persons of color connected with the family of Southern gentlemen were either slaves by birth, or by purchase, unless proof to the contrary was presented. Hence Mary was regarded as a part of the assets of the impaired estate.

How those who knew the facts were prevented from establishing her right to freedom cannot be stated, but cupidity prevailed ; and Mary was sold. She brought a good price, and was hastened away to other and more dreadful scenes. Sometimes she was set to do plantation work, and sometimes she was made to serve immoral appetites. Days, months and years rolled slowly away, and almost buried hope forever. But the love and ardent longing for the freedom once possessed, — and never forfeited — could not be entirely eradicated by the crack of the driver's whip, nor by the pleasures of a sensuous nature which must environ the path of a comely female slave. By day and by night plans of escape flitted through her mind, until after a long time a feasible one was hit upon. This was in due time carried into execution.

The oft repeated scenes of slave history, of night running, and day hiding, were re-enacted until she was far away, and safe beyond the land of a color freedom, within the limits of a monarchical government, from which no innocent person of any complexion or nationality could be remanded back to a slavery, which in many instances, would be worse than death itself.

The intelligent reader will not wonder that years spent in communities where the standard of morals was not the highest, had made such impressions upon her, that she felt it was no sin to help over the line into Canada some of the slaves of her acquaintance.

She remained in the land of her adoption for years ; for she had not the means to get back to her New England home. After a time she was married, and had a home of her own. That house was gladdened by the birth of children, but the death-angel came, and husband and children were removed. Again she took up her burden, lonely and sad.

Her home in the land of strangers had not been far distant from the line between one of the glorious states of our glorious Union and Canada. Mary had acquaintances across the line upon whom she was wont to call. It seem strange to us now that any person should be kidnapped for enslavement within the bounds of our own fair country ; but there was such a purpose, it appears even toward this much enduring woman from the South ; persons who had known her as a slave were in the place, and recognized her. Information of her presence was given to the parties who claimed her, and, under the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law, she was taken back to slavery. She had no means for defence, no friend with power to aid her ; and there was no redress. It could be proved she had been in servitude and had been sold, and this was enough.

Although taken back to slavery, the fires of liberty burned within her as never before. Her spirit could ill endure the mean injustice and cruelty to which she was subject. And it is not to be supposed that those to whom she was committed by her owner would treat with especially mildness one who had presumed to "run away from a good master, and a good home, where she was cared for better than she could care for herself, if free."

With others she was put to plantation work. The crop of tobacco needs great care in order to secure the largest profit from its culture. Especially is it essential to destroy that horrid pest, the tobacco worm. As the most expeditious method of destroying these worms, the slaves in her gang were required to bite off their heads. Perhaps the filthy worm was more repulsive to the slaves than the tobacco is to those of cleanly habits. The thing was so revolting to this women of New England birth and habits that she found it impossible to bring herself to its practice, and she

finally decided that she would not do it, let the consequences of her refusal be what they might. The indignation of the overseer was without limit. She was whipped and beaten and kicked with terrible brutality, coming out of the fearful ordeal with mutilated face, a broken arm and a broken hip. The care usually given a slave under such circumstances was hardly allowed. The arm, for lack of attention or because she was required to use it too soon, did not do well; and, as mortification set in, amputation became necessary. Further care was bestowed upon her, not because her life was of much account, but it was thought she might be useful as an example to others. The right arm was taken off, leaving a stump not more than four inches in length below the shoulder joint. The hip bone was so badly shattered and so poorly managed that she was left a cripple ever after to go through life limping.

By some remarkable circumstance, snatches of the history of this greatly wronged and suffering woman were made known to a few people in the North. One noble man (and by no possible method could we induce her to reveal his name) began the search, and finally traced out the place of her abode. From her own lips he learned her story. Of course, his work was attended with great peril; but those were the days of martyrs, and he resolved on her rescue. He gave her full directions, and ample means to pay her fare and the fare of some others whom she wished to accompany her, — if they should reach the station where he had thought it might possibly be safe to take a train to a certain city in a free state.

Of course their progress was slow because of her lameness; but though foot-sore, weary and sad, they succeeded in reaching the place. Probably by the careful planning of that agent of the "underground railroad," they arrived just before the starting of the train for the city of their destination. Bills had been posted in the town advertising the fugitives. Mary was easily identified by her peculiarly crippled appearance, and the eyes of all were upon her while on her way to the train. In answer to her inquiries, she was informed what train she should take; but the impression came upon her that her informant had misdirected her that he might get her back into bondage. On seeing a colored man she ventured to ask him about the trains, and learned that her impressions were correct, and that the train which had been pointed out would take her southward again and that the only possible hope was to get on

board a train just starting. One of her company believed the false instruction, took the fatal train and was no more seen by her companions, — probably going back to a life-long bondage. But, thank God, our friend Mary and the rest of her party escaped. Quite likely they were not molested because it was thought they would believe they had the right information given them, and would take the wrong train. In a few hours they were in a free state, and in a state from which it would have been a difficult task to remand a slave back to bondage.

After a time our heroine found her way back to her native county, and for a while was cared for in the family of one of the relatives of the writer. She then went to reside with a family at a convenient distance from the residence of a Methodist preacher of pronounced anti-slavery opinions. It was a time of considerable discussion upon the subject of slavery; and especially that part of the question involved in the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. On one memorable morning the fires of freedom were kindled beyond their usual glow in the soul of that minister, who had declared he would violate the provisions of that monstrous law if ever the opportunity presented itself. It came before long. In a letter called forth by the occasion he expressed himself in something near the following language:—

DEAR NEPHEW,— We desire you to secure a hiding place for Mary,— and protection from her pursuers. They are stopping at the City Hotel, and are earnestly inquiring for her. Keep her until you hear again.

Yours truly,

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The business required both care and haste. Through persons in whom the utmost confidence could be placed—one a Quaker and another then a class-leader, but now a minister—she was conveyed to a place of safety, where she was kept until the slave-hunters, weary of their fruitless endeavors, with evident chagrin, gave up the search and left the place.

But, oh, the visits to that hiding-place of the poor hunted woman! Who can describe them? And the words that fell from the lips of that fugitive freewoman, who was then within five miles of her native town—and my own native town—who that heard them can recall them without distress? At times it really seemed that she would die from fright. Again she ap-

peared like one going desperately mad. She hardly dared trust the ultra abolitionist who was her protector. She had been betrayed before. She dreaded the fate that would follow her return South, declaring she would never go back alive. She was a Christian and had conscientious scruples about suicide, but asked again and again, "Would it be wicked for me to kill myself?"

My dear reader, do you wonder that the minister acting such a part, in such scenes — who had members in his church who have since died in utter ignorance of what he did, but who would have ceased to hear him preach if they had known what part he took in the transaction — do you wonder that he thought about resistance to law, and a mob if necessary, for the defence of his townswoman? It was well that the pursuers failed. Probably the quiet village would have been excited to use violence, and more than one funeral have resulted from an attempt at her seizure.

In old age and feebleness, after doing what she could to avoid such a fate, Mary became dependent upon our native town for such support as is given to ordinary paupers, — herself a pauper of no ordinary description. At last accounts she was still living.

How glad would be the author of this narrative, and many another townsman alike unendowed with any surplus stock of this world's goods, if some with noble hearts and ample means found themselves moved to provide for her comfort in the last days of her earthly pilgrimage !

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THIS is June. Everybody who truly feels its coming and is thrilled with the joy of its presence, opens wide the doors of his heart to give it the most hospitable welcome. Now the blossoming time is over, the springing grass waves for the mower and the scythe, strawberries and cherries redden their deepest in the gardens, and the flowers in all the beds are in an ecstasy of display. The birds are getting their callow younglings out of the nests and off of their hands. The orchards are masses of verdure, with the fruits of autumn hidden among the leaves. The woods hard by and the forests that clothe the hills are an unexplored maze of light and darkness, whose various populations come forth by day and by night to enjoy the new life and liberty which the opening summer brings to them. June is a month of beauty in town and country alike. It is a splendid strip of outdoor experience lying between the fickle temper of May and the blazing and scalding heats of July and August. It is the eastern gate of the year's royalty, by which it enters, — as October is the western one, by which it departs.

New England is a paradise of delights in June, if it ever is. The earth is now one harmonious scene of promise and potency. The sun rises earlier and sets later almost to its close. It is worth the sitting up through the night to hear the chorals of the birds in the morning. One ought to be in love with life at this time for its own sake. To be sick now is to be sick indeed, with all these indescribable glories of sense and sensibility shut out. It fills the being full with happiness merely to look around upon the life that is developing everywhere, — the perfection of the divine miracle which is wrought in the vast realm of vegetation every successive year. Out of doors is the place now for all who can get there. Indwelling life is impatient for the ozone of the atmosphere, the scent of shrubs and waters and woods, the refreshing coolness of the grassy earth under the feet, and the arching blue sky that forms the canopy of the visible world.

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THE proposition to tunnel Boston Common for street railway purposes has justly aroused popular sentiment in opposition to it to a degree that has finally thrust this masked plan of invading sacred territory outside the limit of present, if not future, possibility. It was openly held, and with every appearance of sincerity and good faith, that there was no more effectual mode of preserving the Common intact than by tunnelling, as if all fears of its surface appropriation could thereafter be dismissed. But in the West End Railway Bill, not yet decidedly acted on by the Legislature at this



time of writing, there is a section which explicitly forbids the granting of any location for a railway upon the Common, and the construction of any tunnel under it. Tunnels may be constructed anywhere else in Boston, under certain conditions, but under the Common no tunnel can go. Now, since no railway tracks can be laid there, either it would seem that this dedicated piece of ground, comprising a trifle less than fifty acres, is to remain inviolate. In New York and in Chicago the public parks are being invaded by the boldness or persistency of corporate enterprise, but in Boston the tide of desecration has been stayed.

\* \* \*

ANNIVERSARY WEEK is not what it once was, but it is very far from having become a ghost of its former living, sturdy self. The multitude of devout delegates is not, it is true, to be seen coming up in its wonted strength to take possession of Boston as a centre of hospitality and discussion together ; but the travel by rail is visibly swollen as the famous week opens, and many an apartment in private homes is opened to welcome guests after the practical disuse of the lingering winter. There is no telling what matters were discussed and disposed of by the long list of associations that occupied the field for the annual occasion. There were very few interests that pertain to the public's religious and moral welfare which were left untreated. The large garden of human thought and sentiment was industriously dugged all over again, and the usual variety of fertilizers were applied according to the supply at hand. The prevailing spirit throughout was one of harmony, and the atmosphere breathed by all was one that imparted fresh life to lungs that have impatiently panted for its deep and full inhalation.

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THE death of Lysander Spooner is the removal from the community of an original mind, a sincere and logical reformer, a large-hearted lover and helper of his kind, and a citizen who had only the permanent welfare of all other citizens at heart. The treatises he wrote on public issues from his opening manhood to the close of his honored life at four-score, were all deliberately studied on the basis of the propositions laid down by him, and clearly and conclusively reasoned to a demonstration. It was a remarkable diversity of themes to which he gave his continuous thought, — law, constitutions, jurisprudence, political issues, the rights of man amid every variety of experience, finance and social reform ; but in all his discussions and demonstrations his steadfast aim was to lay broad and deep the foundations of natural justice and absolute truth, that he might convince his fellow-citizens of the superiority of truth over mere policy, and of the falsity of all prosperity that did not rest fixedly on the basis of immovable right and unalterable justice. His work was self-chosen, and performed with a singleness of devotion that should be a standing lesson to those to whom he has now become invisible.



THERE has been all the excitement that attends a sensation in and around the State House on Beacon Hill during the last few weeks of the Legislative session, over the investigation by special committees of the two branches of that body into the alleged methods of influencing the bill to incorporate Beverly Farms as a township. The measure was passed by both houses, but vetoed by the Governor ; and it is the open attack of the veto on these methods that has attracted special attention to the veto. Citing freely from the adverse and condemnatory reports of the committees, the Governor proceeds mildly to visit the "lobby" with the executive anathema, and to appeal to the Legislature to sustain its established reputation for cleanliness and incorruptibility by suspending the bill for the present, and trusting the future to pass it under circumstances that shall be above all suspicion of improper influences. He purposely refrained from discussing the merits of the bill, and contented himself with dealing with the lobby alone. Because of the manner of working it through the Legislature he opposed final enactment, choosing to rebuke the lobby by thus disappointing it of its hopes, and leaving the measure to be dealt with in an above board and legitimate way.

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THE Pope has sent the apostolic benediction to Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, and his apostolic anathema to Dr. McGlynn for his obduracy and contumacious conduct. The latter has been summoned to appear at Rome within forty days from the date of receiving the order, and the case is made no better, if, as is reported, he refuses either to obey or to take any notice of the Papal epistle. Ecclesiastical discipline is one thing, with which we have no inclination to meddle ; but ecclesiastical interference with questions of politics in a free country like the United States, is an entirely different matter. It is of no special importance to know through what channels the Henry George doctrines relating to property and taxation came to conflict with the views of the Roman Church in this country ; it is enough to be satisfied that as issues they are wholly outside the pale of church authority and influence, and there should ever remain. The American people at present, certainly, are in no temper to tolerate anything that looks like an invasion of the realm of free thought on civil and purely secular matters at least, and such as concern wholly the problem of self-government.

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THE contemptuously nonchalant remarks of Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of the Canadian Dominion, in the city in which William O'Brien was mobbed with paving stones and epithets by his lordship's supporters, for daring to come there and ventilate to the people the Lansdowne style of evicting tenants from his Irish estates, has been compared to the utterances of Mark Tapley, hostler at the Blue Dragon Inn, who said, "there never was

a man as could come out so strong under circumstances that would make other men miserable" as himself. In the face of the stoning of O'Brien, the firing upon his party, and the wanton assaults upon him by the Lansdowne mobs and murderers in Toronto, Kingston, and Hamilton, his lordship was pleased to say to his hearers, including of course his mob supporters, that "as far as I am concerned, owing to your kindness," these attacks on O'Brien "have not for an instant interfered with my happiness or convenience." This must be called the very refinement of brutality. It compares well with the almost incredible acts of barbarism perpetrated with his knowledge and by his orders upon a helpless and hopeless tenantry, to whom he denied the last appeals in the power of humanity to make. If the day of reckoning does not come for him speedily, it will be because the people of Canada have grown too timid to call for relief from their disgrace.

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GENERAL BOULANGER appears at present to supply the personal pivot on which the future government of France is to turn. The thing is, how to form a new ministry without leaving him out. He has already expressed his readiness to take himself out of the way, but when he goes he will return to his place in the army, and he is likely to be as much a power there as he is now in the government as minister of war. He is practically to-day a more important personage in French affairs than President Grevy himself. It is he alone who obstructs the formation of a ministry, since it is inferred by the other powers, especially Russia and Germany, that upon his retention in the government depends the part which France is likely to play in the affairs of Europe. Boulanger says that he awakened France from a fifteen years' sleep to a sense of dignity, the effect of which is seen in the revival of military ardor in provinces far distant from the frontier. President Grevy would prefer to appoint him to a high military post outside the cabinet, but the ex-minister of war will not hear to it. With the other states of the continent armed to the teeth for any possible contingency, France is little likely now to sit down contented with a purely civil existence, and Germany offering her old and new taunts continually.

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THE report comes by way of Vienna that negotiations are going on to make permanent peace between the Italian Government and the Papacy. The former has managed to exist for more than a quarter of a century without Papal recognition or friendship, yet the Pope now proposes to the King of Italy that he shall accept from him investiture as the ruler of Tuscany, Naples, Parma, and the superseded Bourbon and Austrian principalities, which would be tantamount to an admission on the part of the Italian people that their existing title to possession is no better than usurpation; that the King should grant that the Pope possesses temporal equally with spiritual power; and that he should further grant the Pope exclusive jurisdiction in

the Holy City. On these terms the Pope, it is said, is willing to forgive the King everything. On the other hand, His Holiness will graciously consent to accept the annual revenue of \$645,000 which the Italian Parliament has voted him since 1871, now aggregating the sum of \$10,000,000, which both Pope Pius and Pope Leo have steadily refused to receive, for fear of compromising the temporal claims of the Papacy by so doing. There may and there may not be solid foundation for a report of this character, yet the Italian government may be in a mood to think it will get off cheaply so.

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THIS question of retiring from business and all active occupation, keeps coming up in sermons and essays, yet without any appreciable effect upon those for whom its discussion is particularly intended. There are plenty of men in Boston and other cities who might just as well break off the habit of money-making to-day as to wait until death steps in and breaks it off for them ; but the main trouble in their case is that they have never formed any supplementary habit for just this period of their career, and so do not know what to do with themselves when once disengaged from their old practices. Thus do they confess themselves to be but a part of the machine that is all the time grinding up human lives, with all their untried possibilities. They never get to be its directing power. Why do men want to grow richer, when they are rich enough already? It is the maggot in the brain that they obey, while they are so free with their characterizations of those who conduct their lives from very different motives which they fail entirely to comprehend. The standing satire which mockingly accompanies makers of all merely earthly fortunes is that they are made only to be so soon abandoned.

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AT the Mental Healing Convention, during anniversary week in Boston, the attendance was markedly numerous and in earnest. All who came were clearly there with a controlling thought in their minds. The venerable Dr. Bartol gave expression to the feelings of his heart, speaking, as his wont is, in racy phrase and with felicitous illustrations. Among other things uttered by him, he said that "if you have an object in living you will live until that object is accomplished." He observed that the natural process of development is from coarser to finer. Mrs. Diaz distinctly enunciated the vital truth that all disease comes from sin, from which the truth will free us. We are too conceited ; we need to become as little children. It is a damaging phrase, she said, "To sin is human." We should remember that we are the expressions of Divine power. "If we take the person out of the body and lay the body on the ground, we cannot get an ache in any of those bones. So, if we withdraw the mind from the body, we cannot get up a fever, catch a cold in a draught, or suffer any pains." But when she asserts that all is one life ; that God is *in* us or that man is a *part of* God, we take

positive issue with her. If that were true, there was never any creation. It is useless to assume that man is eternal, unchangeable perfection. God alone is that. Man is spiritual, but not spirit. He *can* do wrong, God *cannot*. It was the first anniversary for this new class of thinkers.

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CO-OPERATION of the right sort is an important step in the right direction. The Rumford Chemical Works at Providence, R. I., of which Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, has from the first been at the head, gave formal notice to their large force of employees on the first of December last of their intention to introduce the system of profit-sharing into the industry in which all were engaged together. This beneficent system has for many years been in operation in France, and particularly in Paris, and has achieved more or less practical success in England. In our own country it is just beginning to make its way. The proprietors of the Boston Herald within a few months announced it as the new one in their extensive establishment. In France, the system of profit-sharing is made to serve the ends of industrial education in addition to those of provident saving and pensioned retreat, and is found to work wonders not only in the economy of production at all points, but in elevating the character of all classes of workmen employed under it. The Rumford plan contemplates the annual distribution of gifts to each employe of ten years' standing, encouraging its expenditure in the purchase of homes in the immediate vicinity.

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A WEED is ordinarily only a thing to be pulled up and flung away. Yet of the list of weeds that are familiar by their names to the ear, what one is there that, on being mentioned, cannot start some of the happiest of human thoughts and remembrances? Weeds are so homely and unassuming that they root themselves in the heart, as they do by the roadside and in the garden. They bear the most endeared of familiar names, too. They are indigenous; savoring of soil and locality together; suggestive of domestic and individual experience; and in close and visible sympathy with the common life of man. It is this that keeps them so fast in the affections, even when confessedly obstructive and worthless. A catalogue that should give the names of all the weeds personally known to us from our childhood, would kindle far more pleasure in the thought than a companion schedule of exotics with invertebrate botanical names, slow to be spoken and quick forgotten.

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It was a happy thought, which has been happily executed, to institute the forestry division of the Department of Agriculture, and nothing is needed to make it a thoroughly effective department but for Congress to take proper and immediate measures for the protection of existing forests and the creation of new ones. The forestry division of the department has

issued a circular requesting some one person in every town in the country to transmit a report of the manner in which Arbor Day was spent this year in his locality, the number and kinds of trees planted on that day, and all other related facts of interest. The Commissioner of Agriculture has likewise issued a circular to educational men, suggesting that some practical lessons be introduced into schools of every grade in regard to the objects and use of forests, the nature and growth of trees, and the significance of their existence or absence. It is the right way, and the only enduring one, to instil into the opening minds of the youth of both sexes object lessons that shall inculcate the first principles of forestry. In no other way, either, will the supreme necessity of forest cultivation take firm hold on the popular mind.

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THE venerable Dr. Holmes may with equal truth be called perennial. Very recently he has declaimed, rather than read, as none but himself is capable of declaiming, a selection of his more famous verses to the five or six hundred girls of the Boston Conservatory of Music, whose raptures over so remarkable and so rare a performance were still a second rapture to witness. Being presented with a generous bouquet by one of the multitude of fair ones, the doctor's reply came falteringly: "If the words I could say were half as sweet as these flowers, I should not want for applause." He proceeded to recite "The Last Leaf," "The Broken Lyre," "Grandmother's Story of the Battle of Bunker Hill," "Voiceless," "Dorothy Q," "The Farewell to Agassiz," and "The Chambered Nautilus." The young girls from all parts of the country, who were so highly privileged, will carry with them through their lives the delightful memory of this truly memorable occasion. They have seen for themselves a world-famous poet verging upon four score, reciting his own verses with a vigor and dramatic expression such as they could have expected only in one forty years younger. The doctor is one, too, who never fails to leave an impression as lasting as his poetry—and himself.

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### HISTORICAL RECORD.

THE Washington Monument Commission has had under discussion the advisability of closing the monument to the public after the first of June, in consequence of the continued acts of vandalism which are perpetrated by visitors. In many places the marble is chipped away, while the bronze letters on the Swiss tablet have many of them been forced off and carried away as mementos. The silver ornaments of the stone contributed by Nevada have likewise been mutilated.

THIS has been called the age of excavation. Archæologists never were busier than they now are, and never have turned up more interesting or valuable discoveries than within the last decade. Egypt, Palestine and Cyprus have yielded up precious and long kept secrets to them, and now Susa, the ancient city of Persia, and twenty-five centuries ago the capital of Asia, is adding its concealed treasures of history. Darius, the son of Hytaspes, once resided there. At one time its extent and magnificence exceeded that of Babylon. It has been a heap of ruins for over eleven hundred years, sinking deeper under its covering of soil and rubbish with each successive century. The recent excavations at this locality have brought to light some wonderful things.

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THE resolve passed by the Massachusetts Legislature and signed by the Governor in reference to Crispus Attucks, the negro victim of the Boston Massacre on the 5th of March, 1770, authorizes the Governor and Council to expend ten thousand dollars for a monument to Attucks and his associates who fell before the fatal volley of the British soldiery, to be erected at some convenient spot, and to mark by a headstone the place of their sepulture in the Granary burying ground.

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MR. GLADSTONE evidently means to force Lord Salisbury to show his hand at once on the coercion question before Parliament. It is reported that he has intimated to others his intention to take a final stand, and propose the rejection of the remaining clauses of the bill at one sitting, invoking the closure against the government. In case of failure, the House forms will be used unreservedly to drive the government to appeal to the country. Mr. Gladstone openly vents his personal indignation upon those Liberal members who are supporting coercion, after being returned to Parliament on a pledge to oppose it; and he intimates that obstructive tactics may have to be resorted to in order to meet a state of things without a parallel in the history of Parliament.

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## NECROLOGY.

MR. THOMAS R. TROWBRIDGE died at New Haven, Conn., May 26th, at the age of 77. At the time of his death he was senior member of the old house of H. Trowbridge and Sons, West India merchants, with which he had been connected over fifty years.

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HON. ALBERT PALMER, ex-mayor of Boston, died at his home in Roxbury, Mass., on the 21st of May, aged 57 years. He was a native of New Hamp-



shire, and first became known as a successful instructor in the Boston Latin School. He afterwards became identified with the Jamaica Pond Ice Company, with which he was connected until the time of his death. He had been chosen to both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature, where he showed himself a proficient and eloquent debater as well as a sagacious legislator. Wendell Phillips compared him as an orator to Edward Everett. He was elected Mayor of Boston in 1883, holding the office for one year. Mr. Palmer was an accomplished classical scholar, and an eloquent orator. As a man his conduct was governed by the rule of integrity, and he never failed to possess the courage of his convictions.

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R. H. EDDY, the first man to engage in the practice of a professional solicitor of patents in this country, died in Boston in May, at the age of 75 years. He was born in Boston, and began life as a civil engineer, one of his earliest labors as such being the laying out of East Boston. He found it necessary to invent certain instruments to further his work, and thus became himself a patentee, which led finally to his taking up the business of soliciting patents from others for registry at Washington.

\* \* \*

REV. J. B. MCFERRIN, of the Southern Methodist Church, died last month at Nashville, Tenn. He had been a preacher since 1825. He had been a missionary to the Cherokee Indians, for a considerable period had presided over the publishing house of the church to which he belonged, which is the largest publishing concern in the South, and for eighteen years was the editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, the church paper of his section.

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DR. GEORGE W. FROST died in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 16, aged 81 years. Twenty years ago he was the physician in charge of the Sailors' Retreat on Staten Island, N. Y. He lived the life of a hermit in a hotel, where he was never seen except at the table in the dining room alone. He would allow nobody to speak to him in public, and in his habits observed a mechanical regularity. He left a fortune of \$300,000, which will be chiefly distributed among charitable institutions.

\* \* \*

HON. JOHN K. TARBOX died in Boston on the 28th of May, at the age of 49 years. He was born in Methuen, Mass., now a part of Lawrence, and was left an orphan at an early age. He acquired his education in Lawrence and North Andover, and engaged in the pharmacy business until he was 19 years old, when he began the study of the law and was admitted to the bar in 1860, afterward forming a partnership with the present Attorney General Sherman. He took part in the war for the Union, and after his return home rose rapidly in public esteem, being successively elected to both branches of the Legislature and as Mayor of Lawrence. He was subsequently elected to

Congress, and was conspicuously active in politics. Governor Butler appointed him Commissioner of Insurance for Massachusetts, and he crowned the work of his office with the codification of the insurance laws. He leaves behind him the reputation of a man of perfect integrity, exceptional ability, and high intellectual achievements.

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MAJ. BEN : PERLEY POORE, a widely known Washington correspondent, and the oldest representative of the press at the national capital, died in that city on the 29th of May, in his 67th year. He was descended from an ancestry that is well remembered in New England history. Major Poore was born in the town of Newbury, Mass., near Newburyport, on the place called Indian Hill, which the original Poore obtained by grant from the Indians, and which has been in the Poore family and continually improved and enlarged for eight successive generations. He learned the printer's trade in Worcester, and afterwards went to Belgium as an attache to the United States minister, where he remained five years, improving his opportunity to visit all parts of Europe, the Holy Land, and Lower Egypt. He settled down as a professional Washington correspondent, in 1847. He wrote a number of historical biographies, was a profuse writer of editorial reports and commentaries, was editor of the Congressional Directory, secretary of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, and only last year published his "Reminiscences of Sixty Years in the National Metropolis." He kept the Indian Hill Farm with scrupulous care, and took a great pride in entertaining visitors. He was secretary of the old United States Agricultural Society at the time of his death, and had taken the prize for the best specimen of forestry in Massachusetts.

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REV. JOSEPH MARSH died at Sandwich, Mass., May 21, at the age of 91 years. He was a preacher for twenty-one years. He was born in England in 1796, and came to this country in 1821. He first located in East Cambridge, where he entered the New England Glass Works, but was afterwards employed in New Jersey and at Sandwich. He preached for the last time at Pocasset in 1884.

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RICHARD ARTHINGTON GILPIN died at Lima, Delaware County, Penn., May 18, aged 75 years. He was the civil engineer in charge of the work of locating the northeastern boundary of the United States under the Ashburton Treaty. His father, Jonathan Gilpin, invented the machinery for making paper in continuous sheets or rolls. It was first used in 1817 in a paper mill on Brandywine Creek.

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HON. JOHN M. SHIRLEY died at Andover, Mass., May 21, at the age of 55 years. He was one of the leading members of the New Hampshire bar, and had been State law reporter.



shire, and first became known as a successful instructor in the Boston Latin School. He afterwards became identified with the Jamaica Pond Ice Company, with which he was connected until the time of his death. He had been chosen to both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature, where he showed himself a proficient and eloquent debater as well as a sagacious legislator. Wendell Phillips compared him as an orator to Edward Everett. He was elected Mayor of Boston in 1883, holding the office for one year. Mr. Palmer was an accomplished classical scholar, and an eloquent orator. As a man his conduct was governed by the rule of integrity, and he never failed to possess the courage of his convictions.

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R. H. EDDY, the first man to engage in the practice of a professional solicitor of patents in this country, died in Boston in May, at the age of 75 years. He was born in Boston, and began life as a civil engineer, one of his earliest labors as such being the laying out of East Boston. He found it necessary to invent certain instruments to further his work, and thus became himself a patentee, which led finally to his taking up the business of soliciting patents from others for registry at Washington.

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REV. J. B. MCFERRIN, of the Southern Methodist Church, died last month at Nashville, Tenn. He had been a preacher since 1825. He had been a missionary to the Cherokee Indians, for a considerable period had presided over the publishing house of the church to which he belonged, which is the largest publishing concern in the South, and for eighteen years was the editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, the church paper of his section.

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DR. GEORGE W. FROST died in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 16, aged 81 years. Twenty years ago he was the physician in charge of the Sailors' Retreat on Staten Island, N. Y. He lived the life of a hermit in a hotel, where he was never seen except at the table in the dining room alone. He would allow nobody to speak to him in public, and in his habits observed a mechanical regularity. He left a fortune of \$300,000, which will be chiefly distributed among charitable institutions.

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HON. JOHN K. TARBOX died in Boston on the 28th of May, at the age of 49 years. He was born in Methuen, Mass., now a part of Lawrence, and was left an orphan at an early age. He acquired his education in Lawrence and North Andover, and engaged in the pharmacy business until he was 19 years old, when he began the study of the law and was admitted to the bar in 1860, afterward forming a partnership with the present Attorney General Sherman. He took part in the war for the Union, and after his return home rose rapidly in public esteem, being successively elected to both branches of the Legislature and as Mayor of Lawrence. He was subsequently elected to

Church of the Epiphany, and subsequently of the Church of the Covenant. As a writer and preacher he was a man of superior ability and enjoyed a wide reputation.

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JUSTICE W. B. WOODS, of the United States Supreme Court, died in Washington, on May 14. He had been in failing health for a year, and about three weeks before his decease returned from California in very feeble health, whither he had gone for recuperation. He was the only member of the Supreme Court representing the South, although a native of Ohio, and appointed to the bench by President Hayes. He was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1845.

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JEAN BAPTISTE BOUSSINGAULT recently died in France, at the age of 85 years. Next to the centenarian Chevreul, he was the senior member of the Academy of Sciences. He came to South America for the purpose of re-discovering certain ancient mines, but joined the "liberationists" instead, and for several years was a valued officer on Simon Bolivar's staff. He subsequently went on with his prospecting and discovered valuable mines in Venezuela and Bolivia. On his return to France he became an eminent public man, but renounced politics after the *coup d'etat* of 1852 and devoted himself exclusively to science. He demonstrated the existence of germs in any soil in which living vegetation has been developed, and the fact that water which has passed through any soil is capable of provoking fermentations and the swarming of bacteria in a given organism.

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## THE WEBSTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

### THE LABOR PROBLEM.

By HON. STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

ACCORDING to the present scale-system of distribution, the product of Labor exceeds the demand, while the rapid development of labor-saving machinery promises more unequal division in the future than at the present time. Nature always compensates herself for every change in the moral as well as in the physical world; and with this fact before us, there comes an interesting question to the enquiring mind, as to how the future will deal with the subject of equalization.

A change during the last fifty years in the increase of manufacturing products, as laid down, is some four hundred per cent., while the increase in the pay of the laborer during the same period is but forty per cent. What is to be done? Is the product to be lessened, or is the distribution to be enlarged? The laborer and mechanic claim that their share of the

product is not sufficient, just, or equitable ; while the distributor declares that he cannot make enough on his goods to live, and pay expenses, and that any increase in the cost of labor or production will ruin his trade.

The growing intelligence of the manufacturing operative enables him to discriminate ; for the Press, now so freely open to all, is daily filled with quotations upon the price of sale of every kind of goods. The producer argues that all values should be determined by intrinsic merit, or a fair cost of production, which, if done, will give him a good support from a reasonable day's work. He can see no necessity for such extravagant outlays for selling or moving goods, which add so much to the cost to the consumer.

The middle man, on the contrary, claims a pure necessity of his methods for creating trade, and feels that the manufacturer should reduce the cost of production to the lowest minimum price. A conflict now exists, and it becomes of more importance every day to learn how to equalize the products of labor through distribution. If the hours of labor are lessened, the production is decreased, and a demand in the same ratio is increased. If the production is not lessened, and the mechanic and laborer secures a greater share to himself of the product of his toil, then he claims that the general demand will be increased, while the producer will be justly benefitted. But how is this to be brought about ?

The operative now demands both a reduction of the hours of labor and increased wages, and argues that if the hours of labor are lessened, that dissipation will not be increased. Artificial life and fiction, no doubt, have much to do with the present condition of things, as well as being potent in the final settlement of the problem. The producer of to-day has to support by his labor much too large a share of the non-producers of the country. This is shown in speculative stock-gambling throughout the land, both upon the native products of the soil, as well as upon the fictitious schemes of corporate organizations. As long as this state of things is permitted, or is fashionable — and the laborer can see it as well as the millionaire,— just so long will there be a contest between labor and capital, production and consumption.

The real student of political economy fails to see in any system of strikes or boycottings a proper remedy for the evil complained of ; nor justice in the members of one association combining to prevent those of another from working when and where they choose. Neither can he see right nor justice in the acts of a set of men claiming to live under the protection of the laws of the land, whose whole object is to create artificial values, whether in provisions and other common necessities of life, or what should be the genuine and safe funded securities of our corporations.

The good sense of the people who realize these things should enable them to look upon both sides of the question, and unite in one common effort to put down the prevailing evil in each case.

## LITERATURE AND ART.

THE term "Economics" is often used in a restricted sense. In its fullest application its relations are as extended as the whole field of human activities. The discussions upon the subject, also, have generally been confined to some special department, or have failed to consider some one or another of the essential and important elements. The recent book of Mr. Wood<sup>1</sup> has the merit of bringing into greater prominence some of these points, to such a degree that it must be held to mark an epoch in the discussions of this large subject. The title of his work will suggest to the reader, and was probably suggested to the author, by Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." However, all will be interested to see a corresponding application of natural and fixed principles to the economic world on the natural plane. The author first devotes his attention to the matter of supply and demand. In the main his views must be regarded as correct; though he omits to carry the inquiry as far as the case requires. At least one field may be mentioned in which his law of supply and demand fails to meet the conditions. There is always a need of labor for moral and spiritual improvement; but those who are in the most need in these particulars are the least conscious of their need; consequently there is not the "demand" that his rule makes a requisite. It is evident, therefore, that it is sometimes important to make provision for that for which there is no demand, — nor seemingly any means of payment provided for those who are qualified and disposed to engage in the work. And in respect to this need, certainly the human supply is always short. The title of one of the chapters, "Can Labor and Capital harmonize?" involves (in our view) a fundamental error. The contest is not really between labor and capital, but between persons and classes, one of whom has small capital and the other large. Every person has capital, but not all are able to turn that capital (which was a natural endowment) into money, so as to have in the form of transferable property their accumulated or surplus capital. This error in terms and significations has led to waste in discussion and practice. This surplus in the form of transferable property is a benefit, in a state of peace, not only to the possessor, but to every person. As the author well says, there is an idea too extensively prevalent among the impecunious that wealth (meaning wealthy persons) is pernicious to a community. Perhaps Goldsmith's lines, —

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

have contributed to impress this fallacy upon others than uncultivated people. It may be true that wealth is injurious when it is misused; but it is

<sup>1</sup> Natural Law in the Business World; by Henry Wood. In cloth, 222 pages, 75 cents. Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston.

also of some benefit — and, if rightly used, of unmixed benefit ; for, considered in its industrial aspect alone, — the supplying of that which is demanded by the luxurious tastes of the wealthy—it furnishes profitable and beneficial employment to a vast number of people, who, without it, would fare very poorly indeed. Another pernicious error in the discussion is pointed out by Mr. Wood in reference to what constitutes labor—when he briefly mentions so briefly that the passage seems a mere cursory remark — that the idea of “labor” should not be confined to muscular exertion, since the brain also labors, and often more exhaustingly than the body ; and that neither is brain unaccompanied by muscular labor, nor the latter by mental labor ; but it is necessary for convenience to apply these terms according to the preponderance of one or the other. In regard to the common or state ownership of land, he effectively cites the fact that the national government in dealing with the Indians, has, after long and exhaustive experiment, found it necessary to adopt the principle of individual ownership of land as essential to peace and thrift among those people. He might have added, with advantage to the argument, the experiment among some of our own race — notably that of the Pilgrims in their first years at Plymouth. Mr. Wood holds that the principle of personal freedom should be interfered with as little as possible, both for the best results to the nature of man and in external affairs ; and that, relying chiefly upon Natural Law, we should resort to legal enactments only when there seems a necessity.

The book is not the work of a man who failed in business because of mismanagement, and then set himself to tell his fellows what he himself had been unable to understand sufficiently to practice with success. He was formerly a well-known business man of Chicago, a member of the house of Keith, Wood and Company, who, before the great fire, were extensively engaged in the wholesale trade in that city. The book abounds in well-made points and wise counsels, and is a desirable one for the reading of every man and woman.

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To teach “the slumbering power of Christianity” and to “seek human betterment through aroused consciousness of Immanuel,” is the chief aim of *The Christian Metaphysician*.<sup>1</sup> This magazine is the organ of the Illinois Metaphysical College, one of the institutions for instruction in the new science of mental healing. It belongs to the school of mental healers who hold to the “Old Theology,” in distinction from the idealism of the Eddy School, — teaching that disease is real not imaginary, and that its cure is a real effect upon matter by spirit. The articles do not all seem to be consistent with this metaphysical system, nor with each other. Among

<sup>1</sup> *The Christian Metaphysician*; published by the Illinois Metaphysical College, Chicago, Ill.: Issued quarterly. Price 15 cents a number, or 50 cents a year.

the contributors are Mrs. Emma Hopkins, Dr. F. W. Evans, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Dr. E. J. Arens, U. N. Gesterfeld, Dr. J. A. Dresser and Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Messrs. Geo. B. and L. W. Charles are the editors.



ROYALTY has its turn with the young folks in the *Youth's Companion*<sup>1</sup> for June 2d, in the form of a narrative of personal experience on a Canadian river of the Marquis of Lorne, illustrated from drawings by the Princess Louise. There is also editorial mention of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. A prize story opens the number, and there is the usual array of lesser articles and illustrations.



There is neighborly kindness, and, perhaps, good comradeship sometimes among competitors for political honors; but eastern constituencies would be rather surprised to find the candidates of rival parties for our national congress making their canvass in company, — fording streams together, eating together, and sleeping in the same bed every night; yet this is what was done in the Harrison and Tyler campaign by a pair of competitors, one of whom is at present United States Senator from Iowa, — Augustus C. Dodge.<sup>2</sup> A courteous disposition and uniformly generous conduct reinforced the claims of natural ability and large experience of public affairs, and gave him an easy entrance to the august body of which his father was already a member from the neighboring state of Wisconsin. It is believed that this is the only instance in which a father and son have been members of the national senate at the same time. It is noteworthy, too, that the younger man was the first person born west of the Mississippi River to become a senator of the United States. The brief and well written biography of the latter by Mr. Salter is full of interesting incident, and must prove a useful contribution to our Western history.



Of the many families which have sons and daughters to educate, few can have the desirable degree of knowledge of more than one or two colleges to enable them to make a comparison of their suitability to the conditions of the special case. Neither will inquiry through social avenues afford reliable data for a decision, since one's informant must nearly always be a partisan, from the sympathy arising from acquaintance, from personal relations, or the enthusiasm for some hobby. Therefore it is that to all inquirers a book like Thwing's *American Colleges*<sup>3</sup> must prove an advantage to an ex-

<sup>1</sup> The *Youth's Companion*, a weekly illustrated paper for boys and girls, published by Perry Mason and Co., Boston, Mass. Price \$1.25 a year.

<sup>2</sup> Augustus C. Dodge, Senator of the United States from Iowa, with portrait by William Salter. Reprinted from the Iowa Historical Record of January, 1887. Burlington, Iowa. Paper, 3 vols. pp. 36.

<sup>3</sup> *American Colleges: Their Students and Work.* By Charles F. Thwing. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1883. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 113. Price \$1.25.



tent not at first thought wholly appreciated. The work presents a complete summary of the condition of American Colleges in respect to instruction, expenses and pecuniary aid, morals, religion, health, society, etc. ; affording means of comparison among more than three hundred institutions of this grade, and with reference to the requirements of both sexes. The remark will have interest, that, of the number of colleges mentioned, one hundred and seventy-one admit both sexes on equal terms, one hundred and thirty-three admit only men, while five admit women only. It is estimated that the latter sex now furnishes one-sixth of the entire number of students. That this work is appreciated is shown by the publication of a revised and enlarged edition.

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THE work bearing the title "Fifty Notable Years"<sup>1</sup> must prove a handy book to Universalists and an interesting one to all readers who take an interest in phases of religious belief other than that embodied in their own creed. "Universalism and the Revolution began to rise together" was the patriotic boast of one of its eminent clergymen. In scarcely more than a hundred years this has grown to be, in some respects, one of the most active and effective denominations of the country, while its tenets find supporters in most nations termed enlightened. Fourteen flourishing colleges attest the intelligence and culture that pervade its people ; only four of the other Protestant denominations exceeding this number. The first third of the book is devoted mainly to a history and discussion of the doctrines of this church, including its reforming influence on our communities in respect to slavery, temperance, woman's rights, treatment of criminals, etc. ; the remaining two hundred and more pages being devoted to brief biographies of the leading ministers of Universalism, — from Rev. John Murray, its founder, to Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner, one of its most influential living exponents. The work seems well conceived, and is pleasantly written. An attractive feature is the considerable number of steel portraits with which it is adorned.

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FOR those who have money to spend and mean to spend it, a real connoisseur companion is a desideratum. Such a one always conveniently at hand and yet no bore, is "The Connoisseur,"<sup>2</sup> a quarterly whose fourth number (June, 1887) has just reached us. It contains articles on Lace-Work, illustrated by some noted pieces, Soft Sevres Porcelain—illustrated, Hall Marks on English Silver—very useful in identifying the date of old plate, French Cabinets and Armories of the XVI. Century—illustrated.

<sup>1</sup> Fifty Notable Years; Views of the Ministry of Christian Universalism during the last half century, with Biographical Sketches. By John G. Adams, D. D. Illustrated with portraits. Boston; Universalist Publishing House. 1882. Cloth, 8 vo.; pp, 336. Price, \$2.00.

<sup>2</sup> The Connoisseur: An Illustrated Quarterly of Art and Decoration. Philadelphia: Bailey, Banks and Biddles. Paper, 4to, 50 pp. Price 50 cents a year, 15 cents a number.

Charming poems by Henry W. Austin, George Houghton and W. E. P. French afford breathing places for the æsthetic faculty ; and art notes and gossip complete the textual contents ; but there are several pieces unmentioned wherein the picture is the chief object, — the choicest being the frontispiece, — a fine etching by J. L. S. Ferris, of a graceful young lady in a tree reading.

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THE second volume of Dr. Aren's book<sup>1</sup> is the worthy supplement and summing up of the views and principles enunciated in the first. There are four divisions to it, the last two, — if they may be called chapters — being mainly interpretative of parts of Scripture in the light of the revived science of Old Theology. But the second chapter constitutes what may be called the *piece du resistance* of the book. It is entitled "Origin of Matter," and it enunciates a rational, comprehensible, and spiritual theory of the creation of our material universe which the scientists who study and investigate in a reverse order may ponder to their lasting profit. This is, in our opinion, the master-piece of Dr. Aren's whole book, and well deserves the profound attention of all students of matter and spirit. There it is shown that what we have been taught to regard as substance is only shadow, that spirit is the only substance, and that the spiritual creation is but the reflection of the thought of the infinite uncreated spirit. Once becoming possessed of a truth so radical as this, and having learned by patient reflection to understand and appreciate its implications, we are enabled to see that spirit is all there is of life, and that it vivifies, energizes, and sustains all things. And consequently — and this is the main purpose of Dr. Aren's book — that as we develop spirit power within our composite being we subordinate the material and physical to the spiritual, and thereby become enabled to defy disorder, repel disease, and live lives of harmony and uninterrupted happiness. This is the healing work performed by the spirit, and its method is most instructively set forth in the two volumes of Dr. Aren's book. The thoughtful perusal of it will be of lasting advantage to every one who will undertake it in an open and sincere temper.

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SOME of our readers will remember having seen, in the old quarto family Bible of their grandparents, the heading "Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament," and to have experienced not a little wonder at the word "Apocrypha," and the different regard in which these books were held to the preceding books. The later editions of the Holy Bible dropped this almost useless portion. As the taste for bibliography and antiquities increased, it became known to others besides scholars that there were extant apocryphal books of the New Testament, also ; and in England these were

<sup>1</sup> Old Theology in its Application to the Healing of the Sick ; by E. J. Arens. Vol. 2. Published by the author, 33 Union Park, Boston ; 1886. Cloth, 12 mo, pp., 313. Price, \$2.50.



many years ago published in a volume by themselves, — which has been reprinted in this country by one or more publishers. The edition before us,<sup>1</sup> is said to contain every apocryphal writing attributed during the first four centuries to Jesus Christ and his apostles, and their companions. Later, there were many gospels fabricated ; but their forgery is notorious, and of course excludes them from this volume. In these apocryphal gospels and epistles will be found by the careful student the originals of several relations in the Golden Legend, the Lives of the Saints, and similar productions, concerning the birth of the Virgin Mary, her marriage to Joseph on the budding of his rod, the Nativity of Jesus, the miracles of his infancy, his labors with Joseph at the carpenter's trade, the acts of his followers, and his Descent into Hell. The modern students of Christian literature, no less than the children of half a century ago, will sometimes find themselves in a quandary as to the authority of the familiar New Testament books, and can scarcely avoid fresh doubts in regard to the value of their contents ; and very likely they will ask with some anxiety, "What is the true criterion of the genuineness of the Scriptures?" The authenticity of the different books was long in question, but was decided by the apostolic fathers anterior to the Council of Nice, whose action tended to confirm the selection. With them, as with modern scholars, the grounds of decision were the date of the various Mss., the writings of the Fathers, and internal evidence in respect to style, construction and harmony of statement. Perhaps after all, the most positive and satisfactory standard for determining the divine origin and authority of the writings is the principle first announced by Swedenborg, that only those which contained significations relating to the three degrees of existence — natural, spiritual and celestial — were divinely inspired. By this law several of the canonical books are ruled out of the list of writings which have a correspondence with Heaven, and are held by the New Jerusalem Church, which accepts Swedenborg's teachings, to be merely reliable and useful human productions. The edition before us of the Apocryphal New Testament is printed in good type on a fair quality of paper, in arrangement similar to common editions of the canonical New Testament.

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THE Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, for New England, held alternately at Newport, R. I., and Portland Me., has just concluded its annual meeting (June 9-15) at the latter place. The denomination appears to be taking ground against secret societies, as it did many years ago against intemperance, and as it did against negro slavery as early as the opening year of the Revolutionary War. From the very first, it is well known that the Friends have maintained a testimony against war and against the use of juncial oaths ; and while undertaking definite action in new directions the

<sup>1</sup> Apocryphal New Testament. Boston; Colby and Rich. Cloth, 12 mo, pp. 291. Price, \$1.00.



Society does not abate one whit its arraignment of the former evils. These remarks are occasioned by several pamphlets which have been placed before us, two of which, relating, the one to "War" and the other to "Oaths," are issued by the "Representative Meeting of the Yearly Meeting of Friends for New England." Both evils are declared to be forbidden by Scripture, and the arguments are presented with earnestness, force and even elegance. Another pamphlet by Augustine Jones, LL.B., principal of the Friends' School at Providence, R. I., contains a brief history and statement of principles of the denomination<sup>1</sup>. Mr. Jones was a law student with the late Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, then his law-partner, and last of all the administrator of his estate. This last duty to his instructor, partner and friend having been performed, Mr. Jones appears to have wearied of the law; and when he was tendered the headship of a college of his denomination in the State founded by the great American Friend and colonist, William Penn, he turned to the educational field, for which he is so well qualified. Later, Mr. Jones was induced to resign his college presidency in Pennsylvania for the principalship of the similar institution in his own native New England, where he has since remained. The fourth work which claims our attention is an account of the proceedings<sup>2</sup> at the Friends' School, Providence, on the occasion of the unveiling of a bust of Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker philanthropist, widely known on both continents as a preacher and as the prisoner's friend. Mrs. Fry was a woman of considerable personal beauty as well as of queenly dignity and grace, and of much intellectual force. The tributes rendered to her memory on this occasion are such as would have honored the greatest human character. The principal addresses were by Mrs. Gertrude W. Cartland, niece of the poet Whittier, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, with poems by John G. Whittier and Julia Ward Howe. Among the names of others who made addresses or sent letters are those of Lucy Larcom, Francis A. Willard and others eminent in civil life.

The bust is a piece of excellent workmanship in white marble by William Theed, of London, — who also made the bust of John Bright, owned by the school. It was presented by Ella J. Wheeler, of Boston, — who had previously endowed the school with the "Elizabeth Fry Fund."

<sup>1</sup> Principles, Methods and History of the Society of Friends. A discourse delivered in the Church of Disciples in Boston, on First Day, 2nd Mo8, 1874; being the eighth of the series upon "The Universal Church." By Augustine Jones. Lynn, Mass.; George C. Hubert, publisher. 8vo. paper pp. 44. Price, 20 cents.

<sup>2</sup> Proceedings at the Unveiling of the Bust of Elizabeth Fry, at Friends' School, Providence, R. I., ninth month, 29th, 1885. Illustrated with a steel engraving of the bust, and with a small portrait in steel of Moses Brown, a pioneer cloth manufacturer of America, and the founder of this school.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

NATURAL LAW IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1887. Cloth, 16 mo; pp. 222. 75 cts.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. Edited by Prof. Henry Morley. Paper. Issued weekly at \$5.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents. Vol. II., No. 62, *Rosalind*, by Thomas Lodge. No. 63, *Isaac Bickerstaff* (Steele's "Father"). No. 64, *Gebir*, and Count Julian; by Walter Savage Landor. No. 65, *The Earl of Chatham*, by Lord Macaulay. No. 66, *The Discovery of Guiana*, by Sir Walter Raleigh. No. 67, *Natural History of Selborne*, by Rev. G. White, A. M. Vol. I. No. 68, *The Angel in the House*, by Coventry Patmore. No. 69, *Murder as a Fine Art: The English Mail Coach*, by Thomas De Quincy. No. 70, *Natural History of Selborne*, by Rev. G. White, A. M. Vol. II. No. 71, *Trips to the Moon*, by Lucian.

OLD THEOLOGY IN ITS APPLICATION TO THE HEALING OF THE SICK; by E. J. Arens. Vol. II. Boston: 1886. Cloth, 12 mo; pp. 318. Price, \$2.50.

BATTLE OF THE BUSH. By Robert Caverly. Boston: B. B. Russell. Half Russia, 12 mo. Price, \$1.50.

THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT, being all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now extant, etc. Boston: Colby and Rich. 1882. Cloth, 12 mo; pp. 289. Price, \$1.00.

RENEE (La Curée) by Emile Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 1887. Paper, 12 mo, square, pp. 298. Price, 75 cents.

THE QUEEN'S PICTURES, illustrating the Chief Events of her Majesty's Life. (Jubilee number of the "Magazine of Art,") New York; Cassell and Company. 1887. Paper, 4to, pp. 48. Price 50 cents.

## INDEX TO MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

[The numerals designate magazines, a list of which is placed at the close of this index. The date of the magazines is that of the month preceding this issue of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, unless otherwise stated.]

BIOGRAPHY, GENEALOGY. *April*. — Abraham Lincoln — A History. (The Territorial Experiment). *John G. Nicolay, John Hay*. 1. — Some Portraits of Hawthorne. *George P. Lathrop*. 1. — General Shields. *Gustav Koerner*. 1. — Letters to Prominent Persons (No. 6) To James Russell Lowell. *Arthur Richmond*. 4. — A Chaplain's Record. Henry Ward Beecher; with comments by *Col. David E. Austen*. 4. — A Collection of Unpublished Letters of Thackeray. *Jane Octavia Brookfield*. 30. — An Interview between Pestalozzi and Dr. Bell. *L. R. Klemm*. 8. — Transition Period of the American Press. *Dr. Benj. Ellis Martin*. 6. — Henry Ward Beecher. *Mrs. Martha J. Lamb*. 6. — John Van Buren (A Study of By-gone Politics) III. *Charles H. Peck*. 6. — A Hero of the Far North (Charles F. Putnam). *Edmund B. Underwood*. U. S. N. 6. — Sidney Lanier. *Patty B. Semple*. 17. — John Cleves Symmes, the Theorist. *Elmore Symmes*. 17. — James Frazer, Second Bishop of Manchester. *Rev. Thomas C. Yarnall, D. D.* 29. — Stories and Memories of Washington. XV. *Seaton Donoho*. 16. — Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., LL. D. *C. A. Banker*. 23. — The First Bishop of the Diocese of Cleveland, Ohio. *D. W. Manchester*. 31. — The Pioneer Merchant of the Sciota Valley. *H. D. Teetor*. 31. — The Bench and Bar of Ohio. II. *H. D. Teetor*. 31. — The Discovery of Henry Ward Beecher. *Hon. A. G. Riddle*. 31. — Memoir Frederic Kidder. *John Ward Dean*. 12. — The Lineage of Abraham Lincoln. *Samuel Shackford, Esq.* 12. — Genealogical Gleanings in England. (The Family of John Rogers of Dedham.) *Henry F. Waters*. 12. — The Butterworth Family. *J. O. Austin, Esq.* 12. — Soldiers in King Philip's War. XVIII. *Rev. George M. Bodge*. 12.

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## PUBLISHER'S EDITORIAL NOTES.

DR. H. A. TUCKER, the popular and enterprising president of the Martha's Vineyard Club, is doing a great deal for the enduring good of that fine watering-place, Oak Bluffs. Much commendation is due him from the army of friends of both Martha's Vineyard and the Rev. Dr. Talmage.

LIFE at Martha's Vineyard is charming. It is not complete, however, without those delightful rides upon the Victor Tricycles supplied by Messrs. Baker & Colson at Cottage City. The concrete drives and walks are admirable for this recreation.

ONE of the most enjoyable hostelries the writer has ever been entertained in, is "The Oakwood," at Cottage City, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Russell set a fine table and make their guests feel *at home*.

VISITORS to Martha's Vineyard can find excellent Dry, Furnishing and Bathing Goods, etc., at the store of S. F. Adams. Fine goods at reasonable prices and courteous attention are assured.

A. J. RAUSCH, at Cottage City, is one of the very finest confectioners.

THE Cottage City House, at Martha's Vineyard, is deservedly popular. The proprietor, Mrs. S. A. Stearns, cares for her hosts of customers with a peculiar grace. Her home made bread is famous.

THE Bangor House, Bangor Maine, is a popular resort for both commercial and pleasure travellers. Hon. F. O. Beal, the Proprietor, and M. J. Roach, Manager, know how to keep a hotel. We recommend them to the public.

ONE of the most convenient and popular hotels in Rhode Island is the Hotel Dorrance. Mr. George W. Cross is the genial proprietor.

FRANK C. SMITH the veteran Real Estate and Business Agent, at Cottage City, courteously attends to the wants of the residents and of visitors to that famous resort.

VISITORS to Cottage City will find The Narragansett one of the pleasantest places to spend their vacation. Rates are low and the table and service fine.

THE famous Seaview House at Cottage City, Mass., has commenced another prosperous season under the admirable proprietorship of Col. Holder M. Brownell, who is also proprietor of the Parker House, New Bedford, Mass. He is very popular.

UNION VILLA, Frank L. Union, manager, at Onset Bay, Mass., is a very convenient and pleasant place for visitors to that fine resort.

THE Falmouth Hotel, Portland, Maine, under the able proprietorship of J. K. Martin, Esq., is eminently a first class hostelry.





GENERAL JOHN MURRAY CORSE

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NEW ENGLAND CITIES AND TOWNS.

XIX.—BLOCK ISLAND.

BY ARTHUR W. BROWN.

TWENTY years ago the curiosity of travelers by the various Sound lines of steamers was often excited by a long, bold stretch



BREAKERS—FROM PEBBLY BEACH  
[From an oil painting by Chas. Lanman.]

of land, lying like a dark cloud along the eastern horizon. Their inquiries, however, elicited little beyond the fact that the seeming cloud was Block Island, which was popularly supposed to be a sort of *ultima thule*, or jumping off place of creation. It was the last land seen by outward bound ships, and the first descried on the return voyage. Whittier's *Palatine*, and Dana's *Buccaneer*,





BLOCK ISLAND HARBOR.

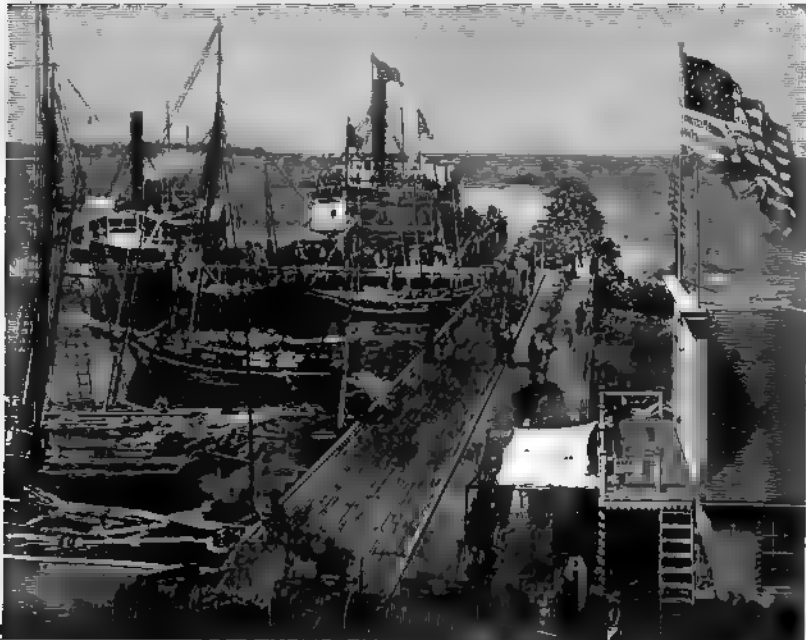
had made it notorious rather than famous, and had bestowed upon an honest, God-fearing people an unsavory reputation deserved by only a few unscrupulous men. The idea prevailed that the inhabitants were a strange race, half man, half codfish, obtaining an easy subsistence from the unrivalled fisheries of the adjacent waters, or preying upon unfortunate vessels driven by stress of weather, or lured by false beacons upon their inhospitable coast. Eerie tales were told of deeds done under cover of darkness, and every headland was said to have its story of disaster and suffering. Their gate-posts and fences were said to be made of the timbers and planks of plundered vessels, and every house was supposed to contain many articles of value obtained from wrecks. It was even hinted that the huge staff which towered boldly aloft from their highest hill, bearing a beacon that could be seen from Green-

port to Providence, was the stolen mast

“Of some tall bark, whose lofty prore  
Shall never stem the billows more.”

It is little wonder that ideas like those given above obtained currency in regard to a place whose only harbor was a few rows of oaken piles, strengthened by rocks at the base between which small boats could enter; and whose only regular communication with the outer world was by an open boat once a week. I can give no better description of affairs at that time, than by using part of a letter which I wrote several years ago:

In the autumn of 1870 I stood by these same old spiles at the landing and watched and waited for the *Island Belle* to come in,



HARBOR—FROM OCEAN VIEW LAWN.

bringing the weekly mail from Newport. The fishermen had all returned and were busy in hauling up their boats or in dressing their catch in the fish-houses close by; but now and then one would pause in his work to watch the clouds driving fiercely overhead, ominous of a night of storm and darkness. A sullen northeaster was breathing upon the deep, and the long white surges swept the beach for miles; while the roar of wind and wave seemed to increase with every passing moment. The whole



HON. NICHOLAS BALL.

horizon to seaward was one long line of tossing foam, unbroken, save where some scared coaster could be seen with shortened sail, scurrying for safety to the ports of the far-off mainland. Block Island offered no harbor for ships in that day, and it would be only to court destruction for one to venture too near.

Would the mail-boat come? Every one felt sure that she would, for old Bill Rose was on board, and "Add" the most daring sea-dog that ever made the trip. But there had

been some detention at Newport, and the clouds had begun to sift their darkness upon the deep before she came in sight; and then



U. S. GOVERNMENT BREAKWATER.

she lay off and on for some time, waiting for a favorable moment to land; for the time must be carefully chosen, and even then only

the most consummate skill and coolness could land a boat in safety through such a surf.



HARBOR AND VILLAGE—LOOKING FROM THE "MYGEIA."

Several pairs of oxen soon came down the bank, their drivers stationing them on the sand almost at the water's edge. The signal that all was right was given by waving a lantern, and soon "hard lee," rose above the storm in the hoarse accent of Bill Rose; when the little boat was seen to rise upon the foremost of three billows of unusual size, and to come "head on" toward the shore. The water slipped away from beneath her, the first wave rolled with thundering roar upon the sand, and there were a few moments of suspense before the second broke; but the time had been nicely calculated, and on

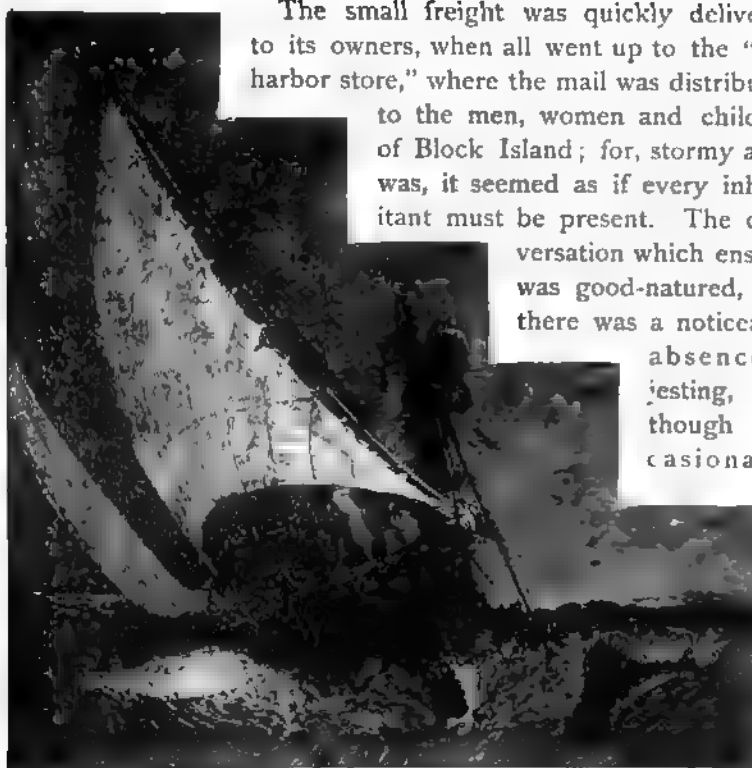


DR. O. S. MARDEN.

the crest of the third the little craft came far up the beach. A succession of large waves is always followed by a few of smaller size, and before the next mountain billow could roll down upon her, the stout oxen had pulled the *Island Belle* out of reach.

The small freight was quickly delivered to its owners, when all went up to the "old harbor store," where the mail was distributed to the men, women and children of Block Island; for, stormy as it was, it seemed as if every inhabitant must be present. The conversation which ensued

was good-natured, but there was a noticeable absence of jesting, although occasionally



SWORD FISHING.

some odd expression or dialectic phrase would provoke a smile. The children generally observed a becoming silence, while their elders talked over the news from the mainland, or discussed the prospects and plans for the morrow. Their garments were plain, in many instances of homespun, cut in accordance with the dictates of convenience rather than of fashion. Their manners and customs were simple, and the march of civilization had not yet crushed out the primitive and generous hospitality of our forefathers. Bronzed in countenance, and inured to toil most of them were, and although a casual glance would reveal many a phlegmatic countenance, a

closer look would show lines drawn by the terrible realities of their life; for on an island without a harbor all must be familiar with the toils and dangers of the sea. But on some of those faces were expressions not formed in the close circumscription of this Block Island life. Some of these men had been in every clime, and had seen many lands whose inhabitants are not exposed to privations like theirs.



THE OLD MILL

He who would visit this Isle of the Sea to-day has his choice of of three routes. From New York, Hartford, and Boston direct connections are made by railroad and by the Sound lines, with the Block Island steamers River Queen from Providence and Newport, the George W. Danielson from Newport, and the Block Island from Norwich and New London. The River Queen was President Lincoln's famous dispatch boat, and in her saloon the Union and



A WINDMILL SCENE.

Confederate commissioners held the conference which ended the Rebellion.

For those who do not suffer the pangs of *mal de mer*, which,

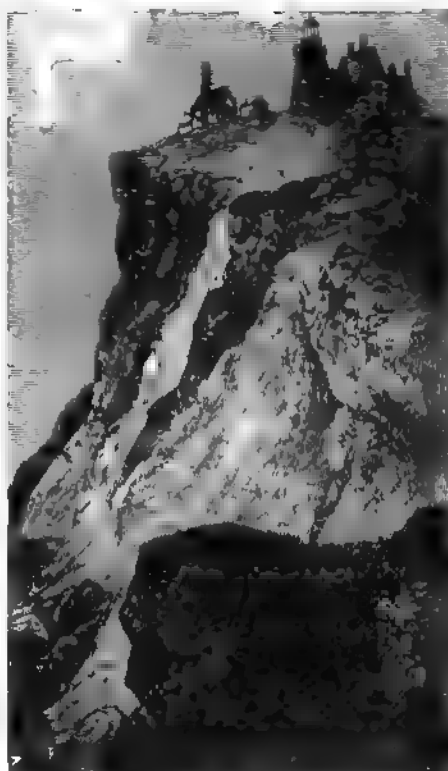
after all, is but the remorse of a weak or guilty stomach, the voyage of three hours is one of absorbing interest. The varied charms of Narragansett's bay and shore give place to the grandeur and broad expanse of old ocean; out of which rises, as one approaches, a landscape of singular novelty and beauty. A more uneven surface, or a greater diversity of land, lake, and ocean scenery the writer has never seen in any other place of equal area. It is as if a tumultuous sea, with waves of such magnitude as never man saw, had been suddenly arrested and changed into solid earth. Beautiful lakes lie sleeping in the hollows, and vast stretches of smooth, deep verdure rise and fall to the right, to the left—everywhere—unbroken save by the gray stone walls which resemble the meshes of a vast net, by the snug cottages of farmers and fishermen, and by a score or more of hotels, scattered upon the bluffs at the east. The steamer rounds the breakwater, a huge wall of uncut rocks extending 1,485 feet into the open ocean, and is soon at the wharf, where some thirty teams are in waiting to carry us and our baggage to the different hotels.



SOUTH LIGHTHOUSE.

The island, which was originally inhabited by a branch of the Narragansett tribe, was by them called *Manisses*, meaning the "Little God," or "Little God's Island," in contradistinction from

Manitou, the "Great God" of the mainland. Once a large force of Mohegans was approaching Manisses in canoes by night, just as the Manisseans, ignorant of the proximity of a hostile force, embarked on an expedition against the Mohegans. It was night, and by the light of the moon the Manisseans saw the fleet of their foes rocking upon the waves. Quietly returning, they waited in ambush until their enemies landed, then stove their canoes; later, assailing them with superior force, they drove them to the edge of a bluff more than two hundred feet high, which forms the southeastern point of the island, and kept them besieged until they all perished. The point is called Mohegan Bluffs to this day.



MOHEGAN BLUFFS.

Rev. Samuel Niles, who was born here two hundred and thirteen years ago, thus described the *hot-houses* or *sweat-houses*, a peculiar institution of these aborigines: "They were made as a vault, partly under ground, and in the form of a large oven, where two or three persons might on occasion sit together, and it was placed near some depth of water; and their method was to heat some stones very hot in the fire, and put them into the hot-house, and when the person was in, to shut it close up, with only so much air as was necessary for respiration, or that they within might freely draw their breath. And being thus closely pent up, the heat of the stones occasioned them to sweat in a prodigious manner; \* \* \* and when they had continued there as long as they could well endure it, their method was to rush out and plunge them-





HON. B. B. MITCHELL.

selves into the water. By this means they pretend a cure of all pains and numbness in their joints, and many other maladies."

In 1524, Verazzano, coasting northward from the Carolinas, passed between Manisses and the land of the Pequots, now Connecticut. In honor of the mother of his king, Francis I. of France, he gave it the name of Claudia, and said in his report: "It was full of hills covered with trees, well peopled, for we saw fires all along the coaste."

In 1614 the Dutchman, Adrian Block, exploring Long Island Sound in the *Unrest*, probably visited Claudia, which was designated on the Dutch map, soon after, by the name "Adrian's Eyland."



SOUTHERN CLIFFS.

In 1636, John Oldham, a Boston trader, came hither to traffic with the Manisseans, who "came into his boat, and having got a full view of commodities which gave them good content, consulted how they might destroy him and his company, to the end they might clothe their bloody flesh with his lawful garments." For this, according to a Massachusetts historian, "God stirred up the heart of the honored governor, Master Harry Vane, and the rest of the worthy magistrates, to send forth one hundred well appointed soldiers, under the conduct of Captain John Endicott." By hiding in the woods, the Indians escaped. The English found two plantations, sixty wigwams, and two hundred acres of corn, destroyed all, stove the canoes, and returned.\*

In 1658 the General Court of Massachusetts granted to four men all its interest in and to Block Island; and these, in turn, were sold to and combined with others until, in April, 1661, sixteen proprietors embarked with their cattle and household effects from Braintree. In the original compact dividing the island among the settlers in proportion to their capital invested, were included these words: "That there should a quantity or portion of land be laid out for the help and maintenance of a minister, and so continue for that use forever." Thus it will be observed, a portion of the Island was dedicated to the service of God before it had been seen by the intending settlers. The first settled minister was called *by the town*, by formal vote of the electors. A community whose existence is co-eval with that of its church, would naturally have a strong religious bias. Of this people as a body, I have no hesitation in saying that they endeavor faithfully to walk in accordance with the dictates of conscience,—the only qualification being that the standard of some is low, while exceptions must be made of some whose only Bible is the General Statutes of Rhode Island, which they follow at rather more than the distance of ordinary respect. From this division, the Island was long known in Massachusetts as the "Ministerial Lands."

In 1672, the Rhode Island Assembly, under whose jurisdiction

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\* The soldiers wore helmets, breast-plates, and thick collars. Captain John Underhill, whose wife advised him not to leave his helmet at home, as he intended, owed his life to her forethought, and expressed his sense of obligation thus: "Let no man despise advice and counsel of his wife, though she be a woman."

the settlers had placed themselves, voted that "at the request and for reasons by the inhabitants showed, and as signs of our unity and likeness to many parts of our native country, the said Block Island shall be called New Shoreham, otherwise Block Island." By popular consent the name, New Shoreham, is now usually omitted, the surname of the old Dutch navigator remaining as a permanent appellation.

The limited space at my command will not permit even passing mention of the various stirring events which have occurred here, so I will close the historical portion of this article with a quotation from Arnold's "History of Rhode Island:" — "A local history of Block Island would present an interesting study. The traditional history of the aboriginals is full of the romance of war, their authentic history in connection with the whites abounds in stirring incidents. The peculiarities of the English settlers and their posterity, their customs, their laws, and domestic institutions, are among the most interesting and singular developments of civilized life, while the martial deeds of a people within and around whose island there has been more hard fighting than on any territory of equal extent perhaps in America, and where the horrors of savage and civilized warfare have alternately prevailed almost without cessation from the earliest traditional period down to recent date, would altogether furnish materials for a thrilling history that might rival the pages of romance."

The primeval forests soon disappeared before the axe of the settlers, the trees furnishing fuel and timber. From the time this supply was exhausted until 1846, the fuel of the people was peat, of which large quantities were found in the numerous pockets among the hills. The people were afraid to use hard coal, thinking it would consume their stoves, and one man valued it so lightly that he traded a ton for a pound of tobacco. Since 1846 it has come into general use. The seaweed which is driven in large quantities upon the shores, furnishes a good and cheap fertilizer, whose effects can be seen everywhere. The fisheries are extensive and varied, and yield a yearly profit of from \$50,000 to \$100,000, according to their abundance, and the prices they command.

A peculiar dialect, now rapidly disappearing, was formerly in general use. A married woman was called by her christian name

joined to that of her husband, familiar examples being Sally Jim, Hannah Peter, and scores of others. The dower of a widow was denoted by adding the syllable *ing* to the former title of the lady. A piece of land is still known by the title "the Hannah Petering." Sea phrases were common. If a button was lost, it was "carried away." One successful in any enterprise was said to have "made a good voyage." A lady walking with a gentleman was expected to keep "on the in-shore side," or next the wall. A buggy was called a "land smack." If a man did not prosper in business, he was said to be "making poor steerage," or "going astern." A dying christian used the expressive phrase: "My anchor holds," An Islander would address a companion politely by the name "old Captain," or affectionately, "old critter." One who saw yeast bread for the first time said: "I don't see how the yeast manages to hoist the dough apart so." Their songs were characteristic, evincing a keen sense of the virtues and foibles of their subjects, while they gave evidence of considerable skill in versification. The fabled step from the sublime to the ridiculous is seldom taken more quickly or more emphatically than in the following lines, expressing mock solicitude for the happy end of a fisherman's life: —

" When he coils up his fish line,  
And goes on board the very last time,  
May his God forgive him here,  
That happy in Heaven he may appear.

When he goes on board that craft  
Which carries all sail both fore and aft,  
With top-sails set and jib-sheets free,  
Bearing for eternity, —

When he stands among her crew,  
Waving back his last adieu,  
He'll hear some one cry out from shore:  
' Alas! he'll drink with me no more.' "

There was tender pathos in many of their stanzas, and in the epitaphs on the rude stones which dot their ancient burial hill.

Sailors, in the highest sense of the word, they have never been, as a body; although many individuals among them have become eminent as captains and pilots. But as surfmen and wreckers they

are nowhere excelled. From childhood they play in the water, and

“ Spread their white sails to the breezes,  
Unrestrained like them, and free.”

Their boats were small until within fifteen years, with only three-fourths of an inch of cedar, in stormy weather, between time and eternity; but that cedar was carefully selected, every nail and timber was closely examined, and the whole put together under the eyes of those who were to trust their lives to the strength of these materials. Of the skill of the boatmen, it is sufficient to say, that, while every Massachusetts port loses vessels yearly, but two Block Island boats have been lost within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The crew of one started from Newport in a state of intoxication, and bewildered by a blinding snow-storm, were wrecked and drowned upon the shore of their own island; the other ran against the mast of a sunken vessel off Point Judith, and sank at once.

The popular ideal wrecker, who is depicted as an ill-omened ghoul, luring vessels ashore by false lights and then swooping down upon them like a bird of prey, may have existed elsewhere a century ago, but never here. The Block Island wrecker is a widely different character, who contributes by his skill and individual daring to the unfortunate mariner's aid. Among these wreckers are men of honorable reputation, who take pride in rendering the best service in their power. Some of them will drive a sharp bargain with a captain in distress, and sometimes plunder the wreckage strewn upon the beach; but I do not believe they have ever tampered with life to any great extent, certainly not at all for many years. “The Palatine” and “the Buccaneer,” tales founded upon fact, give a good idea of the dark side of the business.

Block Island has been well and worthily represented in nearly every walk of life. James Sands, the companion and friend of Roger Williams, was a man of energy and strong common sense, so tolerant that he contributed liberally to the support of a minister who differed from him radically in his interpretation of the Bible.

Rev. Samuel Niles, the first man that attended college from

Rhode Island, was an honored clergyman, and an able writer. In 1818 President John Adams said of him: "Almost sixty years ago I was an humble acquaintance of this venerable clergymen, then, as I believe, more than four score years of age. I then revered, and still revere, the honest, virtuous, and pious man."

General Nathaniel Greene, of the Revolution, married Catherine Littlefield, a Block Island lady who was an intimate friend and correspondent of both Benjamin Franklin and his wife. "An intimacy sprang up between her and Mrs. Washington, which like that between their husbands, ripened into friendship, and continued unimpaired through life."

Anderson C. Rose, when a boy, adopted the motto: "Strive to do Right." He became a very successful teacher, was elected in succession representative and senator to the General Assembly of Rhode Island and Lieutenant-Governor of the State, was admitted to the bar, then went west, where he found an untimely grave.

'Hon. Nicholas Ball was born on Block Island, December 31, 1828. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were natives of the Island and descendents of Hon. Peter Ball, of English lineage, who was prominent as a Representative in the Colonial Legislature, and a prime mover in obtaining a pier for the Island in 1735. The subject of this sketch attended the common schools until the age of nine, when he went to sea and made several voyages both in the coasting and foreign trade. In 1849 he sailed from Stonington, Connecticut, for California, in the brig General Cobb, as chief mate and part owner. Mr. Ball went out as a member of a mining company, and during his four years' stay in California was successful in his mining operations. In 1853 he returned to Block Island and engaged in mercantile business. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives to the General Assembly in 1854, and after serving two terms was elected to the Senate, of which body he was almost a constant member from 1858 to 1872. Mr. Ball early conceived the idea of a harbor of refuge at Block Island to be constructed by the General Government. In furtherance of this object he held interviews with the Chamber of Commerce of New York, and the Boards of Trade of Boston, Philadelphia, and Providence; prepared petitions to Congress, corresponded with members of Congress, and with men of influence engaged in commerce in various parts of the country;

and never relaxed his efforts until he had secured from Congress an appropriation to accomplish the work desired. The new light-house at the south end of the Island was procured mainly through his efforts, as were also the two life-saving stations and the signal station. His last and crowning act in behalf of his native town was the procuring of the submarine cable from the mainland to Block Island, thus affording telegraphic communication with the world at large. His first petition to Congress for this was written by him in 1876, headed by the late Prof. Joseph Henry, and subscribed by other prominent men then guests at the Ocean View Hotel. Mr. Ball gave the land to the government for the site of the Life-Saving Station at the harbor, as also for the new light-house recently built there. This petition was renewed by him in 1878, and in the spring of 1880 he had the pleasure of seeing the cable laid. So, while scarcely twenty years ago a weekly mail carried in an open two-mast boat constituted the only regular means of communication with the mainland, now, to a daily mail during the summer and a tri-weekly mail during the rest of the year, carried by a steamboat, is added telegraphic communication with all parts of the world.

The building of the breakwater at Block Island and the consequent facilities afforded summer visitors to find their way to its shores seemed to necessitate providing increased accommodations for their reception. Seeing that no one was inclined to take the initiative in making Block Island a popular summer resort, Mr. Ball invested a large sum in the erection of a hotel, which he aptly called the "Ocean View," the reputation of which has become national. In August, 1875, while President Grant was visiting Rhode Island, in response to an invitation from Mr. Ball, he came to the Island in company with Secretary Bristow, Attorney-General Pierrepont, Senators Anthony and Burnside, and other members of the Presidential party, and took dinner with Mr. Ball at the Ocean View Hotel, supplementing the repast by a pleasant drive over the Island.

This much is apparent: In a voyage of more than twenty years, Captain Ball has sailed Block Island from the old moorings away off in the obscurity in which it lay almost unknown, safely up unto the haven of modern civilization, where its people can enjoy all the comforts of homes on the main land, no longer more



enjoy all the comfort of homes on the mainland, no longer more favored than theirs. There are those who will tell you that the success of this man is an accident, that circumstances were all in his favor, and that in building its vast works on and around the Island, the United States Government made him what he is; but they know nothing of the deep-laid plans whose execution turned the tide of circumstance; of the inflexible purpose which has again and again changed apparent defeat into ultimate victory; nor of the nights of sleepless anxiety and days of earnest effort by which alone these improvements were obtained. Nor has he benefited himself alone, for his success has brought blessings to hundreds of others; and in this, and in the thoroughness of his work, his example is worthy the attention of every youth.

Hon. John G. Sheffield, recently deceased, born here in 1819, has occupied many positions of honor and trust in his native town. which he represented for several terms in the State legislature, In many respects he was the most public spirited citizen of his day. He co-operated earnestly with Mr. Ball in securing the government harbor.

His cousin, the Hon. William P. Sheffield has achieved an enviable distinction as an advocate and jurist, politician and historian. No man has had a greater influence than he in shaping the legislation of his state for many years. In 1861 he was elected Representative to Congress from the eastern district of Rhode Island; and, on the death of Senator Henry B. Anthony, he was appointed by Governor A. C. Bourn to serve the remainder of the unexpired term. His home is at Newport.

Professor Eben Tourjee, Director of the Boston Conservatory of Music, was also reared on Block Island. His story, however, is too well known to need repetition here.

The man who, next to Mr. Ball, has been most prominent in developing the Island as a watering-place is Mr. O. S. Marden, Manager of the Ocean View Hotel, who was born in Thornton, N. H. in 1848. Both parents died of consumption before he was seven years old, and he was not expected to live long or amount to much. He was put to service in six different families, in some of which he received very harsh treatment. He was poorly clothed and fed, was overworked, and was allowed but very little



opportunity to attend school. At twenty-two he determined to go to college. By sawing wood nights, cutting hair, and similar work he paid his way at New Hampton Academy for two years, when he entered the sophomore class at Boston University. He was graduated in succession from the College of Liberal Arts, the School of Oratory, the School of all Science, the Law School, and the Harvard Medical School. He then went abroad to continue his studies, but was stricken with Roman fever, from which he recovered slowly. His college expenses were paid by various enterprises in which he engaged. In 1876 he was manager of a Descriptive History of the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia. In 1877, he was employed by Mr. Ball as manager of the Ocean View Hotel, which has grown rapidly, in size, fame, and prosperity by the united efforts of the two men. He is connected with Mr. Ball in various other enterprises, and is also a large owner and manager of the Fort George Island Company, Florida.

In the foregoing rapid sketch I have attempted merely to give a few detached pictures, representing prominent events and characteristic traits. Of the numerous hotels, the general reader will only care to know that the Spring House, now kept by Hon. B. B. Mitchell, was the pioneer of the hotel business on this seagirt isle.

Aside from its historic and social interest, and its prospective prominence as a great naval station, it is the land and ocean views of Block Island and its climate which attract visitors year after year. On pleasant days we have a scene which soothes rather than excites, and inspires only feelings of placid enjoyment. A peaceful landscape is before us, of a primitive character and possessing all the accompaniments of pastoral and seafaring life. The sunlight illumines rolling downs and tall dark cliffs, gleams upon the far-off lighthouse and the ocean stretching into distance beyond, and whitens the sails of every variety of vessel, from the little fishing smack, which almost dips her sails as she bends to the crowding breeze, to the stately merchantman of the Indies, or the whaler returning from years of weary quest in foreign northern seas. A sense of magnitude, and open, breezy freedom impresses the spectator, as he stands inhaling the pure, sweet-scented air on one of these rounded crests.

But the cold sea-fog is driving athwart the sky ; now, in feathery tuft, it touches one of the highest hills ; now it clasps with ghostly arms the huge forms of beetling bluffs that overhang the ocean at the south ; and anon it creeps stealthily along the earth, enfolding hill and bluff and cottage in its silent, cold embrace. One feels the all-pervading presence and mystery of the sea. The fog-siren sounds its hoarse note of warning, and the effect is complete.

When storms are abroad, the Island, unprotected by trees, is swept with relentless fury ; the winds, escaped from their cave, struggle like demons for supremacy ; and vast waves, rolling upon promontory and shingle, break into showers of foam with a roar which makes the very air vocal.

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### ON THE SHORE AT TWILIGHT.

By GEORGE PRINCE OSBORNE.

A BARE, dun sky, a reach of cold, gray sea,  
And the lurid moon just rising o'er the edge  
Of dim-lit hills ; a broken, weed-hung ledge,  
That rises, huge and red, and mightily shakes free  
The white, pearled spume ; a shivering weird-limbed tree  
Upon its top amidst the sun-burned sedge ;  
Behind the height, a sinuous stream, to dredge  
A broad expanse of oozy marsh ; then the wild glee  
Of sudden, boisterous wind, — o'erhead the screech  
Of baffled gulls ; succeeds, the low, sad call  
Of wave to wave, as on the rocks they fall, —  
Crushed into ghosts of spray that upward reach  
To glisten in the moonbeam, then a gush,  
A sigh, the grate of pebbles and a downward rush.

**THE ROCK TO THE SEA.**

By CHARLES K. BOLTON.

Storm and tempest rage,  
Rage and roar ;  
Beat my battered side,  
With each coming tide,  
Through another age,  
As before !

Drench me with your spray,  
Cruel sea ;  
Crush me at your feet,  
Till my old bones meet,  
Proud crests cold and gray,—  
Death to me !

Pierce my poor heart through,  
True and tried ;  
Like a tiger wild,  
Tear me, heartless child !  
Long I've conquered you,  
Long defied !

I have seen you grow,  
Grow and play ;  
Round me you have curled,  
Eddied, rippled, whirled,  
Childish to and fro,—  
But to-day ?

Now you would destroy,  
Destroy and kill ;  
Send me to my grave ;  
Make your master slave ;  
Use your helpless toy  
As you will !

Bring my grand form low,  
Cruel sea ;  
Tear my fibres all,  
Jeering at my fall,  
Till you quiet flow  
Over me !

Ages on will roll,  
Come and flee ;  
Rocks will guard the shore,  
Check you as before,  
Bind you, still control,—  
Baffled sea !

**ISMS.****VII.—THE NEW ANTHROPOLOGY.**

By PROFESSOR JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M.D.

"STAT NOMINIS UMBRA," was the phrase applied to JUNIUS, the great unseen intellectual power in British politics, 115 years ago, and it may well be applied to-day to an almost equally unknown power in the world of science—which is represented by that unfamiliar word ANTHROPOLOGY.

Is there to-day in the realm of literature and science, in the libraries that accumulate the world's wisdom, and in the universities which are its official organs anything which is really entitled to the name Anthropology—anything which embodies a complete knowledge of man? To answer this question, we must understand what man is—what are the elements of his constitution, and ascertain to what extent these elements have been investigated and understood.

In the medical colleges, man is regarded as an animal organization—a complete combination of tissues, endowed with vital properties, the aggregate combination of which evolves the highest powers of life, not only physiological but mental and emotional—making a display of intelligence and character, which ceases with the dissolution of the body.

This is the collegiate ideal of Anthropology—a conception of man as the product of organized tissues, each of which contributes its own elements. Which of these tissues, however, contributes or holds his numerous psychic endowments, his intellectual qualities, his emotions, passions, sensibilities and will, collegiate science does not profess to understand, any further than to believe they are in some way connected with the brain and dependent upon movements or chemical changes among its atoms. But manifestly this is not Anthropology, for thought, emotion and will have nothing in common with matter, and we cannot by the utmost stretch of imagination conceive of matter being in any way

or in any degree converted into thought or feeling. The most dogmatic materialist must confess that the gap or gulf between matter and intelligence is too vast to be bridged by the ingenuity of human imagination, and hence the Anthropology of materialism is not a complete science, but a mixture of physical knowledge and philosophic ignorance—a system of doctrine, which in pretending to explain may leave out entirely the essential and eternal man, to meditate upon his outer shell, his temporary habitation for three score and ten years. Hence materialistic biologists have had modesty enough to abstain from using the word Anthropology to represent their science.

That man is a conscious spiritual and eternal being I shall not attempt to prove, for it is established alike by the judgment of the wisest, by popular convictions, by scientific demonstration, and by the sanction of religion.

But is man's nature and existence as a spiritual being, in the body and out of the body, understood in the universities? Far from it. They simply teach in their theological departments only—and hence without the support of scientific students—simply, teach dogmatically that the soul exists—but how it exists, either in the body or out of the body—what is its post-mortem career, or what is its ante-mortem life in the body—how we can ascertain its existence either before or after death—how we can understand its relations to our daily life or get into rapport with it they do not teach. Such ignorant dogmatism as this does not convince, but rather tends to impel the more intelligent and scientific classes into an utter disbelief of spiritual existence.

Instead of explaining the present and future life of the soul, fashionable physiology is content to speak of the laws of thought and the emotions, and of faculties which are familiar to all by common observation. This is no nearer to being a scientific psychology than a farmer's observations on the weather and the aspect of the skies to the sciences of meteorology and astronomy.

But if we rely on the universities and the libraries we must be content with this feeble approximation to psychology, and the anatomical physiology of the colleges for all we know of man, except what we gain from ethnology, history, biography, and our own observation.

When the true and complete Anthropology comes, it will start

with the familiar facts of anatomy and physiology, which have been so well established by the medical profession, and from these it will advance to a comprehension of the relation of the soul to the brain and the brain to the nervous system of the body. It will trace all the special apparatus in the brain by which it manifests the external senses, the muscular powers, the powers of observation, memory and reason, the emotions of justice, love, religion, and benevolence, that elevate man above the brute, the ambition that impels him, the passions of avarice, anger, contention, domination, revenge, and jealousy and all other elements, which being essentially distinct require as distinct a nervous apparatus as voice and hearing. Thus will the whole mystery be solved of the interconnection between our faculties, and the continual reaction between the soul and the body in which each affects the other, as when heroism invigorates a feeble body, or fever paralyzes the noblest soul.

This is the great work which the colleges have left undone without even attempting its execution, and it is an equally great work which the pretended psychologists have entirely failed to do for the soul, in tracing its links of connection with the brain, its mode of departure, and the history of the post-mortem life.

When these things shall be done — when we shall have traced the physical powers of the body up to their controlling apparatus in the brain and ascertained how they are connected with the apparatus of psychic life, and how the apparatus of psychic life commands the body while it uses it, and what are the faculties which it develops to maturity in the body and carries with it to the eternal life — and how from that spiritual sphere it still maintains a shadowy and sympathetic relation to earth-life by which it sometimes makes itself known to surviving friends, while by its interior higher nature it comes into closer and closer relations to the Divine, as expressed in the song “Nearer my God to Thee,” — when all this shall be done, then may we say that a science of Anthropology has been established.

Can all this be done? Is it to be anticipated among the achievements of the coming century?

I have the pleasure of informing my readers that IT HAS BEEN DONE! and therefore that a complete science of Anthropology is in existence, and has in America been taught for forty years, been

endorsed by learned scientists, and medical magazines, been sanctioned by a Western University, and been taught in the leading medical college of Cincinnati, as well as in a medical college of New York, under which teaching fully one thousand have entered the medical profession, and is at present taught in the COLLEGE OF THERAPEUTICS in Boston.

Moreover, it has been propagated for many years not only in medical journals, but in Buchanan's *Journal of Man*, formerly of Cincinnati and now of Boston, which is devoted to the new philosophy and its practical application.

It would be futile to attempt in this brief essay even to outline so grand a science, which would require several volumes for its exposition, my purpose being simply to speak of its existence, its recognition by able thinkers, by physicians and medical professors, who, it is well known, are always entirely skeptical in reference to important discoveries and slow to yield to demonstrations that convince the public.

The new Anthropology has been brought to public attention not only by the *Journal of Man*, but by the *SYSTEM OF ANTHROPOLOGY*, published in 1854, the "*NEW EDUCATION*," published in 1882, "*Therapeutic Sarcognomy*," published in 1884, and the "*MANUAL OF PSYCHOMETRY*," published in 1885. Anthropology and Sarcognomy are out of print, but an enlarged edition of Sarcognomy will appear early in 1888, and Anthropology in 1889.

Speculative and debatable doctrines always originate controversy from difference of opinion, but positive demonstrable science is distinguished by the uniform and general acceptance it receives from all intelligent enquirers—all who give it sufficient attention to appreciate its principles and evidences. If, then, a mass of scientific knowledge derived from new discoveries receives a general and cordial assent from all who become acquainted with it, this at once entitles it to admission in the ranks of honorable science with claims upon the attention of every student, every philanthropist, and every writer or teacher, to whom the public look for correct instruction, and to whom it should be a disgrace to fall far behind the progress of discovery in any department to which they have given attention.

Opinions or doctrines which are but inferences from knowledge, have but slight claims upon our attention, but knowledge itself

has imperative claims which are neglected only by two classes of narrow-minded people, the ignorant but self-important innovator who pays no attention to the world's accumulated knowledge, and the self-satisfied scholar, who, because he is familiar with his library, ignores the progressive science which is fast making his standard authors obsolete. The latter error has been the chronic habit of literary institutions and learned societies. Though not so inflexible as the church and its theological seminaries, they have now, and always have had a devotion to the past—to the systems in which their faculties were educated, which makes the recognition of new science and discovery a tedious and difficult process. Not only the discoveries of Galileo, Newton, and Harvey, but the most simple and obvious matters in science, such as railroad transportation and steam navigation have had the opposition of colleges and their graduates.

It could not, therefore, be expected that so grand a science as Anthropology should receive the friendly recognition of colleges, or should advance any farther than it was impelled by the personal exertions of the author or discoverer. It is for this reason alone that this demonstrated science is at present time unfamiliar to the majority of the educated classes.

The new Anthropology is like all biological science founded on experiment and careful investigation protracted through many years and confirmed by many observers. These investigations began in 1835 by a systematic study of the brain, its anatomy and its development in men and animals. Within seven years these investigations were crowned by a success which may well be called marvelous, and which was far beyond the usual experience of the most successful biological students. In that time the location of mental and physiological powers in the brain were accurately determined, and that which all the combined skill of the medical profession of Europe has realized only within a few recent years, the locations of the faculty of language and the faculty of feeling or sensibility, were well ascertained twenty years before European scientists had arrived at any definite knowledge of these subjects.

But while the medical profession of Europe have not arrived at more than half a dozen well defined conclusions as to the localized functions, my own experiments have given a precise answer



as to the functions of every square inch of the cerebral surface, interior and exterior. The reason of this vast difference is that while the medical faculty were paralyzed by skepticism and by narrow mechanical ideas, I had no such hindrance. While they experimented cruelly upon animals seeking only physical results, I experimented pleasantly upon the most intelligent human beings, seeking for psychic as well as physical phenomena. Hence my experiments developed a vast amount of psychic science, while theirs manifested little beyond the physical or physiological, and very little of that, for the small brains of animals have not the controlling physiological energy of the human brain, and these psychic phenomena were not sought, and could not have been expressed if they had been.

My experiments established a complete physiology, of which only a vague outline has been published, and traced the powers of physiological life successfully to their dominating regions in the brain, through which we control the heart, the lungs, the muscles, and vision, as I have often demonstrated before committees and classes, — necessitating a reconstruction of physiology and therapeutics.

Moreover in the interior of the brain, I have found those mysterious functions from which come the phenomena of hypnotism, clairvoyance and all the wonders of animal magnetism and spiritualism which belong to the study of the supernatural, and the history of religion, which are so eloquently described in Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," — thus giving a philosophy of religion which far from degrading its noble position, strengthens its hold upon the philosophic mind and establishes beyond all doubt, our immortal life, and our relation to the Divine.

That such a science enlarges and corrects our conceptions of ethics, of social philosophy and of education, I have partially shown in "The New Education," and as my writings have received but little attention from the tenacious adherents of established position, I may be pardoned for attempting to show that they are fully accepted and cordially indorsed *by all who have given them the attention their importance demands*, while I am not aware that any intelligent student of my writings or lectures has ever spoken in the language of condemnation.

For example, my demonstration of the functions of the brain

was made in 1843, before an intelligent committee of physicians, at the Tremont House, in Boston, of which the eminent Dr. H. I. Bowditch was secretary, and their report showing the entire success of my demonstrations was published in the Boston Post and other newspapers.

Previous to this I had the endorsement in 1841 of the most learned professor of my Alma Mater, Prof. CHARLES CALDWELL, of Louisville, as well as the endorsement of a New York committee, and the Indiana State University.

Of the New York committee, the renowned poet, William Cullen Bryant was chairman, and the report of that committee, which was issued in an extra from Mr. Bryant's paper, the Evening Post, stated that "they have had sufficient evidence to satisfy them that Dr. Buchanan's views have a rational experimental foundation, and that the subject opens a field of investigation second to no other in immediate interest, and in the promise of important future results to science and humanity."

The Faculty of Indiana State University after two weeks investigation reported (describing numerous experiments) "If he has made a single discovery in physiology he has made more than any previous explorer of that science in furnishing us this key to the whole of its principles, by his cerebral and corporeal experiments."

Nor was the press silent in its appreciation. The monthly Democratic Review, (at the time of the New York investigation the leading magazine) said: "to Dr. Buchanan is due the distinguished honor of being the first individual to excite the organs of the brain by agencies applied externally directly over them, before which the discoveries of Gall, Spurzheim, or Sir Charles Bell,—men who have justly been regarded as benefactors of their race—dwindle into comparative insignificance. This important discovery has given us a key to man's nature, moral, intellectual and physical."

Of my more recent publication, on the Science of Sarcognomy, which explains the relation of the soul to the body, I have heard nothing but words of commendation; and the immediate sale of the entire edition demonstrated a more general acceptance of my discoveries than I anticipated. As the medical profession is separated into rival and hostile parties, farther even than the

Protestant and Catholic churches, I cannot expect a friendly word from the members of a party opposed to my own, but have received the most cordial endorsement from Homœopathic and Eclectic Journals, of which I beg leave to quote the testimony of the "American Homœopathist" of New York:

"Of the very highest importance in the healing art, is a work just issued by the venerable Professor Buchanan. We have read the book from cover to cover with unabated attention; and it is replete with ideas, suggestions, and practical hints, and conclusions of eminent value to every practitioner who is himself enough of a natural physician to appreciate and apply them. . . . Having been cognizant of the very valuable and original work accomplished by Professor Buchanan in physiology, and having seen him demonstrate many times, on persons of all grades of intellectual and physical health, the truths he here affirms, the subject has lost the sense of novelty to us, and is accepted as undoubtedly proven."

Such testimony from a gentleman so eminent as Prof. Winterburn cannot be disregarded.

I might quote *many* enthusiastic endorsements of the Manual of Psychometry, but I would merely quote the remark of the New York Home Journal: "The like of this work is not to be found in the whole literature of the past, nor in that of the Theosophist of Madras, India. The friends of Prof. Buchanan have been waiting now thirty years, for him to make a proper presentation of his greatest discovery—psychometry, a discovery the future historian must place among the noblest and greatest of this great epoch of human thought."

In the application of the new Anthropology to the reformation of education, I have received from its readers a flood of enthusiastic eulogy, for each of its three editions. A single expression from one gentleman, himself one of the most eminent writers of his church, Rev. B. F. Barrett, may be sufficient. He says:

"I regard it by far as the most valuable work on education ever published. You have herein formulated the very wisdom of heaven on the highest and most momentous of all themes. Your work is destined, in my judgment, to inaugurate a new era in popular education. It contains more and higher wisdom on the subject of which it treats, *than all the other books ever written on education.*"

It is not only upon the strength of such testimony that I appeal to all candid readers, for strong endorsements are sometimes

given to the visionary, the dogmatic and the extremely partisan writer, but upon the general concurrence of men of different education, different faith, and different nationality, in the acceptance of the new Anthropology, which gives me the calm assurance that every reader of these lines, when not indifferent to scientific progress, may, by giving his attention to my writings, enjoy the pleasure of knowing that the world has arrived at the stage of progress in which the mysteries of life are made plain, the broadest physical science is harmonized with the highest religious truth, and the possibility of the redemption of human life from all its evils is firmly established.

WAITING THE TIDE.

By FLORENCE R. BACON.

WHERE the sea and river meet,  
 My boat and I are idly waiting ;  
 While the white ridged harbor-bar  
 Holds the seas back like a grating.

Other boats beside my own  
 In the shallow harbor drifting,  
 Idly sport with idle waves,  
 Sail-wrapped spars and masts uplifting.

Says the passer on the seas,  
 " Useless crafts no freight out-bearing !"  
 I, looking, see the bursting bales  
 Rich enough for proud kings' wearing.

Only waiting for the tide  
 To rise, and flood, and seaward hollow,—  
 When, with well-filled sails they'll break  
 Across the harbor-bar and follow.

Strong keels cutting the wild waves ;  
 Straight masts unto heaven lifting ;  
 Willing hands trim well the sails,  
 Hold the helm,—no swerve nor drifting.

Long or short their way may be,  
 Each one knows the harbor waiting ;  
 And One will stand with loving hand.  
 To claim the craft and precious freighting.

## THE BRIDE OF NEWBURYPORT.

BY FLORENCE E. WELD.

Said my father, "Which one of my children would like to accompany me this afternoon to Newburyport?"

He had quietly entered the little, low, blue-painted sitting-room of the parsonage, and was standing with one hand on the shoulder of my mother who sat by the window with her sewing. Four voices shrieked in unison: "I, father!"

He smiled, and, as if at the mention of our names our four heads were passing successively under his gentle hand, four times pressed my mother's shoulder, while he went on deliberately:

"Justice must rule: it was *Theodore* who drove the chaise to our lamented Brother Bryant's funeral; *Elizabeth* who attended the donation at Swampsville; *Louis* who visited the graves of his honored grandparents at Braintree. Therefore, whose turn is it now?"

"Greenleaf's," promptly returned three voices, in a cheerful accord that pleased my father.

"Greenleaf's," he repeated, bringing his hand down with a final, slow caress which caused my mother to turn her eyes upward to his, a smile in their clear, brown depths.

"Be ready to leave in the chaise this afternoon at four and a half o'clock. The object of my journey is to unite in marriage the Reverend Willam Ostrander and Miss Janet Cleveland, the beloved daughter of my old friend, the Captain. We shall probably return at a somewhat late hour, and Greenleaf must be well protected for the evening drive; our nights are raw."

My father and I jogged along in the old chaise, in happy companionship. He liked my quiet ways and ready, observant interest, while, for myself, it was always a delight to be with him,—beautiful and perfect. I was satisfied whether he amused me with his pleasant, kindly talk, or, with under lip thrust out in deep, meditative silence, was unconscious of my presence.

On this occasion he was very bright and talkative. He told his

famous frog story, and his great snake story, and the funny story of old Parson Pettibone who, pouring from the wrong bottle, drank a foaming bumper of our grandmother's yeast, thinking it delicious "home-brewed," till the last, nauseous drops told the tale to his smacking lips.

The season was November, and the trees stood bare and shivering in the cold, late sunshine. A hard frost had blackened the wayside weeds and shriveled the scarlet berries clustering on low bushes in the field-corners.

As we drew nearer the town, my father became silent, leaning slightly forward and touching absently, with his whip-lash, here the gray trunk of a tree, there a straggling wall of stone, or again the tall stalks by the roadside. At last the deliberate tread of our ancient sorrel mare, the monotonous jerk of the chaise made me sleepy; nestling down by father's side, I shut my eyes and — great boy as I was, — went to sleep.

"Come, Greenleaf, come!" cried my father. "Here is Main street."

I sat up and looked about me. This was Newburyport. The shops were lighted, and people were hurrying to and fro along the sidewalk. We had ridden slowly, and it was already half-past six by father's big, silver watch. The hour appointed for the wedding was seven. A sharp turning brought us into a wide street darkened on either side by huge, sheltering tree-forms. Within a few moments more, we were at Captain Cleveland's gate. The house seemed ablaze with welcoming light, above, below. It was a newly-built mansion, on the old Cleveland ground — large, white and imposing with its pillared front. Stately chimneys shot up into the air from the low roof, while the whole, swelling importance of the structure had been allowed to burst into an obtrusive wing on the right. A fine house for the times! — and, lest his neighbors should think him set up by his elegance, the Captain had caused it to approach close to the street, in line with their humbler abodes.

From the far corner to which my father directed me, I gazed with interest at the company gathered in the great parlor. The ladies wore short waists, and the folds of their trainless skirts hung straight and narrow. Long gloves covered their rounded arms (round with tried muscle and firm, pink flesh); yellow lace frilled

the square necks of their "bodies." With piled hair and tall combs of glowing shell, with pictured fans and little high-arched slippers, they were charming.

Only a small number among the elderly gentlemen remained loyal to cue and knee-breeches; all the rest, old and young, appeared with cropped hair, in long trousers of conventional black, in coats with tight sleeves, and high, uncomfortable-looking collars which formed a sable background for the voluminous neckerchiefs tied in faultless bows above their ruffled shirt-bosoms.

A fire of huge sticks roared in the cavernous chimney, sending its fierce tongues of flame up from the shining andirons into the black throat yawning above. The furniture was dark and cumbersome; even the glowing fire and bright candelabra were unable to throw into relief its massive mahogany.

The clock in the hall sounded the hour. At the first of the seven strokes, the low murmur of talk and the decorous movement ceased. The ladies gently and quickly touched a deft hand to their costumes here and there, re-arranging a flower, smoothing a stomacher. The gentlemen folded their arms; and every eye, expectant, eager, was turned toward the entrance. A rustle on the stairs, a slight, breathless stir through the company, and there entered the bride and groom. My father, grave and stately, met them at the center of the room where Captain Cleveland, the only near relative of the bride, was standing. The ceremony began. It was a striking group, and I softly raised myself on a stool, to gain a view unobstructed. The longer I looked the more was my attention absorbed by the bridegroom. He was tall and, though slender, of firm, well-proportioned figure. There was a downward look about his long, colorless face, a furtive glance from his darkly glowing eyes; there were hard lines around his well-cut mouth; long locks of black hair swept across his high forehead. His bearing was most gracious and dignified. The girl by his side was apparently much younger—dark-eyed and very beautiful. An exquisite bloom and fairness perfected the more lasting beauty of elegant molding and fine expression.

It was in the midst of a few words which ministers were in the habit of addressing to those about to utter the solemn vows of marriage that a distant sound became audible, gaining clearness and force each instant until it was resolved into the hot galloping



of a horse. I believe none save the bridegroom and myself marked the sound until the horse was nearly at the door. Then a few heads were turned toward the curtained windows, and a ripple of surprise passed over the listening faces as a sharp order to stop rung out on the evening stillness and a rider was heard to spring to the ground. My father went slowly and distinctly on; the groom made an almost imperceptible movement of his drooping head in the direction of the door. A heavy footfall tramped up the broad steps, crossed the wide hall, and to the astonishment of the quietly waiting company, a man strode in among them — a man in a huge, brown greatcoat, a fur cap pulled down to his ears, a heavy riding-whip in his hand; a man with wisps of rust-colored hair, with a square, coarse, determined face, with a loud voice and a rude manner.

My father paused, in dignified amazement, facing the intruder who bowed with mock politeness, as he glanced around and said, advancing:

“A very pretty sight, ladies and gentlemen! Quite a pity to spoil it, but I’ve got some business to settle here.”

A stride brought him in front of the bridal party.

“Reverend William Ostrander, I have come for you. Shall I tell these fine people why? You are wanted elsewhere. Shall I tell your noble friends where? It’s a strange thing to step in and separate a man from his bride, bear a shepherd away from his loving sheep, but I’ll make it plain at your word.”

The man so strangely addressed braced his tall figure haughtily, threw back his head, and looked his rude questioner full in the face. If ever a devil shot baleful darts from mortal eyes, they fell keen and murderous, from the eyes of William Ostrander. But the devil that lurked in him was a coward. The glare of hate faltered; the ashy face, swept by its cloud of evil passion, drooped. The struggle was short; the hesitation, brief. Stepping back from the side of the young girl, he stood bowed and motionless.

Then I heard the stern voice of my father:

“Sir, what is the meaning of this unwarrantable intrusion upon a sacred ceremony? this — this insult to that reverend gentleman? As a minister of God, I call upon you to explain.”

“Yes; curse you! You’ll explain or be kicked out of my house, sir,” roared Captain Cleveland, shaking his fist in the stranger’s face.



"Keep off," said he coolly. "I don't want to hurt you; you are hurt enough already. I don't blame you. I've got a temper of my own, but I've learned to rein it in. If I hadn't, it wouldn't do to leave me alone with *him*—that fellow there who dare n't open his lips. *He's* free to explain: let him talk; let him defend himself; let him prove me a liar and disprove my claim. Dare n't open his lips! I am a father, too, sir; *I wouldn't be here to-night if I wasn't*. See here reverend sir" (turning to my father): "you believe in the Lord's justice, or you are no true minister of His. I tell you I am a humble instrument in the hands of a justly incensed God to right, as far as may be, a great wrong. I swear by my own hope of mercy at His bar that this is the truth. Now one word to this young woman. Oh, I pity ye, I pity ye! Though you curse me for your undoing, I pity ye. But it may be you'll see the day when you'll thank God A'mighty for this night. You ought to thank Him now, but ye can't, ye can't. You're in the dark; the waves are over you. But God will revive you; He will stretch forth His hand against the wrath of your enemies and save you. He is a terrible God to the wicked. Don't forget that the devil that deceived, *deceived*, them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the *false prophet* are, and shall be tormented day and night forever and forever."

As he spoke, there was a singular sincerity, an impressive earnestness about the man; and I think none dared to question his honesty, or to doubt that beneath this strange scene ran a deep and fateful undercurrent.

What followed is reduced in my memory to a few swiftly passing pictures: I see the Reverend William Ostrander slinking away, without a backward glance, through the passage made for him by the curious and excited wedding guests, whose awestruck looks follow him who is nevermore to be their friend and pastor. I see the uncouth stranger pass out in his wake. I see Captain Cleveland and my father standing apart talking earnestly together, while the guests, breathing deeply as if some heavy weight had been lifted from their breasts, began to exchange low-voiced comments. And I see clearer than all, standing out from a background of deepening shadows, the young, stricken creature whose cup of joy had been so rudely dashed from her parted lips. I see her turning from one to another a wild, uncomprehending stare, taking one

quick step toward the retreating form of her lover, then pausing, with outstretched arms, trembling in every limb. I see her, putting gently aside her father's encircling arm, waving back the pitying friends who would fain comfort her, raise to my father's face the piteous, hopeless questioning of her gaze? Did his look answer her? did he speak? I only see her waver and fall, and watch as she is borne away, white and still, shrouded by the vapory cloud of her bridal veil, her wreath of orange blossoms, crushed and torn, trailing over the dark carpet.

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At the age of twenty-one, I was to be found occupying the position of head clerk in Captain Cleveland's large dry-goods store at Newburyport. During the preceding eight years, my father had felt at times deeply disappointed in me. I had not taken kindly to Latin and Greek as had Theodore and Louis and even Elizabeth. The profession voluntarily chosen by my brothers was that of the ministry, while I, so near to my father's heart, remained still unconverted. Why had I so tried him? Had I made no effort to follow his wishes? Effort upon effort! Again and again did I struggle to make myself over by the lines of that symmetrical and noble design which, most unfortunately for my success, had been drawn for me by my father instead of my Creator. It was of no use. I had the restless brain and the quiet habits of an inventor, and I could not help it. Why I did not early become "converted" is a question which I cannot suppose to be of special interest to any one except myself. Before my majority was reached, I had attained some success with two or three small inventions, one of them quite popular among the farmers of the neighborhood—an improvement in the heavy, cumbersome plow then in use. I felt greatly encouraged and not a little proud. My feeling was not shared by my father. Believing that the staying at home in the seclusion suited to my bent would render me "impractical," having no confidence in my inventing future, he decided that I must "go out into the world"; so into the great world of Newburyport I went.

Considering my inexperience, the position opened to me was one of exceeding favor; add the fact that I was received into Captain Cleveland's own household, and gather from this one instance

how truly devoted to my father's interests were all who knew and loved him.

Until I became a member of the family, I had not seen Miss Janet Cleveland since the evening I have described. At eighteen she was a beautiful girl; at twenty-six she would have been a magnificent woman, if her beauty had not lacked the brilliancy of tone which one felt nature had designed it to possess. The lovely coloring I remembered had gone from the oval cheeks; the lines of the mouth were drooping; the dark eyes were sad; yet her clear voice and cordial manner were far from suggesting the idle hopelessness of a crushed spirit. "Sister Sorrow" all these years had "sat beside her"; her presence had oppressed but it had neither weakened nor warped. She was an active, efficient housekeeper, a charming hostess. Nothing delighted the Captain more than to bring his friends in unexpectedly, confident that Janet could never be found unprepared. I soon noticed that, excepting her regular attendance at the church of which she was a member, she was seldom seen beyond the shelter of her father's house, for the tyrant grip of her past was still strong upon her. She was a woman with a history: although in all the town she was greatly admired and respected, the good people could not refrain from watching and speculating and from giving her over to the curious glances of strangers. Wherever she passed she went as the "Bride of Newburyport" — inexorably wedded to a dark memory.

I have now a confession to make, and remember that no person in this wide world is at once so timorous and bold, so foolish and wise, so hopeless and hopeful as a lover: I had not been long in the daily presence of this beautiful woman before I was madly and — in all common sense — hopelessly in love with her. Regard the situation: she was an heiress; five years' difference in age loomed threateningly on the side which was far more difficult to scale than it appears to be in these days; the sanctity of her suffering kept her as safe, it would seem, as if, like a calm, deep-eyed goddess, she walked wrapped in an Olympian atmosphere impenetrable to mortals. Yet I dared to worship her. Of course she — this lovely, quiet sisterly friend — was not in the least aware of the tumult in my heart, the fire in my brain.

I went to Newburyport early in the spring. At the beginning of the following October, Captain Cleveland showed his confidence

in my integrity if not my ability by proposing to leave his business in my charge while he took a "cousining tour," with Janet, in the chaise. She was getting low, he said, and needed a change; he hesitated, and added, 'as she always did at this time of year.' I was told afterward that the "cousining" part of the tour was devised by the Captain mainly for the satisfaction of his neighbors; they often returned from one of these journeys without having seen the face of a relative.

The day before they were to start, the Captain fell and sprained the wrist of his right arm. The injury was not severe but it prevented his driving; then, as he had never been known to abandon an undertaking, nothing would do but for me to go with them, ready to control with my strong hand the tendency to fiendish friskiness, to diabolical boltings and baulkings, to wild assertions of speed of which for twenty years the Captain had darkly suspected his horse.

An Autumn in New England! There is nothing like it the world over. With an unequalled glory of sky and wonder of atmosphere and wealth of color, Nature now repays for all her broken promises. Through marvelous Autumn weather, then, we rode slowly along the country roads, and I listened to the Captain's talk and watched the pale rose-hue grow in Janet's cheeks and the light come in her eyes.

One day, toward nightfall, we arrived at a town which the Captain had not visited since his boyhood. According to his habit, he told me to bustle around and find out what was going on. Should there be an anti-slavery meeting, or a lecture on mnemonics (then the rage), he would send his daughter off under my escort, while he contentedly dozed in his chair till our return. I soon ascertained that the present village excitement was a great "revival," the more remarkable because, as one of the hotel loungers remarked, with facetious irreverence, "it was early in the season for 'em."

After supper Janet herself proposed to attend the meeting. It was late, and finding no one to direct us, we slipped into a seat near the door. The church was dark with somber wainscoting and the shadows thrown by the crowded galleries on the faces of the men, women and children closely packed in the high-backed pews below. In the lofty pulpit, leaning persuasively over the faded

velvet cushion of the desk, a preacher was finishing his exhortation.

"And now, dear Christian friends," he said presently, "and you, poor sinners, your beloved pastor, opportunely returned from his long journeyings in search of health, will address you."

I looked up to see the place of the preacher occupied by a singular and an impressive figure — tall, emaciated, yet conveying the impression of physical force. The face of the man was not old with age, but pallid forehead and hollow cheek were lined and seamed; the mouth was drawn; the eyes from bony caverns glowed fiercely resolute. He opened the Bible and read in a rich, powerful voice a chapter filled with the awful denunciations of an angry God. The solemn words thrill the people: I could feel them bend and sway to the movement of his tones. He closed the book and began his address:

"Brethren, learn from God's own words in what regard He holds those who reject His grace, defame His name, brave His wrath, defy His judgments. I have but a brief word to speak to-night and I speak it from Death's yawning portal. The retributive hand of the Almighty is laid upon my wasting body in the form of a disease, hungry, insatiable, which no human power can stay. Standing upon the awful threshold, I can see the long, dark valley where my pathway lies, the sullen stream which I must cross; and there is neither light nor succoring hand for me — no light till the lurid flames of the pit digged for the wicked flash on my burning eyeballs; no hand clasp till I feel the grip of waiting demons. Yet, in the mercy of my dishonored Lord, a last opportunity has been vouchsafed not to rescue my own doomed soul but, it may be, by the truthful confession of a false and sinful life, to save some other soul from endless woe. You have known me long. Here I have lived, and have taught among you the eternal truths of this sacred Book. Known me? Oh, God! If you could have looked within this breast, have seen what was open to the eyes of my Creator, the black whirlpool of unholy desires, of seething passions, at whose bottom lurked and crawled noxious and slimy things, you would have turned away, fearful and trembling. I see now wonder and fear written on your faces. Do you think me mad, raving in wild delirium? Would it were so!

“Many are here who have laid bare their souls before me in the confidence of sincerity. There is one upon whom my eye has rested; under cover of this assemblage, let me address him.

“Brother, do you remember when you came to me, confessing, with tears and groans, that you had felt the power of a terrible temptation? remember how you described to me the man you met in one of the thoroughfare of a large city who tried to draw you, with seductive words, into a place of sin? That man was myself. My disguise was well borne; my character, well sustained. To your honor and Heaven’s glory be it said that, as you thought of your noble wife and innocent children, as you thought of that holy man, your pastor (woe upon me!), you cried: “Get thee behind me, Satan,” and fled.

“I mark another. Do you remember, brother, with what mighty strivings your honored pastor labored to draw you within the Shepherd’s fold? how he prayed that you might be led to abandon as degrading practices that were dragging your soul down to hell the occasional attendance at the playhouse, the rare glass of wine? Do you remember the courteous, white-haired gentleman, in yonder city of Boston, who rendered you some slight service at a popular theatre, and who afterward urged you to meet with him the bold woman who had charmed by her siren tones and sensuous movements? Again, that man was myself.

“Brethren (though I have no right to call you so), brethren, I have warned not one alone, but all against the intoxicating cup, the wine that glows and sparkles, that fires the evil and chills the good in man’s nature as naught else can do; and never have I warned you more eloquently than when my veins were bounding and my brain was burning with its flame in delirious ecstasy.

“I have besought you to think purely, to live chastely, that your hearts might be fit temples for the indwelling of the living God — this, while my eyes consciously shrunk from the clear gaze of your wives or daughters.

“I have entreated you to be upright in your dealings, open in your lives, truthful in word and act, constant and bold in the service of your Redeemer — I, a liar, a hypocrite, a coward!

“A moment more; I speak to save; I have secretly reveled in the pleasures of the world, drank deep at all the fountains of its

joy, trodden its shining paths, walked with Lust and Unrighteousness, worshipped in the temples of Mammon. What have I gained? Oh, my God! what have I not lost? From this night, even the good repute among you which I have cherished is gone. I go from you branded, a being to be shunned and feared. My physical powers are wasted and decayed. The world is fading from me; its delights can no longer ravish, no longer thrill my deadened senses. Beholding the glories of Heaven, I am going down, down to the horrors of Hell.

"Some pitying soul may say: 'Do not despair; the thief on the cross was saved.' I answer that the thief on the cross *repented*; the eleventh hour was his. But for me, the 'false prophet,' the scorner and rejector of mercy, the deliberate violator of every divine law, the hour is passed: *my heart is stone*.

"Lest you should, in bewilderment and pity, doubt me, I now call upon the woman who bears my sullied name, the woman I have wronged beyond the possibility of reparation, the mother of those children I would fain see lying dead before me — for already I trace on their infant faces the frightful record of my base passions — I call upon her to testify to the truth of my statements."

His confession ended, the self-accused man stepped back and stood with bent head and arms folded across his breast. Instantly another scene flashed through my brain, and I needed no one to tell me that there, his retribution fallen heavily upon him, was standing the Reverend William Ostrander. In my excitement, I made an instinctive movement of protection toward Janet, who, without removing her gaze, terrible in its dark intensity, from the face of him she had loved, motioned me back.

A woman, short of stature and plainly dressed, arose in one of the front side pews and faced the audience. She was still young, not older, perhaps, than Janet. The light of the oil lamps on the desk shone upon her face, which, with its fair skin and full blue eyes was not without attractiveness. But her voice, cold and harsh, her abrupt speech, the tint of her auburn hair, left no doubt in my mind as to her relationship to the stranger of that other night.

"What my husband has said is true. He has lived a wicked life. I have kept his secret, and would have kept it to the last. He forced me to come here and bear testimony; it was not my



will. I believe he is near his end; he has been a great sufferer for a long time, but his mind is clear. He has told the truth. I request your prayers for him and for his wretched family."

She ceased speaking, and another voice, clear, rich, vibrating with emotion, filled the silence, claiming with passionate entreaty, by Him who was crucified, the pardon of God for this despairing soul. Women wept and men groaned as Janet prayed, and across the pulpit desk, the dark head resting on extended arms, lay a motionless form.

Janet arose from her knees and we left the church. She was weeping and trembling violently. Passing my arm gently about her, I supported her steps through the empty streets.

"You understand, Greenleaf?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Janet."

"And you will tell father?"

"Yes, dear Miss Janet."

I went at once to Captain Cleveland with my singular story, which he heard more calmly than I had expected.

"I'll tell you what to do, Greenleaf," said he; "matters have evidently come to a focus. Get up the chaise immediately and take Janet on to the next town. You'll get there by midnight; and I shall not feel easy till my poor girl is out of that accursed villain's neighborhood. I will stay over and see the outcome of this strange affair."

Janet went without demur. It was a fair night; the moon was high; and I saw her profile at my side shining, pure and clear, in the white light. At length she broke the silence, apparently continuing her thoughts aloud:

"Greenleaf, I cannot comprehend such a nature — an impetus toward evil, overmastering and awful in its force. But God knows our frame; He remembers that we are dust; and I trust that limitless mercy for *him*."

Her voice faltered, but she added after a moment:

"And, Greenleaf, I believe that for me there is a better future in store, *for the spell of the past is broken*."

The following day Captain Cleveland brought the tidings that the last act in the tragedy of a passion-riven life was ended: William Ostrander was borne senseless from the church, and a few hours later, still unconscious, he passed into the presence of his Maker.



\* \* \* \* \*

If I were to continue this tale, I should revert again to myself and tell how I soon, by a successful invention, gained a name and opened a path to fortune; how, in the meantime, I became Captain Cleveland's partner and a practical man of business; how, above all, I won the crowning desire of my life — all this I should love to dwell upon. Let me add simply, that within two years after the last event recorded in my story, Janet Cleveland and I were pronounced "husband and wife" by the dear voice of my father. We stood in the old parlor, in a glorious flood of May sunshine, and in the presence only of our nearest kinsfolk. Through forty beautiful years my precious Janet walked by my side. Then she left me. Since that time it is this world of sense, with its changing sights and ceaseless sounds, which seems to me unreal, and not that veiled and quiet country toward which I turn with deeper longing at the coming of every day.

## VARIATIONS.

BY WILLIAM STRUTHERS.

### I.

A mist upon the valley sleeps,  
Not one sun-arrow strikes it through;  
No zephyr in yon pine-grove leaps,  
No bird flies 'mid the sullen blue;  
Whilst I with well-worn fancies toy,  
And wish and wish for some new joy.

### II.

See! From the vale the mist is lifted,  
The sun sends down fair shafts of light;  
With west-wind song the pines are gifted,  
And many a bird-wing flits in sight:  
Whilst I, in fresher frame of mind,  
Draw new joy from the same old kind!



THE LATE DR OLIVER DEAN.

## NEW ENGLAND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

## XI. — THE DEAN ACADEMY.

By REV. HENRY IRVING CUSHMAN, D.D.

THE Dean Academy, in Franklin, Massachusetts, a boarding school for both sexes, is under the especial patronage of the Universalist Church, and holds high rank among the educational institutions of the State. The Academy was suggested by the needs of Tufts College for more students trained under the auspices of



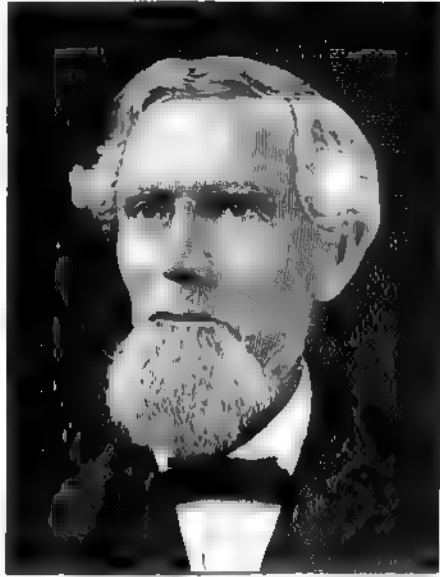
DEAN ACADEMY.

the same church, but it grew out of a wide feeling in the Universalist denomination that such an institution under its auspices would be of great service in the commonwealth.

The first formal action towards the establishment of the Academy was taken by the Massachusetts Universalist Convention at

its session in Worcester, in October, 1864. At this session the council designated a board of sixteen Trustees, with the Rev. A. St. John Chambre of Stoughton, as Chairman, to originate and execute a definite plan for a denominational academy.

During the following winter this Board of Trustees held several meetings in the Old School Street Church, Boston, for the furtherance of the enterprise. Liberal propositions were received from the Universalist Parish in Stoughton for the location



HON. LATIMER W. BALLOU.

of the School in that town, and from Oliver Dean, M. D., that the academy might be located in Franklin, his place of residence. The proposition of Dr. Dean was finally accepted in February, 1865; and it was voted that the academy should be built in Franklin, and that, in recognition of its chief founder's munificent gift, it should be named *The Dean Academy*.

The original gift of Dr. Dean included a deed of the "Emmons Estate," a tract of land in Franklin including eight or nine acres (formerly the property of the distinguished Orthodox divine Nathaniel Emmons, D. D.), a permanent fund of fifty thousand dollars, and ten thousand dollars towards a suitable building for the school. Before the completion of the first building, Dr. Dean added sixty-five thousand dollars to this gift; and from time to time as new needs appeared, he gave generous support to the school until the day of his death. And by the doctor's will the Academy was made residuary legatee.

Other substantial friends of the school in its early days were Thomas A. Goddard and Oscar T. Chase, for each of whom a professorship in the Academy is named.

With a desire to perpetuate the memory of the chief benefac-

tors of the school, the Trustees have provided for the proper celebration of "Founders' Day" each year on February 18th, the birthday of Dr. Dean, the most munificent founder.

Towards the end of March, 1865, "an act to incorporate the Dean Academy" passed the Massachusetts Legislature and was approved by Governor John A. Andrew. The corporation was permitted to hold property to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In 1869 the charter was amended so as to permit the holding of property to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars.

The corporation organized under the charter, April 10, 1865, adopted by-laws, elected officers, and took preliminary steps towards the erection of suitable buildings for the school. At this first meeting of the Trustees, the Rev. A. St. John Chambre, D.D., now Rector of St. Anne's Church, Lowell, was elected president of the Board. And he was re-elected at each annual meeting of the corporation thereafter until his resignation in July, 1880. It would be difficult to estimate how much of the success and present usefulness of the institution are due to the wise, constant and self-sacrificing service which Dr. Chambre rendered in the fifteen years during which he was president of the Trustees. It is safe,

however, to affirm that the Dean Academy owes more to him than to any other single member of the corporation.

At the retirement of Dr. Chambre from the corporation, the Hon. Latimer W. Ballou, of Woonsocket, R. I., was elected president of the Board, and has faithfully discharged the duties of the office to the present time. There are associated with him on the Board twenty-four men, twenty of whom are residents of Massachusetts.



REV DR CUSHMAN  
(Secretary of Board of Trustees.)

Plans for the first Academy building were drawn by Mr. T. W. Silloway, architect, of Boston. The building, which was of a French Lombardic style of architecture, was two hundred and twenty feet long. When completed, it was capable of accommodating two hundred boarding pupils, and had educational facilities for one hundred and fifty more. The corner stone of this building was laid with appropriate ceremonies, May 16, 1867, and the building was dedicated to educational purposes, May 28, 1868. The entire work was done in a most careful manner, and it is doubtful whether the State has had an educational building better adapted to its uses than was this first building of the Dean Academy. This magnificent building was entirely consumed by fire on the night of July 31, 1872. When completed for use it had cost about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and its destruction after a brief service of four years seriously crippled the school and the corporation.

There was no delay, however, on the part of the trustees in making temporary provision for the continuance of the school, and in arranging for the re-building of the Academy. At an expense of another one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a new building was erected on the foundations of the old, more substantial, more beautiful and more perfect in all its appointments than the one consumed by fire. And this building was dedicated on June 24, 1874; since which time it has stood as an ornament to the town and as an important instrument of education in the State.

The school was opened in the vestry of the First Universalist Church in Franklin, on the first Monday of October, 1866, by the chairman of the Board of Trustees—the Rev. Mr. Chambre. By him it was placed in charge of Mr. L. L. Burrington as acting principal, and two assistants. Forty-four pupils were in attendance at the opening. Until the Academy building was completed it was necessary to limit the number of pupils, and during the first year no less than fifty applicants were turned away on account of insufficient accommodations. Mr. Timothy G. Senter became principal of the Academy November 23, 1866, and remained in that position until failing health caused him to resign on June 29, 1871. Mr. Burrington, who opened the school as acting principal,

remained as teacher of ancient languages until 1869, when he resigned, to accept the position of principal of Goddard Seminary, in Vermont. Mr. Senter proved a successful educator, and the Academy, under his faithful care, won an enviable reputation among the schools of its grade in the State.

Other principals of the Dean Academy have been C. A. Daniels, A. M., from August 30, 1871, to June 26, 1872, and the Rev. James P. Weston, D. D., from July 1872, to June, 1877. From September, 1877, to December, 1878, Miss H. M. Parkhurst was acting principal; and from December, 1878, to June, 1879, Miss Ella Gardner occupied the same position.

During the last named two years, by vote of the Trustees, only young ladies were admitted to Dean Academy. During the remainder of its history it has been a school for both sexes, and is prospering as such to-day.

The present successful administration of the school by Professor L. L. Burrington, A. M., began in the autumn of 1879. Professor Burrington was called to be the Principal of Dean Academy while occupying an important position as principal of the High School Department of the Illinois State Normal University. His connection with the Academy in its early days, his constant interest in its welfare and his firm belief in its possibilities, induced him to accept, at much personal sacrifice, the call of the trustees of Dean. And by faithful and consecrated service, he has brought the school to the high rank which it now occupies among the academies of New England.

The Dean Academy offers four courses of study: Preparatory—of one year; College Preparatory—of four years, fitting students for any college; Academic—of four years, designed to furnish thorough English, with languages additional for those who do not propose to enter college, and an English course of three years to prepare young men for business. Diplomas are conferred upon those who complete any of these courses except the first named. The Musical Department of the academy is under the direction of most able teachers, and diplomas are given to such pupils in this department as complete the full course. The school is provided with ten pianos and a full pipe organ.

It has been the constant aim of the trustees and teachers of

the Academy to maintain high standards of scholarship and of character in the school, and they have not been disappointed in their efforts. Professor Burrington's administration of the school is paternal, kind and firm; the moral tone is healthy and the religious atmosphere thoroughly Christian.

Though the school is under the patronage of the Universalist Church, yet in its actual conduct it is unsectarian, and the religious preferences of pupils are respected, in harmony with requests which parents may make. Daily services are held in the chapel, and on Sundays pupils are required to attend divine service and Sunday school at such churches as their parents may direct.

The expenses of pupils at the Dean Academy are hardly more than two-thirds the expenses at other similar institutions in New England on account of its large endowment; and yet in no respect are its advantages less than those of other academies.

Franklin is a pleasant and remarkably healthy town. The ample grounds of the academy afford room for exercise and healthful games; while all the internal arrangements of the building are such as to ensure comfort at all seasons of the year. The facilities of the school are being enlarged as wisdom and experience dictate from year to year, and the future of the institution is full of promise.

Such an institution cannot be created in a day—it must be a growth through years. And now, as the Dean Academy approaches the end of the first quarter of a century of its existence, it may fairly claim to be in a better condition to serve the cause of good education than ever before. An association of the alumni of the Dean Academy has been organized, and is likely to prove a new source of strength to the institution, by emphasizing its just claims to the patronage of a knowledge-loving public.



**PROTECTIONISM.**

IT is often taken for granted, that protectionists and free traders hold different and opposing opinions about the effect of protective-tariff taxes. This is, however, an entirely false assumption in point of fact. There never has been in this country, I believe, and there is not now, a single intelligent protectionist, whose opinion as to the result of the imposition of a protective-tariff tax, and as to the persons who actually have to pay that tax, and as to the motive and purpose of those who have gotten the tax laid on, does not correspond precisely with the judgment on the same points of their neighbors, the free traders. The proof of this identity of opinion as between classes commonly supposed to entertain exactly opposite opinions, is plain as the noonday, and as conclusive as evidence can make it. Not what the protectionist glibly says in general terms about the benefits of his system to his fellow citizens, is to be taken in evidence here, but rather what he says and especially what he does, when it is proposed by somebody to lay a protective-tariff tax upon some commodity which he himself has to buy, with which to carry on his business, or when such a tax has been actually imposed, and he could not prevent it.

If such a tax be only in contemplation and not yet enacted, our protectionist invariably becomes the most vigorous free trader in the world, though not perhaps the most outspoken, in asseverating that the tax is designed to raise the price artificially and unjustly of something which he has to buy as means or material in his business, and this too for the special benefit of somebody else, who makes or grows such means or material; and if such tax upon him has actually been levied, he invariably pays a still more vigorous tribute to his real free trade opinion, and more hopelessly betrays his position as an avowed protectionist, by vigorously setting himself at work to evade or avoid or transgress the law that throws artificial burdens upon him as an individual.

That protectionist is yet to be discovered in this country, who is ready to pay willingly, or who will pay at all if he can prevent it, protective-tariff taxes that fall upon *him*. He knows that they discourage his industry and weaken his market; that they are factitious and unjust and selfish and wrong. In one word, he thinks about them exactly as the free traders think. It is only when their burdens and losses can be apparently shifted off upon the comparatively ignorant classes, upon the farmers and laborers, his countrymen, that he boldly pronounces such taxes to be an encouragement to industry, a blessing to the country, a benefit to the laborers who pay them, an indispensable spur to national progress.

All this has been illustrated scores of times in our protective-tariff history, and that too in the broad daylight of Congressional discussion. Daniel Webster, for example, made a famous outburst in 1828 against the protective-tariff tax on West India molasses in the bill of that year, because molasses was the raw material of New England rum, a great industry of his constituents, and the artificial high price of the material caused by the tax would lessen the markets, domestic and foreign, for their completed product; but the fine oratory went for nothing, because of the inconsistency of the orator with his own principles. He was more than willing that ships should be "protected" under the Navigation Law, and cottons and woollens to a certain extent under the law as it then stood; why not, then, iron and hemp and sugar also? His argument against a molasses tax to be paid by his constituents was neutralized by his acquiescence in other taxes to be paid by somebody else, put on with the same design of raising domestic prices and weakening foreign markets. Moreover there is abundance of proof besides this, and besides his free trade speech of 1824,—on the whole, the greatest tariff speech ever yet made in Congress—that Webster never departed far in substance of doctrine from his own and his neighbors' original Free Trade; and just so far as he did depart from it, it was a source of weakness and a ground of folly to him.

Another public illustration on a large scale of the unanimity of protectionists and free traders over the natural effect of protective-tariff taxes came to a head in 1867. The woollen manufacturers had gotten themselves "protected" in 1861 and afterwards, as against foreign woollens and at the expense of all domestic users

of woollens, including the national government, which was then a large buyer of soldiers' and sailors' clothing. The wool growers of Vermont and Ohio and other States soon saw the factitious prosperity of the woollen manufacturers, especially after the lists of annual individual income under the National Income Tax came to be published in the newspapers, as they were then required to be by law; and the growers naturally asked, What claim have the cloth-makers on the bounty of their country, which the wool-growers have not equally strong? The makers are evidently growing rich under a law that keeps out foreign woollens, or at least lifts their price to a point at which the makers are desirous to sell the domestic product; will not a similar national tax on foreign wools either keep them out or raise their price to a pitch at which the home growers selling their fleeces will grow rich also? Strange to say, these murmers of the rural growers, growing louder year by year, were anything but pleasing to the manufacturers; it was their own song, but they did not like to hear the people sing it, who furnished them the raw material of chief value; they were protectionists indeed so far as their own products were concerned, they liked to compel other people to pay unnatural prices for their wares, and to grow rich thereby; but they were free traders to the core—these woollen manufacturers—so far as means and materials of manufacture were concerned; and they tried by soft words and fair promises to placate the growers and to procrastinate their demands, till at last the *dander* of the herdmen was roused, and both sets fell together in the way of compromise into the Wool and Woollens Tariff of 1867, and both have been in the slough together ever since.

Vermont has been the faithful and devoted ass, bearing the heavy utensils of the protectionist family, eating in the meantime little or nothing of the promised hay and grain, feeding on the chance thistle of the roadside, and growing leaner and more dilapidated these twenty-five years aback. In this present year of Grace, 1887, the people of Vermont seem to be first waking up into the consciousness, that they have been and are the dupes and the victims of a miserable protectionism. Wool, an important product with them, owing to the enterprise of their ancestors (such as Consul Jarvis and his contemporaries), has been lower in price the past few years than ever before in the history of the

State. Domestic manufacturing establishments, which they flattered themselves would start up and thrive under the boasted encouragement, and so constitute a growing home market for all their agricultural products, are actually fewer in number and smaller in compass than they were in the year 1860. Population in the little commonwealth as a whole is stationary or declining. Farms all over the State in the districts more removed from the centers, once ploughed and reaped, and supporting large families, are now abandoned of their owners to pasture and forest. Almost everything which Vermonters have had to buy has been artificially raised in price by the wretched fraud of protectionism, to which in an evil hour they gave in their adhesion and even enthusiasm; and almost everything they have had to sell, including their wool, has been diminished in price by the same double-working subtilty of infernalism. A market for products is products in market. If misguided legislation keeps out of a country by means of taxes designed for that purpose, products that otherwise would come in to a profit, such shortsighted action keeps in of necessity, domestic products that would otherwise go out to a profit. Young Vermonters have gone west in crowds to raise wheat now selling in the Chicago market for sixty-eight cents — the lowest price in history — because the law forbids their taking pay for wheat in foreign products on natural and profitable conditions.

In October, 1871, occurred the great fire in Chicago. A vast and busy city was burned down in a night. When Congress came together in December, the protectionists in both branches constituting a large majority, publicly demonstrated their sense of the effect, both designed and actual, of protective-tariff taxes, and their entire agreement with the free traders as to such actual effect, by framing a law remitting to the unfortunates of Chicago for one year only all tariff-taxes upon building materials, so that in the interval Chicago might be able to buy at the cheaper and natural rates the lumber, iron and steel, building materials, glass, brick, straw, lime, and so on. This was proposed as a matter of national bounty to cheapen to a city destroyed its own rebuilding. The protectionists of the whole land, as represented and assembled in Congress, assented conspicuously in the Chicago Bill to the proposition, that protectionism raises unnaturally the prices of certain goods belonging to some of the people to others of the people

who have occasion to buy those goods; and, consequently, to intermit the protectionism is a bounty on a vast scale to the buyers of protected goods. That nothing might be wanting in this Chicago Bill in order that the thoughts of many hearts might be revealed, there is a clause in it as ultimately enacted and signed by President Grant, April 5, 1872, *excepting lumber from the operation of the bill*. Why was that? Because the lumber lords of Michigan and Wisconsin were unwilling to surrender the march they had stolen in the tariff on their guileless fellow-citizens, not even for one year to Chicagoans alone, and were rolled to Washington in haste, and brought to bear on members that subtle influence they knew so well how to use; and the bill as passed and signed remitted tariff-taxes to Chicago for one year on all building materials *except lumber*. The brief official record of this whole curious transaction will be found in the U. S. Statutes for 1872, page 33.

But one other historical illustration of the practical agreement in essentials between protectionists and free traders will be given in this place. Broadcloth was taxed protectively in the war time, and is still, but relatively at low rates as compared with the tariff-taxes on the cheap woollens used by the masses of the people. In the first Annual Report of the national Commissioner of Labor, 1886, page 251, may be found an official table giving the present rates of tariff-tax on 36 grades of woollen cloths; the lowest rate in this table is on West of England broadcloth, the best cloth imported into the United States, and the aggregate rate is 50 *per centum* and a fraction over; from this point the rates steadily rise in this table as the grades of goods decline through 35 varieties, until the very cheapest cloth is taxed at the very highest rate, namely 180 *per centum* and over. The Commissioner informed the present writer, verbally, that none of these cheaper grades of cloths are imported at all, or can be under the taxes; so that not a penny of revenue is derived from the taxes, but the domestic cloths corresponding in grade are lifted in price to the poor to what the foreign cloth would be with the taxes added to the price at factory. And all this displays one of the meanest devices of protectionism, which only works to perfection when the tariff-rates are prohibitory, and the people pay everything in enhanced domestic prices, and the Treasury gets nothing at all in the way of revenue. Well, a button-factory in Easthampton, Mass., whose owners and operators

were protectionists, and used to talk to their laborers about the beauty of restrictive tariffs, did not like to pay the enhanced price of the broadcloth, which was their material for covering buttons, caused by the tariff-tax on it, and consequently set to work to evade it. Samuel Williston thought it was very well for others to pay artificial prices lifted in this way, but it did not jump with his judgment of what was well for himself and his partners. To this extent he thought with the free traders.

He gave orders to have his foreign broadcloth, the raw material for his button factory, cut and slit with knives at the port of shipment, and so come in on this side as damaged cloth, and so escape the tariff-tax. It did not damage the cloth any for covering buttons, but damaged it technically as tax-worthy. Damaged cloth came in free. The custom-house officers did not altogether like the look of the thing, and after a while reported the operation to headquarters of the Treasury at Washington; but Mr. Williston and his partners were prominent manufacturers, reported to be rich, of very considerable political and other influence in their region of country,—and, at any rate, the proceeding was not legally stopped by authority from headquarters. A shrewder device, however, suggested itself after a while to the Yankees of Easthampton, by means of which to evade tariff-taxes and advance the button-covering all at once. Circular gouges, sharp and hollow were employed at the place of export, striking them down through the folds of the pieces of cloth and cutting out circles all ready to be used for the covering of the wooden button-molds; thus at one stroke spoiling the cloth for tariff-taxes and advancing the manufacture of buttons one stage. Repeated conferences and correspondences with the Government ensued during the seasons when this master stroke of evasion and transgression was in successful operation, but the button-makers carried their point in the ultimate upshot every time round. The riddled webs of cloth escaped the taxes, and the little separated circles all ready to be sewed on and over the wooden molds came nestling safely between the folds of the foreign perforated cloth. These statements of fact are here made on unquestioned and unquestionable authority; and the testimony hereby given in favor of the benefits of free trade by avowed protectionists is telling testimony. The time has come when the unwilling witnesses will be put upon the stand for God's eternal truths of Commerce.



By much the most significant *pronouncement* of the present year upon the tariff question is the careful speech of Senator Dawes before the associated Paper Makers of the country at Saratoga in the last week of July. Both orator and audience were unmitigated protectionists, so far as such a human product is possible of realization under the intellectual and moral constitution of the universe; and it would be difficult to say which of the two, speaker or listeners, had been the greater beneficiaries under what has sometimes been verbally dignified as a "system." The concessions and surrenders to free trade in this Saratoga speech of Mr. Dawes, however, mark a crisis in the course of the public protectionist discussion of the last twenty-five years. The high horse is most decidedly dismounted from. The protectionist lion here roars as gently as a sucking dove. The testimony of protectionists to the vast benefit to the factories of free trade in their raw material is here unblushingly given, as if that did *not* logically settle the whole question forever. "*No industrial policy will promote the highest prosperity of both labor and capital in this country, which fails to lay down the raw material at the door of the manufactory at the lowest possible cost.*" Certainly. If Mr. Dawes were a logician, as he is not, and as no man can be and remain a protectionist, he would see that in the above-quoted sentence he gives away his own case root and branch forever. His practical testimony moreover given a little further on to the benefit of free trade to the protectionists themselves is amazingly explicit. The Tariff was revised by the protectionists themselves in 1874 and in 1883, and Mr. Dawes tells the paper-makers, that, in those revisions, "*such raw materials as were then entering to any considerable extent into the production or consumption of the country were carried to the free list,*" and another revision with similar intent, "*will be found to add very few raw materials to the free list.*" That is to say over again, protectionists think it a blessed thing for other people, their countrymen, to pay protective-tariff taxes, but they have watched their chance to get free trade in the things that they have to buy in their business to such good purpose, that another combing of the tariff would pull out "very few" taxed materials!

Nevertheless, Mr. Dawes insists with much emphasis upon another and an immediate revision of the tariff. Upon this point he is perfectly outspoken, and all free traders agree with him as to

the necessity. The reasons that he gives, however, are weak indeed compared with the reasons that they are ready to give. His main reason for taking off some of the taxes is, that too much revenue is produced by them. "*A reduction of receipts into the treasury is required by every consideration of financial safety and prudent administration, as well as by the impatient and determined demand of the public.*" Free traders believe, that taxes of all kinds are an evil in themselves, an unmixed evil in their own nature and results, and are only to be tolerated in progress-loving countries to that extent, in which they are absolutely needful in order to get money with which to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare. Taxes are always paid out of the gains of trade, and of course lessen those gains. Taxes are a necessary evil, even when laid with a single eye to revenue and an economical expenditure. Protective tariff-taxes are designed to prevent revenue by stopping trade, and to stop trade by destroying markets. Protectionism, in every breath of it, is hostile to profitable trade; and, accordingly, there is not a single simple revenue-tax in our tariff today, not a single tariff-tax whose sole design it is to get money with which to carry on the government. There were such tariff-taxes on tea and coffee. They were long ago repealed, in favor of taxes designed to lift the prices of certain favored domestic goods at the expense of the masses of the people, though incidentally revenue may come in connection with such taxes. In fact, as Mr. Dawes admits, the resulting revenue, though incidental, is altogether too great. In other words, the people of the United States are paying today, under color of tariff-taxes, a great deal more money than the Treasury gets and yet the part that the Treasury gets is vastly more than it needs for economical government. After long-continued study of the proportions, it is my firm belief and conviction, that the Treasury only gets about one dollar out of five dollars paid by the people under the protective tariff-taxes since 1883.

Mr. Dawes objects, that the aggregates of the one dollars dropping into the Treasury are too great for national safety and public virtue; free traders object, that the aggregate of the four dollars distributed by legalized favoritism are too vast for the masses to be compelled to pay, too vast for favored citizens to receive, too corrupting for Representatives and Senators to have to dispense,



too unjust in source and destination for fair-minded citizens to stand by and witness without protest and indignation.

Free traders are thankful to Mr. Dawes for demonstrating to his fellow-protectionists, not only that there must be a decided revision of the tariff this coming winter, but also that the revision can no longer be on raw materials but must come right down to the direct protectionist taxes. That happy protectionist family, which has had it all its own way these twenty-five years past without let or hindrance from any quarter, which has by simple agreement among its members proportioned the prodigious burdens of the people, shifting off from their own shoulders in 1874 and in 1883 every burden that they possibly could, must now according to their own chosen leader and fellow-operator fall to revising among themselves and for themselves these so-called governmental favors in which they have revelled for a quarter of a century. Good luck to them in their redistributions! Which set of "industries" is going to suffer the first revision? Protectionist log-rolling to get taxes put on has long been a fine art in Washington; who are going to be the leaders in new-fangled combinations to get taxes put off? Will the dear brethren of the family, who have so loved one another heretofore prefer the "horizontal" or the "zigzag" method of reduction? Which will catch it first, the "wools" of Ohio under the sheltering wing of Brother Sherman, or the "woollens" of Massachusetts, which have been so tenderly cared for by Brother Dawes?

The Saratoga speech proves convincingly from several points of view (all protectionist), that there must be in the next session of Congress a thorough revision and substantial reduction of tariff-taxes. Very well. That means, that there must be in the next session of Congress such brisk music as the ears of the American public have not been treated to for a long time; that means that the hands of honorable members that have often been clasped together in sealing tariff agreements for mutual and reciprocal privileges in reaching the pockets of the massed millions, are to be in a few months more at each other's throats in angry and menacing debate and moral assault; and that means too, that shrewd protectionists who have had it all their own way in standing committees and committees of conference in framing unjust and abominable statutes, are not to have it their own way in relaxing and dissolving

such statutes, because in a general discussion the people will have some voice and find some champions of their rights, and public opinion has taken a mighty stride forward in the past few years in regard to the nature and operation of tariff-taxes, and the motives of the men who practically get such taxes put on.

In short, the Saratoga speech of July, considered in all its circumstances and *personnel*, marks an epoch in the current tariff discussion of this country. It puts a brand new phase upon the state of things. For once protectionists take the initiative in the open discussion. They put their best man forward. They acknowledge through him that the present tariff, which is wholly their own work, which is just as they wanted it four years ago, which felt in its final molding the skilful fingers of Kelly and Morrill and Sherman, stands in pressing and even desperate need of revision. That is exactly what the free traders think also. That is exactly what the free traders have been saying in season and out of season for the past twenty years, and have been regarded as medlers and mischief-makers for thinking and saying. They are now delighted beyond measure to find Saul also among the prophets. Indeed, Mr. Dawes begins with a generalization: "*No tariff-law, upon whatever principle enacted, can ever become a permanent fixed system of customs duties.*" This is sound as a nut, and we are unfeignedly thankful for its enunciation, but nothing could be more contrary to the usual protectionist position, which is, that taxes once in a tariff-bill no matter how they came to get in there are sacred beyond expression, they are the very ark of God, no profane hands of Uzzah must be extended towards them under any circumstances. Even now Mr. Randall differs from his brother of the other House. He sets forth in all its enormity the sacrilege of those who would lower the taxes. The language of these blasphemers, as Randall represents it, is: "*Let us take off one-fifth now. If that does not reduce the revenue, we can take off more. Sometime WE CAN CUT TO THE QUICK AND DRAW BLOOD. If 20 per centum does not reduce the revenue, perhaps 50 will.*"

Mr. Dawes also frankly admits, what is a vital concession to free trade, that tariff-taxes can only be levied on the ground of Revenue. "*On whatever principle these laws are framed, the necessities of the public revenue must be their limit. Beyond this it cannot go.*" Prohibitory tariff-taxes, therefore, that yield no revenue because

they shut out the goods on which they are laid, and our tariff to-day is full of such imposts, must be unconstitutional with Mr. Dawes, as well as monstrously unjust with his neighbors. Moreover, when even the taxes that yield revenue yield more than is needed, they must be reduced, argues the Senator. I should think so. He would call that a lightening of the public burdens probably; and I certainly should. But Mr. Randall, an alleged democrat, calls such reduction "an attack upon the industry of the people." "*Sometime we can cut to the quick and draw blood.*"

Apparently the senior Senator of Massachusetts, although his speech of July indicates points of progress and even of emancipation, never quietly analysed a case in foreign trade, and saw, what any man will see who does that, that his protectionism is forbidding his fellow-citizens by law to sell their own products in profitable markets. Buying and selling whether at home or abroad is nothing but exchanging one commodity for another for the mutual advantage of the respective owners. Unless both are benefitted by the exchange, it will never take place. Free trade does not compel anybody to trade, does not even recommend anybody to trade in any particular way or with any particular parties, it is merely a negative opportunity or right, it permits anybody to sell his product against another if he find it for his advantage. To forbid anybody this privilege by law, is not only to destroy a certain gain to two parties, but also to annihilate an indisputable right belonging to two persons. No harm can by any possibility come to anybody through the freest possible exercise of this inalienable right; and he is a slave in spirit and effect, who tolerates his neighbors in forbidding him to sell his product in the best market and to take his pay back freely. Selling and buying are two halves of one sphere. If a man sells, he must take his pay, and that is buying; if a man buys, he must pay for what he buys, and that is selling. Any law against buying is a law against selling to precisely the same extent. If the American people *will* not buy of foreigners, they *can* not sell to them, because there is no buying without selling, and no selling without buying. Each nation pays for its imports by its exports, and there is a natural gain for both, or neither commodity would stir from its native haunts; the more imports the more exports to pay for them, the more gains, the more progress, the more independence on both sides;

for there is nothing *dependent* in buying and selling, and Mr. Dawes is enslaved in a figure of speech wholly inapplicable, he belittles language and slanders commerce when he talks about "*surrendering markets*." A market for products is products in market.

The United States have had absolute free trade as between themselves for a century, and they like it very much. They will soon have absolute free trade as between themselves and the rest of the world, and they will like it very much for precisely the same reasons.

The time is over-ripe in this fair land for Freedom of Trade, and every index-finger of the present is pointing towards it as a near achievement of the future. Scores of thousands of our fellow-citizens are crossing the Atlantic this season for business or pleasure, every individual of them going and coming under a foreign flag, because protectionism has driven every American steamer from the Atlantic ocean, and under that wretched narrowness and selfish greed it is impossible to build ocean-going ships, and illegal to buy them! Our country bathes in two oceans, is placed in the midst between the great Continents, is naturally a ship-building and ship-navigating and freight-carrying country, but because our people are way behind their opportunities and belie their boasted liberties, they are at the close of their first century at the tail-end of the nations in all that constitutes a maritime and merchant Republic. They are about to enter their second century of organized national existence the worst-taxed country in Christendom, and tamely submitting to restrictions on their industrial enterprise and commercial opportunity, such as no European country worthy of the name would tolerate for a week.

The summer's only inspiring news of a broad and international character is the undeveloped hint of a concession from China to a syndicate of American capitalists, empowering them to build railroads and establish telegraphs and set up circuits for telephones, and introduce something of the spirit and methods of the West, in and into the Flowery Kingdom. Let us hope, that, in serving others we may learn to free ourselves; in breaking down the walls of conservative China we may have the spirit to throw down the barriers that slavishly enclose a potentially great people.

ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY.

*Williams College, September, 1887.*

**"A CURIOUS CHAPTER IN VERMONT HISTORY."****THE OTHER SIDE.**

By J. M. FRENCH, M.D.

UNDER the above heading, a writer in the Jan., '87, number of *The Magazine of American History*, dating his communication at Ottawa, Canada, charges that certain of the leading men of Vermont, previous to its admission to the Union, were so far wanting in loyalty to the cause of American liberty, that they entered "into an intrigue, the object of which was a return to British allegiance." "The word 'intrigue,' " he further continues, "is used because the movement was so far from being an open one, that it was secretly conducted by a few, without the knowledge and against the desires of the many who were interested." He adds, "If, since that time these actors in the extraordinary movement have been idealized for loyalty, it shows, perhaps, how charitably history has dealt with them."

Documentary evidence is adduced in support of the charge. "In the Canadian archives at Ottawa," he says, "are hundreds of old quill-written manuscripts, yellowed with time, which afford ample proof of Vermont's narrow escape from becoming a British province." He then proceeds to give quotations from these manuscripts, showing that when Congress had refused to recognize the independence of Vermont, and had rejected her application to become a member of the sisterhood of States, Ethan and Ira Allen, Governor Thomas Chittenden, and some few others, entered into negotiations with General Haldimand, the Governor of Canada and commander of the British forces on the northern frontier, through the medium of Captain Justus Sherwood and others, looking to the establishment of Vermont as a separate British province.

Allen's statement of what he might be willing to do, is given in Sherwood's own words: "*Should he have any proposals to make to General Haldimand hereafter*, they would be nearly as follows: He will expect to command his own forces. Vermont must be a government separate from and independent of any other province in America; must choose their own officers and civil representa-

tives; be entitled to all the privileges of the other States offered by the King's Commissioners; and the New Hampshire Grants as chartered by Benning Wentworth, Governor of New Hampshire, must be confirmed free from any patents or claims from New York or other provinces. . . . *If, however, Congress should grant Vermont a seat in that Assembly as a separate State, then this negotiation to be at an end and to be kept secret on both sides.*" The italics in this article are my own.

Various extracts from the correspondence follow, all tending in the same line. The concluding paragraph of the article is as follows:—

"I must, however briefly conclude the result of my examination of these old manuscripts. They show that subsequent to these events Governor Chittenden carefully broached the subject of a return to British allegiance in a meeting of the Assembly, which had in the meantime been elected. He was rebuked for his presumption in having any negotiations with General Haldimand, and Messrs. Jones, Wells, Knowlton and Beadle lost their seats. So far as the authorities in Canada were concerned, they came at last to recognize that Vermont was endeavoring to carry its cause with Congress at the same time that its governor and the Allens were keeping the door of Union open towards Canada. Nothing ever came of these negotiations, although they extended over a period of two or three years; *but the fact of their existence, so long concealed, is of interest to the world, and forms a page of history worth preserving.*"

Having thus considered the charges from a Canadian point of view, let us now examine the facts from a Vermonter's standpoint. It is not claimed that the documents are other than genuine. It is not denied that such negotiations actually took place. On the other hand it is both admitted and avowed that all these events and many others of like tenor, not only actually occurred, but are well known to every student of Vermont history, and have been so for a hundred years. The musty records bring to light no new facts of importance. The story in substance has been taught in her schools for years, and every son of Vermont recalls it with pride and not with shame, as a proof of the diplomacy and statesmanship as well as the patriotism of her first governor, Thomas Chittenden, and her trusted leaders, Ethan and Ira Allen.

Says Zadock Thompson, in his admirable "History of Vermont," "From the commencement of hostilities at Lexington, no people



in America had espoused the cause of liberty and of their country with greater alacrity, or sustained it with more spirit and resolution, than the people of Vermont. Yet, after all their efforts and sacrifices in the common cause, they had the mortification to find themselves denied a just participation of the blessings which they had labored to secure. Their claims to independence were not acknowledged by Congress; the dismemberment of their territory and the annihilation of their sovereignty were threatened by the intrigues and the unjust claims of the neighboring states, and, to crown the whole, they were now abandoned by the power which ought to protect them, and left to contend single-handed with the common enemy.

"But notwithstanding their attachment to the cause of their country, the people of Vermont could not fail to perceive that every step which they took to support it, only rendered their own condition more hopeless. They could hardly wish to lend their aid for the purpose of bringing the struggle with a foreign enemy to a successful termination, when they perceived that by such an event, they should be subjected to the domination of a more detestable enemy at home. In this state of things, Vermont wisely consulted her own safety; and by the negotiation with the enemy in Canada, in which she now engaged, she was so fortunate as to secure it."

He then gives extracts from two letters written by Colonel Beverly Robinson, an officer in His Majesty's service, to Ethan Allen, one dated March 30, 1780, and the other February 2, 1781, both containing proposals for a return of Vermont to her allegiance to Great Britain. No answer was returned by Allen to either of these letters. On the contrary, by the advice of Chittenden and other friends, they were enclosed in a letter to Congress, informing them of all the circumstances. He then proceeded to justify the claim of Vermont to independence, and declared his own determination to do everything in his power to establish it.

"I am confident," said he, "that Congress will not dispute my sincere attachment to the cause of my country, though I do not hesitate to say, I am fully grounded in opinion, that Vermont has an indubitable right to agree on terms of a cessation of hostilities with Great Britain, provided the United States persist in rejecting her application for an union with them. For Vermont would be, of all people, most miserable, were she obliged to defend the independence of the United claiming States, and they be, at the same time, at full liberty to overturn and ruin the independence of Vermont."

The reasons for the diplomatic policy pursued by the leaders of Vermont, are still more evident when we remember that a British army of ten thousand men was thus kept idle on her defenceless northern frontier, and that it was only by this policy that the state was saved from an invasion which it was powerless to repel, and which would have devastated not only Vermont, but also the whole of New England—Washington being employed at the south—and thus have crushed the hopes of freedom. Such were the circumstances under which these negotiations were carried on: “and whether correct or not,” says Thompson, “they always justified themselves on the ground of self-preservation. That these negotiations served not only to protect Vermont, but the United States from invasion by a powerful British army for a period of about three years, is undoubted; and it is perhaps equally true that by concealing the true object of these negotiations from the people of the United States, New York was prevented from pressing her claims at that period to the territory of Vermont, and Congress from lending its aid to enforce those claims.”

Should any further proof be needed that these men of Vermont were true patriots, that in the measures which they pursued they were actuated by a love of the cause of American independence, and that none of them ever seriously entertained the idea of a union with Great Britain, it may be found in hundreds of other “old quill-written manuscripts” preserved in the archives of Vermont at Montpelier, and of which the following, which is the commission furnished to Allen on his first visit to Quebec, may be taken as a sample:—

“*State of Vermont, June, 1781.*”

“Whereas Col. Ira Allen has been with a Flag to the Province of Quebec for the purpose of settling a cartel or Exchange of Prisoners, *and has used his best Policy by Feigning or Endeavoring to make them believe that the State of Vermont had a Desire to Negotiate a Treaty of Peace with Brittain—thereby to prevent their Immediate Invasion or Incursion upon the Frontiers of this State . . . . .* we are of the opinion that the critical circumstances this State is in, being out of union with the United States, and thereby unable to make that Vigorous Defence we could wish for—think it to be a necessary Political manœuver to save the Frontiers of this State.

James Fay,	Tho's. Chittenden,
Sam'l Safford,	Moses Robinson,
Sam'l Robinson,	Tim'y Brownson,
Joseph Fay,	John Fasset.



**JOHN M. CORSE.**

BY CHARLES E. HURD.

JOHN MURRAY CORSE, the present postmaster of the city of Boston, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 27, 1835. He had little opportunity of knowing much about his birth place, however, for while he was yet a babe in arms his parents removed to St. Louis, and later, when he was five years old, to Burlington, Iowa. At that time, 1840, Burlington was the capital of the State, and although it had been laid out only six years before, it already gave promise of future importance and prosperity. Its early settlers were largely Eastern people who carried the educational idea with them, and it is fair to suppose that the schools they established were as well equipped and conducted as those of any of the larger and older towns of the West. Young Corse made the best use of his opportunities, and at the age of eighteen graduated from the Burlington Academy, and found himself ready to grapple with the world. The education he had received, and the natural vigor of his mind were backed by perfect health and a splendid physique.

From a boy he had had a strong predilection for the life of a soldier, and through the influence of friends he obtained immediately after leaving school an appointment to the military academy at West Point. He entered the institution in 1853, faithfully pursuing his studies and acquiring that knowledge of military science which enabled him to perform magnificent service for the country a few years later.

For some reason or other the views of the young cadet as to an army career seem to have undergone a sudden change, for immediately after his graduation he resigned his appointment and entered the Albany Law School. At the close of his course he returned to Iowa, and opened an office in Burlington. It was in the year before the Civil War, and the great political caldron of the country was seething with the passions which were soon to make it overflow. Young Corse was a politician, but a politician

of that class which places always country before party. His character and abilities attracted the attention of the leading Democrats of the State, and in the State campaign of 1860 he was nominated for Secretary of State on the Stephen A. Douglas ticket.

When the war came it found him ready. He offered his services under the first call for volunteers, and was commissioned major of the Sixth Iowa Infantry. In that capacity he went through the Fremont and Southwestern Missouri campaigns. Later he was detached and appointed judge advocate and inspector-general on the staff of General Pope, who was then in command of the so-called "Army of the Mississippi." In this capacity he was with Pope during the campaign against Island No. 10 and New Madrid, and until after the battle of Shiloh.

That kind of duty, however, was distasteful to him. He longed for active service, and very opportunely a request came from General Sherman for him to rejoin his regiment as its lieutenant-colonel. He obeyed at once, and took immediate part in the campaign of May, 1862, against Corinth and Memphis, at the close of which he was promoted to a colonelcy. At Vicksburg and Jackson the Sixth Iowa did splendid service, and for gallant conduct at the siege of Jackson its commander was commissioned brigadier-general and placed in charge of the Fourth Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps.

Then came the Chattanooga and Knoxville campaign in the fall of 1863, in which General Corse especially distinguished himself. Sherman, in his personal memoirs, says that at one time, in a desperate emergency, General Corse led his division twenty-six miles on the double-quick, and blocked what might have been a serious movement on the part of the Confederates between Memphis and Corinth. At Missionary Ridge, one of the hottest actions of the war, General Corse led the right centre of Sherman's army in the grand assault upon the enemy's position, and was struck by a shell, which broke his leg and temporarily disabled him. As soon as he was able to move about again he returned to the field, and after a short service as inspector-general on the staff of General Sherman, he was appointed to the command of a division in the Sixteenth Army Corps under General Logan.

In the Atlanta campaign occurred the famous occupation and

defence of Allatoona which has been made the subject of song and story. Sherman was after Hood, and had made Allatoona one of his points of supplies. More than three million rations were stored in the warehouses at the railroad station, and the place was held by a small garrison of three or four hundred men. News was brought to Sherman that the rebel General Hood was on his way to seize these stores, and he at once ordered General Corse, who was at Rome, some forty miles away, to reinforce the garrison as soon as possible with all his available men. Starting immediately General Corse entered Allatoona just in time to prepare for its defence against a force of five or six thousand men.

The notes which passed between the commanders of the two forces after the place was surrounded, are worth quoting. General Corse's force consisted of 1,940 men, occupying two small redoubts on a ridge back of the village, one on each side of a deep railway cut, and commanding the storehouses. As soon as the Confederates had taken their position the following communication was sent in by flag of truce:

Around Allatoona, Oct. 5, 1864.

*Commanding Officer United States Forces, Allatoona:*

I have placed the forces under my command in such positions that you are surrounded, and to avoid a needless effusion of blood I call on you to surrender your forces at once, and unconditionally. Five minutes will be allowed you to decide. Should you accede to this you will be treated in the most honorable manner, as prisoners of war.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully yours,

S. G. FRENCH,

Major Gen'l Com. Forces Confederate States.

General Corse immediately sent the following answer:

Headquarters Fourth Div. Fifteenth Corps, }  
Allatoona, Georgia, 8.30 A. M., Oct. 5, 1864. }

*Major Gen'l S. G. French, Confederate States, etc.:*

Your communication demanding surrender of my command I acknowledge receipt of, and respectfully reply that we are prepared for the "needless effusion of blood" whenever it is agreeable to you.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN M. CORSE,

Brigadier Gen'l Commanding Forces United States.

A terrific attack followed from front, flank and rear, which continued, with short intermissions, for five hours, when French withdrew with a loss of over a thousand men. The loss of the defenders was comparatively more severe; 35 officers and 672 men were killed, wounded or missing. General Corse was struck in the face by a bullet, but held to his post, and the next day sent this characteristic dispatch to Captain Dayton, of Sherman's staff:

*Capt. S. M. Dayton :*

I am short a cheek bone and an ear, but am able to whip all h—l yet!

JOHN M. CORSE,  
Brigadier General.

General Sherman deemed this defence of Allatoona so important that he made it the subject of a general order, thanking General Corse and his associates, and making it "an example to illustrate the importance of preparing in time, and meeting the danger when present, boldly, manfully and well." In his "Memoirs" General Sherman tells the story of his watching by the side of the signal officer on Kenesaw Mountain for news from Allatoona, uncertain whether the reinforcements, had reached there in time. From the first gleam of daylight he had watched anxiously for some signal from the imperilled town, and when at last the sun telegraph flashed the message, "Corse is here," it was, he says, "a source of great relief." The dispatch, "Hold the fort!" was telegraphed immediately back. "He will hold it; I know the man," remarked Sherman; and he did.

For this important service General Corse was brevetted major-general. In the famous march to the sea and in the subsequent campaign through the Carolinas he led his division, and was actively engaged in all the movements of Sherman's army from Atlanta to the last fight of the war south of the Potomac at Bentonville, North Carolina, March 19, 1865.

At the close of the war General Corse was assigned to the command of the Department of the Northwest, which comprised Minnesota, Wisconsin, Montana and Dakota, with headquarters at St. Paul, and later was offered a lieutenant-colonelcy in the regular army, which he declined. In 1866 he resigned his commission and settled in Chicago, where he became interested in railroad affairs,

and in 1867 he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue. Two years later, his term of service having expired, he went abroad where he spent four years. In 1881 he removed from Chicago to Boston, where he could more conveniently attend to the railroad enterprises in which he was interested. In the same year he became and still is Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of the State. October 8, 1886, he was appointed postmaster of the city of Boston by President Cleveland, to succeed Hon. E. S. Tobey. It was an appointment made solely upon its merits, and was unsolicited and unexpected by General Corse. Since his occupancy of the position he has shown a determination to conduct its duties with impartiality and thoroughness, uninfluenced and unmoved by the pressure of personal or party friends. He has been quick to note the growing demands of the department, and prompt in his measures to properly meet them. The business men and residents of Boston have never been better served than since his appointment.

General Corse is a man of strong personal characteristics. He holds decided opinions, and yet is always willing to be convinced. His habits are social, and among his friends and acquaintances he is one of the most genial of men. Above all, he is a business man, and in dealing with practical, hard facts he is at home. During his residence in Boston he has made hosts of friends, who are by no means confined to one party. General Corse has been twice married; the last time in 1882, to a New England lady, the niece of the late ex-president Franklin Pierce. Since his marriage he has resided near Boston, in the beautiful suburban village of Winchester.

**GRANDPA WEST'S STORY.**

BY LIZZIE M. WHITTLESEY.

"So it seems Fred Hayes has finally jilted Fanny Howe," said Grandpa West, one rainy morning, as he stood shaking off the drops from his great-coat on our kitchen stove.

"Yes," replied I, as I filled a pan with apples and prepared to cut them, "and more shame to him, too. Brought her clear up to an engagement, and then left town with another girl, and without one word to Fan."

"Shame!" repeated good Grandpa West, with an indignant flash from eyes blue and clear as at twenty-one. "It's a disgrace to any Christian church to let one of its members go on so. Time was when he would n't have gone scot-free as he has now."

"But what could have been done?" I inquired.

"Done? He'd have had the full broadside of church discipline on his shoulders fifty years ago. He ought to be dealt with as Harmon Page was," concluded grandpa, meditatively.

"How was that?" inquired I, interested at once.

"I wonder if you never heard that story!" said he, with a curious glance I understood better afterwards. "See here; it's a rainy day, and mother won't be expecting me home. Hand over a knife, and I'll help you with your apples and tell that yarn at the same time."

Well pleased with the plan, I took another pan, and our fingers flew as grandpa went on with the true and authentic history of Harmon Page.

"You see," he began, "all this happened fifty years ago, and Amityville was n't then the slow-going, dull little place it is now. It was comparatively new, and was as lively and enterprising as the new places of the West are to-day. There were a good many old aristocratic families, though, and I tell ye they held their heads high. The very meetin'-house slips had to be gauged accordin' to the rank of the buyer, and I tell you old Deacon Avery would never have got the scowl out of his forehead if 'Squire Page had happened to had a seat in front of his.

"Deacon Avery had a daughter — a quiet, gentle girl, with a slight, graceful figure, and a face — well, you don't see such faces now'days; a clear, fine complexion, with a delicate pink trembling up into her cheeks, when she was spoken to. Her eyes were great limpid wells, changing with every thought, and her hair was a soft chestnut brown, waving about her face in its own wayward style.

"She was a lovely girl, became a professor young, and was always to be seen in the end of the deacon's pew every Sunday, rain or shine. She'd never had much company, for there was a kind of dignified reserve about her that kept the fellows at a distance. But when she was long 'bout eighteen or twenty, Harmon Page began to go with her.

"He was a handsome, high-spirited chap, lively and full of talk, and as different from Mercy Avery as two persons could well be. But they loved each other; there's no doubt about that. Many's the time I've seen her grand eyes sparkle, and pretty cheeks flush, at Harmon's witty speeches, till she was really brilliant. And he, with all his proud spirit, always grew strangely gentle with Mercy.

"So, in spite of the rivalry that had always existed between the two families, no one would have disturbed the two, had it not been for Virginia Wake. She was a cousin of Colonel Ford's first wife, and came there visitin' from the South.

"Virginia was called a handsome girl, with her brunette face, flashing black eyes, and heavy black curls, she was never tired of jingling around her neck. She had a good deal, too, of what you call 'style,' and Amityville folks who did n't know as much of the ways of the world as they do now were completely fascinated with her taking ways. The young fellows in particular hovered around her like moths around a candle.

"All except Harmon Page. He had engaged himself to Mercy, and at first gave the new-comer the go-by. The Pages and Fords had a family feud of a good many years' standing, which kept them apart for one thing, and Virginia had plenty of company besides Harmon.

"But I suppose Harmon's indifference piqued the girl, and she snubbed the other boys, and exerted all her charms on Harmon.

"She came in the fall, and along about Christmas time, the neighbors began to notice that Virginia was mighty thick at the Pages.



"The two houses were pretty near together, and she used to run over to mother Page's on some excuse or other twenty times a day. Perhaps 'twa'n't strange that Harmon began to be flattered by it. He had as good a turn-out as any chap in the place, and he got in the habit of taking Virginia considerable.

"You see position's everything in more cases than one, and Virginia was right there handy; while Mercy lived at the top of one of our old-fashioned Connecticut hills, with a dreadful hard road leading to it.

"Whether she knew how much Harmon was taking the other girl was n't known; some thought not. She did n't get out much except to meetin' that winter, and she had enough of her father's spunk about her, not to let on that she saw Harmon foolin' with Virginia Wake at the noonin's.

"There was splendid sleighing that season; the kind we don't have these days, and some of the young folks wanted to have a general sleigh-ride. It was put off from time to time, till 't was finally set for one Thursday night.

"It was the night of the regular weekly prayer-meeting; and, after the time of the ride was all settled, Harmon, who was the only professor in the party, tried a little to have it changed. But Virginia Wake declared, with a wicked shake of those jingling curls, that she could say her prayers just as well in a sleigh as she could cooped up in that stupid barn of a meeting-house.

"Everybody thought afterwards she fixed the ride for that night, to show Mercy Avery the power she had over Harmon Page.

"Well, the party started from Amityville long about five o'clock. They were all in a big two-horse load, except Virginia and Harmon.

"She had arranged for them to go ahead in his cutter alone, and I'll admit they was a splendid looking couple—he, with his fine eyes and teeth, and she, in a rich crimson hood that set off her dark beauty to perfection.

"Our route—for I was one of the party—lay straight up the hill toward Deacon Avery's. Just as we turned into it, who should we meet but the Deacon and Mercy.

"They were late, for the meeting was alus appointed for early candle lighting; but Mercy had probably waited awhile for Harmon, who, for a year back, had taken her to Thursday meetin' as regular as the day came round.



"She sat up, straight and queenly, beside her father as they passed, and seemed not to hear the malicious sally Virginia called out to her.

"We, in the back team, were near enough to catch the scornful glance she threw from those deep eyes, gray as steel that night.

"As for Harmon, he turned white to the lips, and for a mile hardly answered the banter that Virginia kept up. After that he seemed to grow perfectly reckless, laughed and joked louder than any of the rest, and was so careless that he drove on a stone wall; and we, following, were all upset in a heap together, and had hard work to get tied up so as to make our way home toward morning, more dead than alive.

"It was a sorry day for Harmon Page. He was waited upon by a church committee, headed by Deacon Avery, who denounced his whole conduct toward Mercy as unchristian and highly inconsistent in a church member.

"He did n't have much to say for himself, and they churched him on the spot. He was pretty down in the mouth, but kept up some hope, till he saw Mercy Avery.

"He had refused to see Virginia Wake, and that night he went up the familiar hill to Deacon Avery's stone house.

"Mercy herself came to the door, calm and self-possessed as if nothing had happened, and showed him into the sitting-room. There was a certain steady light in her gray eyes, though, that made Harmon tremble, and, without beating about the bush a bit, he came right to the point, and asked if all might be forgiven and forgotten, and they become as good friends as before. He worked himself into a passion, cried, and took on like a child, they said.

"But law, it did n't move her an atom. She had the genuine old Avery grit, if she was mild-mannered, and she told him that, as long as the church had put him out, she, of course, could n't in conscience take him back.

"He pleaded and entreated till ten o'clock at night, a late hour in them days, but it did n't make a mite of difference. She would n't overlook what the church had considered a gross breach of faith. He went out a crushed man, and from that time his spirit seemed to leave him utterly."

"But what about Virginia Wake?" I interrupted, unconsciously cutting my finger in my eager interest.

"Oh, after the girl had done all the mischief possible, public

opinion toward her changed 'mazin' quick, and she left town in a few days, and was never heard from in these parts again."

"And Harmon Page; what became of him?"

"He never got over the shock. He became silent and melancholy, and finally had to be taken to the Retreat. He grew worse, and the sight of a handsome woman with red cheeks and black curls would always throw him into his most violent tantrums. He died in the Asylum at last."

"Now, I think that was real mean," said I, wrathfully winding cotton around my bleeding thumb. "If Mercy Avery hadn't turned him off, his life might not have ended so sadly. I think she ought to have taken him back."

"Ah, ha!" said Grandpa West, quizzically; "do you mean that?"

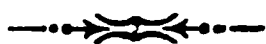
"Certainly," said I, with dignity, "why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "only if she had, Harmon Page would have been your grandfather instead of me."

"My grandfather, — why then," said I, in some confusion, "Mercy Avery must be —"

"Mercy West, your grandmother," said grandpa, chuckling me under my chin. "Confess now that 'all's well that ends well.'"

"I suppose so," said I, reluctantly.



## AN OLD NEW ENGLAND HOME.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

ALONE it stands, so old and bare and gray,  
 Its one huge chimney looming toward the sky;  
 Lost in great elms that stretch their arms away  
 Up toward the heavens; round about it lie  
 Brown, bleak, deserted fields, where wheeling fly  
 Sad wrens and swallows with a wistful call.  
 In storm and sunshine, through the seasons all,  
 It stands, a dream of times now long gone by.  
 But it is honored; under its mossed roof  
 Hearts beat to action — gave the nation might  
 At Bunker's Hill and Gettysburg, where pent  
 Were Freedom's hosts, while Europe stood aloof.  
 O ye may pile your marbles dazzling white —  
 This is far holier, grander monument!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE subject of convict labor has grown greatly in interest of late by reason of the fresh collection of statistics, with which, as an industrial and reform question at once, it has been illustrated. Colonel Carroll D. Wright, the present head of the bureau of labor statistics established by Congress, discovers that the total number of prisoners in penal institutions in this country is 64,349, of whom 45,277 are employed in productive labor, 15,100 are engaged in prison duties, and 3,972 are sick or idle. These 45,077 employed convicts turned out an aggregate of goods valued at \$28,753,999, showing that a convict's labor, compared with the ratio of production the country over, is worth a trifle more than three-quarters of what the labor of a free man is worth, or 78 per cent. One-third and more of the entire total of the product of the boot and shoe industry is made in the prisons; while the production of clothing, which is chiefly used in the prisons themselves, is about one-fifteenth of the whole production of the country.

The work done in prisons is only one-half of 1 per cent of the entire industry of the country, but it is very largely for the consumption of the product in the prisons themselves. It does not, to any material extent, come into competition with free labor. It is the contract system, employing as it does compulsory labor, which brings that form of labor into competition with free outside labor, and thus raises a question that is discussed with so much feeling. This convict labor question is a different thing from that of leasing convicts, as is done at the South, to the standing disgrace of every State that tolerates it. The contract system in our Northern prisons is one by which contractors hire a number of convicts, under the supervision of the officers of the prison, at so much a day. Less than \$1 a day is the average rate. The State is in nowise concerned in any branch of business that involves risk, and its appointed agents are not allowed to have any interest in the contracts. It has proved a success in the business view, and in all respects superior to any other yet tried.

Colonel Wright shows conclusively that the men in prisons are kept, under the contract system, more constantly employed, while the State finds it more profitable than any other. The only objections raised against it are, that the system trenches on the absolute right of free labor, and the contractors' agents are liable to obtain too strong a hold in the internal management of prisons, which are presumably instituted for reform and punitive purposes combined, rather than for

merely making money. It is admitted that in the shoe industry prison labor does come into direct competition with the interests of free labor, by the ability it gives contractors to fix the prices of commodities at their own figures, and yet it is only an equal number of outside laborers that it really competes with, and they constitute but a fraction of the whole. Nevertheless, the system as it stands, with all that is to be said against it, is a far better one than one which made the State interest itself in contracts for its prisoners, and thus mixed up reform with money-making, to the decided disadvantage of both.

After having fairly ascertained the fact, which we do, that the average income from prison labor under the contract system is about 65 per cent of the current expenses, while the percentage is only 32 under the method of a public account, the fundamental fact still remains that the correction of the criminal is the leading object of his enforced restraint. So far as that purpose goes, it is thoroughly well understood by this time that regular and sufficient mechanical employment is better for him than no work at all. Even those who object to the contract system in prisons on the ground of its invasion of their own interests, do not offer to dispute what has been so well proved. Until something better, therefore, than the contract system can be devised for the needed employment of prisoners, it will have to be retained as coming nearer to all the requirements of the case than any other. While, in relation to the question it continually raises, it may not be best to let well enough alone, it is certain that it will never answer to let it wholly go until something has been found that is demonstrably an improvement on it.

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ON her way across the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York, in the earlier part of the summer, the great Cunard Steamship *Umbria* met a tidal wave in mid-ocean, that opens an entirely new experience in ocean navigation. It was a little before five o'clock in the morning; the seas were heavy, the clouds were banked and unilluminated by any moon, and a strong head wind blowing dead in the ship's teeth. The sudden cry of the lookout, "Forward on the Port Bow," drew the attention of those stationed on the bridge to that quarter. Two or three ship-lengths away could be seen an approaching mass of water that appalled the stoutest hearts. Ringing the telegraph instrument from the bridge to the engine-room, they instantly clutched the stoutest stanchions of the bridge and waited breathlessly for the blow. Almost in the same moment an immense body of water came down with crushing effect upon the ship's port bow, that aroused every soul on board, and all but precipitated a general panic. The *Umbria* had met a tidal wave, and had withstood its super-human force in the noblest manner. It was an experience to be remembered as long as one should live.

There was a deluging rush of water down the forward hatch, but no serious damage was done. The cross-railings of the bridge, however, were twisted up for the distance of a dozen feet from the port end of the bridge ; a distance of not less than fifty feet above the sea, the port light was torn from its fastenings as if the fingers of giants had plucked it from its place. The white light attached to the foremast was gone, and an upright iron stanchion, as stout as a section of railroad rail, that supported the whale-back under which some of the firemen sleep, was twisted until it was turned into the form of a knee-joint. Tons of water were poured down the open hatchway, carrying along the splintered house and companion-ways over the steerage apartments. The monster vessel, that was plunging slightly at the time this mountain wave caught her, trembled at the tremendous blow thus delivered upon her, from stem to stern. There had been no warning whatever of the coming of the marine monster. The only explanation of it is that it was probably the gathering of an enormous wave, caused by the strong westerly gale forcing the waters eastward, and a sudden piling up of the waters with the turn of the tide.

In mid-ocean, this extra height of the waters meant a distance of sixty or seventy feet above the lower level of the trough between the waves. The wave came head on, and the vessel took the whole shock in the same way. The experience is pronounced to be without a known precedent in transatlantic travel. The blow was sufficient to crush in the ship's sides like an egg-shell. Yet there was not a single life lost, which is a marvel indeed. The *Umbria* at the time was about fifteen hundred miles out in mid-ocean. The wave, when first seen, looked like a wall of water fifty feet high and a thousand feet long, rolling over from the top and coming on at a rapid pace. The third officer of the ship said he had been around the Horn and off the Cape of Good Hope, and seen tidal-waves in the Indian Ocean, but he had never seen anything like that, and right in the Atlantic Ocean, too. The waves that preceded it and followed it were not more heavy than they had been encountering all along, but this one was overpowering. The sailors who took the brunt of the watery invasion declare that they never experienced anything like it before, and never want to again.

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REFERRING to the suggestions of a foreign writer that the industrial activity of the greater part of this century has been devoted to equipping fully the civilized countries of the world with economic tools, and that the work of the future, in this same sphere, must necessarily be that of repair and replacements rather than of new constructions, Mr. David N. Wells, in the series of articles he is writing for the *Popular Science Monthly* on the economic disturbances since 1873, says that a

still more important inference from this idea, and one that fully harmonizes with and rationally explains the phenomena of the existing situation, is that, the equipment having at last been made ready, the work of using it for production has in turn begun, and has been prosecuted so efficiently that the world has within recent years, and for the first time, become saturated—so to speak—under existing conditions for use and consumption, with the results of these modern improvements. And it is agreed among intelligent and capable investigators that the depression of industry during recent years has been felt with the greatest severity in those countries where machinery has been most largely adopted.

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AN ingenious barometer has been invented by M. Jarvis, the director of the French Aeronautical Society, as also of some of the proposed aerial adventures of the Society. The object of these experiments is stated to be to obtain a better knowledge of the atmosphere and the laws that regulate and govern its movements. Commenting on these repeated experiments and the applied inventions which grew out of them, a leading journal observes with truth that there can be no doubt that future progress in meteorology and in weather prediction must depend largely upon new and instrumental methods of ascertaining the movements and changes going on in the upper regions of the atmosphere. The sounding of the heights of the aerial ocean will be like the deep-sea soundings, which instantly shed a new light on many mysteries that were unfathomed before. The balloon, says the contemporary quoted, if it could be economically and safely used for sounding the upper strata of the air, would serve the same purpose in weather study which modern deep-sea sounding apparatus has served in ocean researches.

By obtaining a wider and more accurate knowledge of the upper regions of the atmosphere, science would doubtless be able to construct more exact theories of the origin and the translation of storms, and thus greatly conduce to the accuracy of and timeliness of weather forecasts and storm warnings. The difficulties to be encountered in the use of the balloon, such as the peril, the cast, and the uncertainty in all weather, may perhaps all be removed by the invention of captive balloons, which could be sent up at any point in all weather, having self-registering instruments capable of recording the main conditions of the higher air strata, such, for instance, as the humidity, the temperature, the pressure, and the wind force. The suggestion is a timely one, and seems fully as valuable as it should be practical.

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EVERY eleventh year, if we are to confide in a certain class of meteorologists and astronomers, we have an excessively hot summer



season. It made us a visit this last year, as it likewise made one in 1876, and has not done in the interim. That it was hot, and continuously so, last summer, everybody is quite ready to testify. Humanity had about all it could endure and call it living. Vegetation fairly jumped to maturity and the condition of production. After June, there was an unintermittent term of heat, with scarcely any relenting. The aged and very young folks naturally succumbed first. Sunstroke was an every-day occurrence, particularly in the heated furnaces of the city streets. Therefore, the experience of the last summer is to be turned in as corroborative testimony to the eleventh-year prophets. For the last two times, at least, they have hit the nail on the head. The electric displays that have been the natural accompaniments of this extreme elevation of temperature were of a truly sublime, as likewise of a destructive, character. As a whole, the season made a record not easily to be obliterated.

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A SUGGESTION has been theoretically stated by a leading economic paper, that, as the increase in agricultural production in this country has been much smaller than the increase in population, it will not be many years before the outlook will be an alarming one. The population of the country on the 1st of July, 1887, is estimated at over 61,676,000, or an increase of more than 22 per cent. since 1880. The increase in agricultural production is shown to be much smaller. The last year's wheat crop, which was larger than the one now reaching the consumers, yielded 457,218,000 bushels, while the yield of 1879 was 459,483,137 bushels. The corn crop, likewise, shows a falling off, instead of a gain. Last year's crop was 1,665,410,000 bushels, while the crop of 1850 was 1,754,591,676. Oats show an increase of more than 50 per cent. over 1850. In the past seven years, the number of cows in the country has increased about 17 per cent. In 1880 there were 12,443,120, and at the beginning of the present year there were 24,522,683. But this is to be compared with the 22 per cent. increase of population, and it shows a lessened supply per capita since 1880.

In January last, however, the number of cattle, other than milch cows, was 33,511,750, against 23,482,391 in 1880,—which was a decided gain in percentage over that of the population. On the other hand, the number of hogs packed during the season of 1886-87 was 12,083,012, against 12,243,354 during the season of 1880-81. This decrease may be due in part to the unfriendly action of foreign governments respecting the importation of American pork, and in part to the large increase of the beef supply, by reason of the development of the foreign trade in live cattle and refrigerator beef. It may be definitely stated that the consumption of beef is increasing in this country, while the consumption

of pork products is decreasing. The cotton crop, as the last gathered crop shows, is not an increasing one, although the indications are that the crop of this year will be the largest one ever produced in the country. It is regarded as surprising that agricultural production does not show an increase commensurate with the rapid extension of the railway system, that continually opens new country to cultivation in the far West.

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THE Concord School of Philosophy ended its session for the current summer on the 29th of July, Professor Harris making the parting address to the members. It was on the subject of Ontology. The theme of the session was "Aristotle," whose mind and teachings were treated in a variety of ways in papers read by some of the best speculative minds of the country. It may be fairly said that the discussions this season have come nearer to the popular comprehension than ever before. They certainly have served to elucidate and impress certain broad truths and underlying principles, which need to be better apprehended by the general mind, and assimilated by the general character. Aristotle taught many things from the profoundest knowledge of them in their nameless relations. Human knowledge has become marvelously extended since his time, but the principles he laid down with such precision, and expounded with such clearness, he knew to be clothed with a life that would engage men in their study and promulgation to the latest generations.

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THE rapid increase of the work of destruction done by fire in this country is engaging the attention of the insurance companies to the extent of extorting from their managers the declaration that the business of insurance must stop altogether unless a stop is reached in the march of conflagration. The day is gone by for lamenting the burning up of everything held sacred that is reckoned combustible. The sentiment of the matter was surrendered long ago. It is now only a question of mere property valuation. The hundred millions of aggregate losses per year have grown to one hundred and ten, and then to one hundred and twenty millions, with a strong upward tendency. Where it is to end nobody can say. The insurance companies themselves are at last in a half-panic over it. It seems as if everything that fire can destroy, is doomed to be consumed by the greedy element. Nothing appears to escape its ravages. If fire was a general purifier, too, while it went on destroying, there would then be at least one compensating consideration in the case.

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AT a recent meeting of the London Liberal Radical Union, Mr. Gladstone stated that the Unionists at the last election had a majority



of only 76,000 votes in the whole kingdom, and that if the Liberals reclaimed 50,000 votes their strength in Parliament, where they are now in a minority, would become a majority of 100. He said that 15,000 votes represented 11 per cent. of the whole electorate, and that the recent local elections had given the Liberals six or seven seats already, gains that indicated a Liberal triumph if Parliament were dissolved on the next day. So far from dismembering the empire, said Mr. Gladstone, we intend to solidify it. He thought the voters were rapidly and almost unanimously arriving at the right judgment.

When autonomy is gained, said he, if Ulster desires separate revenue from the rest of Ireland, the Liberal party will not stand in the way. He thought this should be a conclusive answer to those who allege that the Liberals are not disposed to try the effect of a reunion. He considered that the by-elections indicate that the absentees in the general elections are now decidedly in favor of a policy of justice toward Ireland.

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### **HISTORICAL RECORD.**

ON the fifteenth of September, 1887, began at Philadelphia the ceremonies of the first centennial of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, being the last of the series of celebrations relating to the founding of this republic. The city was thronged with visiting associations, and public and private buildings were extensively decorated, and every provision made for entertaining guests. The first day was marked by an immense civic and industrial parade. In the procession were 12,000 men, 3,000 horses, and 150 bands of music. On the second day there was a military and naval parade, and a speech and reception by the President of the United States at the Commercial Exchange, which was attended generally by the governors and other members of the State delegations, and eminent citizens from all parts of the country. In the evening a social reception was given by the President and his wife at the Academy of Music, fully 10,000 people being in attendance.

\* \* \*

IN reference to the work now progressing on the Panama Canal, it is estimated by the *Economiste Français* that its cost so far has been \$233,162,000, on which fixed charges are \$18,594,000 annually. It asserts that the canal cannot be completed in less than six years; and, at the rate of expenditure to date, it would cost \$600,000,000, compelling the operating company to earn \$60,000,000 annually.

THE indebtedness of all the European governments is set down at a total of £4,862,611,530. The debt of France is £1,435,011,000, which is allowed to increase all the time, care being taken to pay only the interest. The national debt of Great Britain is \$748,282,411, with a yearly interest account of £23,449,678. The German Empire carries an indebtedness of £28,407,000, although that of the German States themselves amounts to £352,727,179. The debt of the United States government, less the ready means of payment, is about \$1,320,000,000, or some £260,000,000.

\* \*

THE General Society of the Cincinnati held its regular session at Newport, R. I., in the closing days of July, in the State House. A vote of condolence was passed on account of the absence of President Hamilton Fish, of New York, in consequence of the decease of Mrs. Fish. Action was likewise taken on the decease of a number of officers and delegates from the State societies. Application was received and discussed from the French Society, which lapsed during the Reign of Terror, for readmission to the Order. The members during the continuance of the session visited Butt's Hill, Portsmouth, R. I., the scene of the battle of Rhode Island, where a brief historical address was delivered by Hon. William P. Sheffield, of the Rhode Island Society. The petition of the French Society was subsequently granted. On the invitation of the Maryland Society, the next triennial session will be held in Baltimore, on the first Wednesday in May, 1890. An informal reception at the close of the session was given the members at his residence by Ex-Governor George Peabody Wetmore.

\* \*

It is asserted that the present national ensign was adopted and first unfurled to the breeze in August, 1787, and the suggestion has therefore been made to the secretary of war that he issue an order naming a day on which there shall be a general display of the stars and stripes throughout the Union, on sea and on land, in due commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the first raising of the flag. The suggestion would be a first-rate one if the historic fact underneath it were only reliable. It was on the 14th of June, 1777, that the Continental Congress adopted a vote "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation." Paul Jones claimed to have flown this flag on the *Ranger* on the day on which Congress adopted the above vote. It was first displayed at a military port at Fort Schuyler on the 3d of August, 1777, and the probability is that it made its first appearance in battle on the banks of the Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777, so that the centennial of the flag seems to have been proposed ten years too late.

THE death (it is not known where to any but the inner circle of Mormondom) of John Taylor, president of the Mormon Church, leaves the office so long and so ably filled by the late Brigham Young, temporarily without a visible and acknowledged leader. At the public obsequies at Salt Lake City, when one of Taylor's sons attempted to tell his hearers how his father had been deceived in the constitutional convention, and how he was uninformed of the anti-polygamy resolution, he was compelled to desist by the management present. William Woodruff, now President of the Twelve, is about seventy-five years of age, yet vigorous and in full possession of his faculties. He is an educated man, a forcible speaker, and is historian of the Church.

\* \*

THE Emperor of Japan has decided to establish a government printing-office at Tokio, and is anxious that the nucleus of the working force shall be composed of Americans. The Japanese minister at Washington has proposed to twenty employés in the government printing-office to go to Japan for five years at a salary of \$2,000 a year and traveling expenses both ways.

\* \*

MR. JOSEPH W. DREXEL, the New York banker, has tendered, free of expense, to the surviving Union soldiers of the late war, in perpetuity, the cottage on Mt. McGregor in which General Grant died. He made no conditions in connection with its future use, specifying only that the trustees shall consist of the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, the president of the McGregor Railway, and such other persons as Mr. Drexel may designate.

\* \*

THE Pope of Rome has addressed a letter to Cardinal Rampalla, explaining at length the principles he has followed in the government of the Church. He declares that he took upon himself the mission to reconcile the people and the government of civilized States. He concludes his references to the various countries of Europe by speaking of the necessity of fostering missions, and thus leading back to the Church her separated people.

\* \*

THE proclamation of the whole of Ireland, under the crimes act, has called forth a protest which is signed by the Earl of Granville and twenty-eight Liberal peers. It denounces the act as a source of lasting irritation, and of hatred and mistrust of the law, and declares that the measure deprives Irishmen of individual rights, and creates and stimulates the growth of secret societies.

OF the eighteen actors who played "Our American Cousin" on the night of President Lincoln's assassination in Ford's Theatre, but three are alive to-day.

\* \* \*

It is stated, by one perfectly competent to know, that the name of Daniel Webster appears upon none of the rolls of the counsellors of the United States Supreme Court, and that there is no record whatever of his admission to the bar of the court. The natural and easy explanation is offered that he was already so distinguished as a lawyer when he argued his first case in the Supreme Court that, if any one thought about it at all, it was taken for granted that he had taken the oath and signed the roll, and hence no one raised the question.

\* \* \*

THE house in Andover, Mass., in which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is said to have completed her writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was destroyed by what is believed to have been an incendiary fire, the last work of burglars, on the night of July 26. The house was a stone structure, on Chapel avenue, near the Theological Seminary. It was built fifty years ago by the trustees of Phillips Academy, and for twenty years was occupied by poor students. Of late it had been a boarding-house for theological students.

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## NECROLOGY.

REV. LEWMAS HOYT PEASE died in New Orleans, May 20, aged seventy-six years. He was born in Colebrook, Conn., June 20, 1811; graduated at Williams College in 1835; from Connecticut Theological Institute in 1838; and was ordained in Cohoes, N. Y., in 1843. Later, he traveled extensively in Europe and Asia. After his return he preached in East Hampton, Conn., and Edinburg, N. Y., until the breaking out of the Rebellion, when he entered the army as Chaplain of the Ellsworth Avengers. Since the war he has been located in New Orleans as seaman's chaplain and agent of the Seaman's Friend Society.

\* \* \*

EX-GOVERNOR CHAUNCEY FITCH CLEVELAND died at Hampton, Conn., June 6, aged eighty-eight years. He represented that town at eleven sessions of the General Assembly, and was twice elected speaker; was governor of the State in 1842 and 1843, and in 1849 he was elected to Congress, serving two terms. He was a presidential elector in 1860 and a member of the Peace Congress in 1861.

REV. WILLIAM HAGUE, D. D., a retired Baptist clergyman of Boston, died on the 1st of August at the age of seventy-nine. He suddenly dropped dead in front of Tremont Temple, apoplexy being the cause. Dr. Hague was a native of Westchester County, N. Y., and graduated at Hamilton College in 1826. He studied theology at the Newton Institution, was ordained and preached in Utica, N. Y., and was subsequently called to the pastorate of the First Church in Boston. After six years he became pastor of the First Church in Providence, R. I. Again he was called to Boston, to become the pastor of Federal Street Church. After that he held a number of pastorates subsequently in New York State, including Albany and Boston. Harvard College conferred on him the degree of D. D., and he was a trustee of Brown University. He wrote a number of books, and was at one time editorially connected with the Watchman of Boston. He was likewise a liberal contributor to the reviews and the periodical press.

\* \* \*

JOHN H. ROGERS, a well-known Boston shoe dealer, for forty-seven consecutive years in business on the corner of Tremont street and Pemberton square, having but recently changed his location, died August 1, aged seventy-eight years. He was born on Hanover street, in Boston. He was a Unitarian in his religious views, and numbered among his personal friends such men as Channing, Gannett, Emerson, Sumner, besides many of the public men of his day who belonged to the old Whig party. In the death of Mr. Rogers, Boston loses one of its most honored and esteemed representative citizens.

\* \* \*

MRS. HUBBARD, wife of the United States minister to Japan, died the past summer at Tokio, after an illness of many months.

\* \* \*

GENERAL SAMUEL JONES, born in Virginia, died at Bedford Springs August 1, at the age of sixty-seven. He was a graduate at West Point, and for six years a professor and instructor in that military academy. He was afterwards assistant to the judge advocate in Washington, D. C., but resigned to enter the Confederate service in 1861 as colonel, rising to the rank of major-general, and in 1864 commanding the department embracing South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

\* \* \*

DENIS QUINN, formerly a judge of the Supreme Court of New York, and a man of note in New York City, died at Saratoga, July 29.

\* \* \*

MICHAEL N. KATKOFF, editor of the Moscow Gazette, died July 31, aged sixty-seven. He became the editor of the Gazette in 1861, and as such wielded an influence with the Russian court and people that made

him an individual power in his native country. Before declaring himself finally for absolute government, he had been an advocate of constitutional principles. He was educated in Germany, and at one time was a professor of philosophy in the Moscow University.

\* \*

MRS. HARRIET W. HAZEWELL, widow of the late C. C. Hazewell, a well-known Boston journalist and man of letters, died at Revere, August 2, at the age of seventy years. She was a native of Boston, was a student at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, N. H., and afterwards taught school at Nantucket. She possessed cultivated literary taste, and greatly assisted her husband in his labors.

\* \*

MME. BAPTIST LYNCH, Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent for thirty-three years, died at Columbia, S. C., July 29, aged sixty-five years. She opened the first convent established in South Carolina. She was the strongest witness against General Sherman in the dispute over the burning of Columbia. The general turned over to her for a convent the famous Hampton Preston mansion, in place of the one burned by his troops, and she took possession barely in time to save it.

\* \*

JOHN HOLT, a well-known manufacturer of bunting in Lowell, Mass., died July 30, at the age of seventy-five years.

\* \*

IGNATIUS SARGENT died August 1 at Machias, Me., aged seventy-two years. He had been county treasurer for thirty-one consecutive terms, and held many important trusts.

\* \*

MR. OSCAR G. SAWYER died of sunstroke in a New York hospital July 31. He was a son of Rev. T. J. Sawyer, D. D., dean of the Tufts Divinity School. He was at one time a war correspondent of the New York Herald, and afterward established the Salt Lake Tribune, which was hostile to the Mormons. He subsequently spent several years with the naval squadrons on foreign service, especially in the China seas. At the time of his death he was employed on the New York Herald.

\* \*

MR. FRANCIS B. DE LAS CASAS died July 31 at Malden, Mass., at the age of eighty-four years. He was a native of Spain, and actively participated in advancing a constitutional government. Forced to flee his native country, he escaped to Gibraltar and embarked thence for Cuba. He became involved in the struggle for Cuban independence, and was compelled to flee again to the United States. He was received here as a public hero and a friend of liberty. He subsequently became a teacher in Williams and Amherst Colleges, in Chauncy Hall School, Boston, and at Cambridge.

HARRIS HIRSCH, familiarly called Rabbi Hirsch for years, died at Brooklyn, N. Y., July 27, aged 109 years. He was born in a Russian village on the borders of Poland, and was one of twenty-one children, of whom sixteen were boys. He was the father of a five-year-old boy when Napoleon marched to Moscow, escaping the rigid conscription by hiding for a year with his family in the woods. After peace was declared, he began the manufacture of kimmel in his native place, and accumulated a fortune. At the age of seventy-two he came to this country, resuming his business, and following it until five years ago, when he retired.

\* \*

CAPTAIN FREDERICK M. STEWART died at Farmington, Me., from a stroke of paralysis, July 28. He was one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the town. For many years he was the owner of some of the most important stage lines in Maine, was assistant quartermaster in the war for the Union, and had been sheriff of Franklin County.

\* \*

MISS MARY DUTTON died at New Haven, Conn., July 27, at the age of eighty. She was a well-known educator, having been principal of Grove Hall School, in New Haven, for young women from 1825 to 1865. She was a strong abolitionist from the first.

\* \*

ROBERT DWIGHT LIVINGSTON, a lineal descendant of Robert Livingston, who settled in this country in 1674, died in New York City July 27, at the age of sixty-two years. He was by profession a lawyer, holding the office of clerk of the Superior Court for many years. He removed to Sharon, Conn., in 1872.

\* \*

MISS JENNIE COLLINS died in Boston in July, at the age of fifty-nine. She had earned the gratitude of working women by the singleness of her devotion to their comfort and welfare. She established a woman's employment bureau in Boston several years ago, with which was associated one of the warmest public charities, sustained by her persistent exertions and the generous sympathy of many of the merchants and other citizens of Boston. She named it Boffins Bower, from one of the humorous creations of Dickens. Its annual fairs had come to be one of the regular annual events in which the wide public took a practical and strongly sympathetic interest. Miss Collins also achieved an enviable reputation as a platform speaker on behalf of her own sex.

\* \*

URIEL CROCKER died at his seashore cottage in Massachusetts in July, at the age of ninety-four years. He was the senior member of the old publishing firm of Crocker & Brewster, of Boston, whose establish-



ment was in the same building for over fifty years. Mr. Crocker was a native of Salem, and came to Boston early in life, becoming one of its most enterprising and highly respected citizens. His old partner in business, Mr. Osmyn Brewster, who is one year his junior, survives him.

\* \*

AGUSTINO DEPRETIS, the Italian premier, died at Stradella, Piedmont, his native place, July 29. He was appointed pro-dictator of Sicily by Cavour in 1861, and proclaimed the Italian constitution. He held many high offices in the new government of Italy, such as minister of marine and minister of finance; and, after a series of political changes, was intrusted by the king with the duty of forming a ministry.

\* \*

MR. RANSOM SEVERNS, once a member of the New Hampshire Legislature, and a much respected and influential citizen, died in July at Newport, N. H., at the age of seventy-six.

\* \*

REV. CHARLES A. CARTER died July 26 at East Wareham, Mass., aged seventy-seven. He was born in Leominster, Mass., and early in life entered the ministry. For over fifty years he was connected with the Providence Conference of Methodist preachers, and was stationed at nineteen different points on the Cape district in Massachusetts.

\* \*

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HODGDON died at Boothbay, Me., July 28, aged seventy-five. His distinction was that of being the original abolitionist in that locality.

\* \*

THE death of the wife of Rev. W. W. Howland is announced, which occurred at Jaffna, Ceylon. She was for forty-two years missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in that field. She was a graduate of Mt. Holyoke Seminary in 1839, and a teacher in the seminary till 1845, when she married Mr. Howland. Off her six surviving children, Rev. S. W. Howland is missionary in Ceylon; Miss Susan R. Howland is principal of a girls' boarding school there; and Rev. John Howland is missionary in Mexico; her eldest son, Rev. W. S. Howland, and his wife died recently at nearly the same time in Auburndale, Mass.

\* \*

DR. ARIEL BALLOU died at Woonsocket, R. I., July 15, at the age of eighty-two years. He had been a practitioner for fifty years in Woonsocket, was a presidential elector in 1852, for four years was grand-master of Masons, and for a number of years was either a senator or representative in the Rhode Island Legislature.



## LITERATURE AND ART.

WHATEVER view we may hold regarding the man, the life of Henry Ward Beecher is a part of our national history; and his first visit to England in a public way is a striking episode in the history of the Slaveholders' Rebellion, and was of real service to the nation. The visit described in this volume,\* the account of which occupies 120 pages, was a tour for personal advantage, and is chiefly noteworthy for the courage displayed and the success attained in overcoming the hostility entertained toward him among the best people, arising from the reports of the unfortunate Tilton complication. If his experience in this case did not show him the evil of disorderly benevolence, it probably taught him that its indulgence was dangerous; and, in consequence, he became entitled to the advantages of his more definite position, obtained by his admirable efforts, both in America and England, to recover himself. To those who desire a collection of Beecher's best discourses on some of the questions chief in human interest, this volume would be of value.

\*"A Summer in England with Henry Ward Beecher, Giving the Addresses, Lectures, and Sermons Delivered by him in Great Britain during the Summer of 1886." With photogravure portrait. By James B. Pond. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, 1887. Cloth, gilt top, 16mo. pp. 298. \$2.00. Boston. For sale by Clarke & Carruth.

\* \*

AN attractive and touching love story is a recent translation from the French of Ernest Daudet, by Laura E. Kendall.\* The action is laid chiefly in and about Paris, and the time is the last century, when France was in the throes of revolution. There is a double romance,—a gypsy girl of great beauty contending against an heiress for the possession of the hero. The story is full of incident and dramatic situations, and is, in the main, wholesome and clean. The large type, and white, unglazed paper favor weary eyes.

\*"Which? or, Between Two Women." By Ernest Daudet. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Square duodecimo. pp. 310. Morocco cloth, \$1.25; paper cover, 75 cents.

\* \*

A TIMELY and valuable pamphlet is that on the anti-rent agitation of 1839-1846, in the State of New York,\*—being number two of the "Political Economy and Public Law Series," issued by the University of Pennsylvania, and edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. It treats the subject under the heads: "The Origin of Large Estates and Leasehold Tenures," with ample reference to numerous noted estates; "The Anti-Rent Riots;" and "Legislative Enactments, Constitutional Changes, and Decisions of the Courts."

\*"The Anti-Rent Agitation in the State of New York, 1839-1846." By Edward P. Cheyney, A. M. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. Paper, 8vo. pp. 64. Price, 50 cents.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

WHICH, or Between Two Women. By Ernest Daudet. Translated from the French by Laura E. Kendall. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Square duodecimo; pp. 310. Morocco cloth, \$1.25; paper cover, 75 cents.

BESSIE'S SIX LOVERS: A New York Belle's Summer in the Country. By Henry Peterson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Square duodecimo; pp. 240. Paper cover. Price 50 cents.

THE PRINCESS ROUBINE. A Russian Love Story. By Henry Gréville. Translated from the French by George D. Cox. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper covers, square duodecimo; pp. 222. Price 50 cents.

A SPECULATOR IN PETTICOATS. By Hector Malot. Translated from the French by Mary Neal Sherwood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper covers, Square duodecimo; pp. 342. Price 75 cents.

TRAVELERS' OFFICIAL GUIDE of the Railway and Steam Navigation Lines in the United States and Canada. December, 1887. National Railway Publication Co., 46 Bond St., New York. Paper, 8vo. Price 50 cents.

Reid's and Price, Lee & Co.'s *Consolidated Railroad Guide and Gazetteer* for New England, New York City, and the States of New York and New Jersey. December, 1887. Providence, R. I.: J. A. & R. A. Reid. Narrow 12mo; pp. 442. Paper. Price \$1.50 per year; single copies, 15 cents.

NATURAL LAW IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 16mo; pp. 222. Price 30 cents.

ESSEX INSTITUTE HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS. April, May, and June, 1887. Salem.

WHO CARES? Episodes in the Life of Mary Campbell. Facts, not Fancies. By Mrs. Harriet N. K. Goff. With an introduction by Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo, square; pp. 212. Cloth, 75 cents.

ROUDAH; or, Three Years in a Star. By Florence Carpenter Dieudonné. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo, square, cloth; pp. 230. 75 cents.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. Edited by Professor Henry Morley. Paper. Issued weekly at \$5.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents. Vol. II., No. 72, Plutarch's Lives of Cato the Younger, Agis, Cleomenes, and the Gracchi. No. 73, Julius Cæsar, by William Shakespeare. No. 74, Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1664-1665. No. 75, An Essay on Man, by Alexander Pope. No. 76, A Tour in Ireland, 1776-1779, by Arthur Young. No. 77, Knickerbocker's History of New York, by Washington Irving. Vol. I. No. 78, Same. Vol. II. No. 79, A Midsummer Night's Dream, by William Shakespeare. No. 80, The Banquet of Plato, by Percy Bysshe Shelley. No. 81, A Voyage to Lisbon, by Henry Fielding. No. 82, My Beautiful Lady Nelly Dale, by Thomas Woolner, R. A. No. 83, Travels in the Interior of Africa, by Mungo Park,—Vol. I. No. 84, Same,—Vol. II. No. 85, The Temple, by George Herbert. No. 86, The Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1666. No. 87, King Henry VIII., by William Shakespeare. No. 88, An Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, by Edmund Burke. No. 89, Plutarch's Lives of Timoleon, Paulus Emilius, Lysander, and Sylla. No. 90, Warren Hastings, by Lord Macaulay. No. 91, Endymion and Other Poems, by John Keats. No. 92, A Voyage to Abyssinia, by Father Jerome Lobo. No. 93, Human Nature and Other Sermons, by Joseph Butler. No. 95, The Diary of Samuel Pepys, from November, 1666, to May, 1667. No. 96, The Life and Death of King John, by William Shakespeare. No. 97, The History of Caliph Vathek, by William Beckford.

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- 2 *Harper's Magazine*.
- 3 *Andover Review*.
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- 6 *Magazine of American History*.
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- 9 *Lippincott's Magazine*.
- 10 *Overland Monthly*.
- 11 *Atlantic Monthly*.
- 12 *New England Hist. and Gen. Register*.
- 13 *Rhode Island Historical Magazine*.
- 14 *The Forum*.
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- 16 *The American (Brooklyn) Magazine*.
- 17 *The Southern Bivouac*.
- 18 *The Citizen*.
- 19 *Political Science Quarterly*.
- 20 *Unitarian Review*.
- 21 *The New Englander*.
- 22 *The Magazine of Art*.
- 23 *New England Magazine*.
- 24 *New Jerusalem Magazine*.

- 25 *The Eclectic Magazine*.
- 26 *Library Notes*.
- 27 *The Sanitarian*.
- 28 *Johns Hopkins University Studies*.
- 29 *The Church Magazine*.
- 30 *Scribner's Magazine*.
- 31 *Magazine of Western History*.
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- 37 *The West Shore*.
- 38 *Phrenological Journal*.
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- 40 *The Musical Herald*.
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- 43 *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.
- 44 *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*.
- 45 *Art and Letters*.
- 46 *Treasure-Trove*.
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- 48 *Narragansett Historical Register*.

## PUBLISHER'S EDITORIAL NOTES.

SEVERAL of the noted New England summer resorts are subjects of interesting and valuable illustrated histories for early publication in these pages.

\* \* \*

It seems almost impossible to conceive of a hotel with more perfect and complete appointments or under more excellent management than The Ocean View, the largest hotel on Block Island. Hon. Nicholas Ball, proprietor; Dr. O. S. Marden, manager; F. C. Cundall, assistant manager, with a large force of gentlemanly assistants, are constantly providing for the comfort and happiness of their guests.

\* \* \*

THE West End Hotel, at Bar Harbor, under the able management of its proprietors, Messrs. O. M. Shaw & Son, well deserves its noted reputation and popularity as *the* hostelry of that famous resort.

\* \* \*

THE Spring House, at Block Island, occupies a most commanding position. Its proprietor, Hon. B. B. Mitchell, is the pioneer landlord on that famous island. He owns, and supplies his hotel exclusively from, a boiling spring of remarkably pure water, which is thrown upon each floor by steam power, the capacity being fifty gallons per minute. The music and other features add to the attractions of this hostelry.

\* \* \*

It is with great pleasure that we call the attention of all seekers after truth, especially those interested in philosophical, metaphysical, and theosophical subjects, to the series of articles, to be published in this magazine, commencing with the number for March, from the pen of Professor S. P. Wait. In these papers will be presented the principles underlying the formation and root significance of the Hebrew alphabet and language, in their relation to universal truth, as shown in all departments of positive knowledge, in the history of the race in all its branches, and in the travail of the individual soul; also, as applied to the attainment of a healthier and higher physical and mental state.

\* \* \*

ONSET, Mass., is rapidly advancing in popular favor as a desirable watering-place. This resort is not confined to those of Spiritualistic proclivities any more than Martha's Vineyard is limited to Methodists

and Baptists. One of the very best and home-like hotels one meets with is the Glen Cove House, at Onset, under the admirable management of "Mrs. Ring and Williams." The location — commanding, yet retired, though of easy access — is at the entrance of Glen Cove, opposite Point Independence.

\* \* \*

COTTAGE CITY visitors hereafter will miss a long and favorably known landmark — the Cottage City House, for so long a time owned and presided over by Mrs. Sarah A. (Gibson) Stearns. Her experiences in hotel-keeping there and in Florida have been quite extensive, and created legions of patrons and friends. Mrs. Stearns was born in Fitchburg, her father being Elnathan Gibson and her mother Sarah Oakman. The subject of this sketch was married to the late William Stearns, of one of the first families of West Cambridge, Mass. He was a railroad contractor and superintendent. While superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad (now a part of the great Pennsylvania system), he escorted President Lincoln, who was in disguise, from Philadelphia to Washington, just after his first election, and when the excitement was great, and fears for the safety of Mr. Lincoln were entertained. Mrs. Stearns has been very active and enterprising these years since the war, acquiring a handsome competence in lands and buildings in both Massachusetts and Florida. During the rebellion she was a very active worker in the hospitals. She visited the Petersburg and other battle fields, and was one of those who fitted out the first regiment from Wilmington, Del. The Cottage City House gives way to stores, etc.





Elizabeth Thompson

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FLORIDA FOR THE WINTER.

By GEORGE CANNING HILL.

To the nomadic Northerner, oppressed by the rigid restraints of the climate of his prolonged winter, Florida seems like a fresh



AN AVENUE OF PALMETTOS.

discovery, the delight of which he despairs of his ability to communicate to others. If a peninsula like this most southern of all the States, projected down into the neighborhood of the tropics, with the beneficent Gulf Stream running the whole length of its eastern coast, sprinkled thickly with lakes of all sizes and gemmed on its entire coast-rim with little paradise islands, and crowned with forests of noble pines, groves of magnolias, parks of moss-draped oaks, and the spine-headed palmetto, — if such a peninsula, bathed in the balmy airs of tropical seas and fragrant with the balsamic odors of its peculiar vegetation, could be towed up across the lines of the

Atlantic latitudes and moored close to the southern coast of this bleak and rocky peninsula named New England, without parting with a single one of its unparalleled attractions, so that the

Northern people could have this soft and soothing sanitarium right at their doors, wonder itself would go wild in attempting to find phrases fit to convey an adequate expression of its more than satisfied experience.

But it so happens that, if the mountain will not come to us, we may easily repair to the mountain. The astonishingly multiplied facilities for travel in these times come in to answer promptly, as well as fully, to the requirements of so inviting a journey. Of Florida the people of New England and the North really knew nothing until long after the close of the war of the sections. To the most of us it was as a forbidden land. In the common imagination it was associated with the Everglades and the gallant Major Dade's bloody fight with the Seminoles; with swamps and marshes and cane brakes, and their repulsive paludal populations of alligators and their scaly congeners of the ever moist lowlands; of forests of funereal cypress, gloomy vistas, and impenetrable tangles of deadly undergrowth; and of an atmosphere steamy with constant evaporation, and heavy with the poisons of malaria, which no winds from the surrounding seas could clear away. In the thorough removal of these misconceptions of ignorance, and the supplanting of them with an actual knowledge of the surprising facts, it may truly be said that Florida has undergone a new discovery, and emerges from the deep sea of prejudice like a fresh creation for us all.

As a matter of physical geography, it has been said by a capable judge that there are five Floridas instead of one, and each one different in essential particulars from all the others. The Peninsula State is some 400 miles in length, and in its extreme northern portion of about equal breadth, running across the State of Georgia wholly, and of Alabama partially, on their southern boundaries. There is no State east of the Mississippi of similar territorial dimensions. It contains nearly sixty thousand square miles, or thirty-eight million acres, of which one half were under cultivation in 1885. The assessed valuation of its property more than doubled from 1880 to 1885, its population amounting in the last-named year to three hundred and forty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-one souls. Its total valuation is \$70,667,458. There are one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight miles of railroad within the State, against five hundred and twenty-eight miles in 1880. In five years it advanced 28 per cent in

respect of population, 127 per cent in assessed wealth, 44 per cent in schools, and 218 per cent in railroad mileage.

No account of such a State would begin to be complete that dispensed with the dry statistics that best establish the reality of its existence as well as the potentiality of its promise. According to the last census taken of the products of Florida, it appears that a total of almost \$30,000,000 in value is to be placed to its annual credit. This amount is distributed among such productions as strawberries, honey, swine, sheep, and beef; fish, oysters, and sponges; oranges, lemons, limes, and pineapples; rice, sugar, and molasses; cedar, hard pine, and other lumber, equivalent to two



A FLORIDA LANDSCAPE.

thirds of the whole, and cotton. The strong attractions which the State presents to immigration are fully explained by the bare statement of facts of such tempting significance.

The variety of soil and climate assures a corresponding variety of production. The chain of lakes that is so striking a feature of the region extends diagonally across the State, forming a broad gem-like belt. These fresh-water lakes are to be counted by the hundreds, Orange County alone containing not less than six hundred of them, varying in their dimensions from a little pond to a sheet of water stretching a dozen miles in breadth. The margins of these inland lakes are, for the most part, hard and dry; and all of them are fed by springs that insure a copious supply of



water all the time. Florida might with propriety be named The Lake Country, and as such would challenge the rivalry of the entire continent. Of course, considering the circumstances of the land formation, the embosoming territory is not to be compared for boldness and picturesque precipitousness with that in which are set the lakes of the North. Yet the inframing hills are not less than from thirty to fifty feet high, and the depth of the water in some of the lakes is sixty feet, on a bottom of the purest sand. The land west of St. John's River rises to an altitude of one hundred feet, and then spreads out into a broad plateau, embossed with hills of respectable size.

Florida is to the Northern man in winter what the White Mountains and the Maine and Massachusetts coasts are to him in



OLD SLAVE CABINS.

summer; and by the simple act of migration, now so easily performed, he may take his convenient winter vacation with as little trouble as he indulges in a midsummer idleness. There will naturally be a stream of immigrants pouring into this inviting southern peninsula for the purpose of profitable settlement, to cultivate the semi-tropical fruits that are the generous gifts of nature to this favored climate and soil. But there is an invasion of still another kind in progress, of families from New England and the entire stretch of Northern States, which, from motives of health or pleasure, to escape the searching winds of winter, or to obtain coveted rest and repose, is moving down upon this envied location from early December till the end of capricious April, carrying the penates along, housing in the palaces of hotels there,

or domesticating in cottages that hide among the oaks and pines and magnolias, and making the landscape all over the habitable parts of the State break out in the welcome smiles of the civilization of these modern days.

It is this phase of the new transmigration that especially attracts the attention of those who watch with any commensurate interest the social movements of the time. To abandon a climate whose fogs and piercing winds engender obstinate catarrhs, and incessantly hold out sharp threats of rheumatism, lumbago, and pneumonia, and in a day's ride to be transported in luxurious comfort into an atmosphere breathing only balm from ocean and forest, suggests the magical almost strongly enough to provoke disbelief. Yet it is no more miracle than what kind Nature herself is ready to work for those who are willing to trust to her generous partiality.

The Englishman crosses the choppy Channel, and hurries across France to Nice, to Sicily, and the shores of Africa, to get rid of the heavy influences of the wintry airs of his sea-girt isle ; but he finds no such soothing and equable atmosphere under Mediterranean skies as our own yet-to-be-populated Florida offers the lungs and brains of the people of the North and East, overstrained with their increasing work, and wound up continually to the pitch at which the mainspring so frequently snaps. Here is a winter climate that delights to the verge of pleasant intoxication. The landscape is a mass of verdure illuminated with galaxies of flowers. The luxuriance of the vegetation is suggestive of the voluptuous, if the efforts of nature may by grace be so described. It is blessed but to exist among such scenes, and to breathe such airs. It would be the paradise of the lotus-eater, if the influence on the senses were not exhilarating as well as full of dreaminess. Sunrises and sunsets are new glories every day, beheld from the low islands that fringe the coast, or at the populous settlements up the noble St. John's, and among the pellucid lakes that gem the "divide." The midday in one of the parks of oaks, or avenues of magnolias, or groves of columnar palms, exhibits the chastened light of a vast cathedral, subduing to repose the spirit that has grown restless in the unfeeling pressure of business or professional exactions.

The atmosphere becomes a balm for lungs accustomed to the cruel eccentricities of the winter climate of the North. The

nerves respond to the delicious influence, and grow gradually quiescent. It is nothing akin to somnolency that steals over the



A BIT OF NATURE

senses, but a soothing, satisfying, and sustaining sensation of the nerves that creeps into the spirit, steadily lifting and settling it in a state of equipoise, in which every faculty is slowly conscious of the even fullness of its own power, and only to live seems to be pleasure enough.

Nor does the newly come visitor suspect himself to be in the wiles of a temporary hallucination. He looks about him, and beholds what seems an almost magical blending of the vegetation of the north and south — the oak and the cedar, the pine and the palm. The very birds of his own latitude are immigrants here as well as himself. The domestic robin's notes are heard along with the indescribable medley of the mocking-bird's song; and the wood-duck, that sails his feathered fleet on northern ponds and lakes, is to be seen in company with the flamingo and the pelican.

Without being in any sense a realistic fairy-land, it is not to be denied that it works all the imaginary effects that are commonly ascribed to that vaguely conceived realm. It is rude; it is even savage; it is no forest of Ardennes along the banks of the rivers and around the borders of the endless lakes; yet the possibilities under the hand of intelligent clearing and pruning and cultivation are so numerous as to create an embarrassment of the riches that nature has so lavishly scattered around. The day at last has dawned that is to witness the invasion of these forest solitudes by distant visitors and the opening of these dense growths of vegetation to an occupant population.

Life seems to be without limit or exhaustion, both on land and

sea. There is the incessant singing of native and migratory birds, and the flashing of plumage to be seen on exhibition nowhere else in our wide country. Eagles, sea-gulls, wild ducks, pelicans, herons and cranes, the cardinal bird and the mocking-bird,—the land is vocal with their presence. When the March wind blows keenest and howls loudest around our northern homes, in Florida it is already luscious summer ; strawberries are red and ripe on the table ; violets are in blossom in the woods everywhere ; the palm is holding up its plummy crown at the end of its stately stem ; the breath of the jasmine perfumes the air ; vines cling to the palmettos ; the passion flower, the scarlet trumpet-creeper, the wild honeysuckle, and the "Spanish bayonet" are ready to load the gentle current with the fragrance of their bursting hearts ; and blossoming blackberry vines, holly, resurrection ivies, and delicate-hued lichens, with a whole catalogue of



A COAST VIEW.

other plants that must be passed unnamed, are bewildering the vision with the variety of their tints and colors, and ravishing the sense with their surpassingly sweet fragrance.

No description, however, may justly be applied to what is in itself indescribable. One must either test the reality with his own experience or make the largest drafts on his freed imagination. In Florida the rest of the country has found its Persian

gardens and its parks and waters where the winter does not come. Across its territory the breezes of the Atlantic and the Gulf are always at play. Bays and inlets that invite hospitality from the sea indent its shelly coast. Its territory is watered by fine navigable rivers, begemmed with lakes and ponds, laced with the clearest brooks, and all are fed from the most marvellous springs, many of them possessing medicinal virtues. The forests that darken the land are of genuine magnificence. Live-oaks, pines,



A SHADY AVENUE

cedars, cypresses, magnolias, and other flowering trees keep it verdurous from the beginning to the end of the year, and load the atmosphere continually with their healing and invigorating balm. Fish and fowl abound in the rivers and among the islands, oysters and turtles appealing most strongly to the palate. Vineyards yield grapes from which are pressed the most enticing wine. Game is everywhere in the woods, with the deer and wild turkey at the head of the list. The orchards produce fruits of the most delicious flavors. In the gardens grow figs and pineapples. Orange groves are as common as avenues of magnolia. It is a land running over with abundance.

The tourist who now sets out to derive pleasure chiefly from his investigations into the wonderful characteristics of Florida, if he enters the State by rail, as he is most likely to do, will first recognize the fact of his introduction into a delightful climate and country on being set down at Jacksonville, the largest city in the

State, situated on the St. John's River in the upper or highland section. If he had ever visited the country in years gone by, he would hardly know where he was after the lapse of even the past six years. He sits down to plan his survey of the attractions awaiting him. He is enchanted, first of all, with the ideal salubrity of the soft and soothing airs, which act as a renovating balm on his taxed and tired system. He is made conscious of enjoying an existence that is not weighted with cautions and beset with the drawbacks of a prudence that is forever uttering its warnings. He sees a procession of health seekers, vacation tourists, sportsmen, and fashion-followers moving along in his company. All seem to feel as if at last they had found the land where slumbers the fabled fountain of perpetual youth. It was past the mouth of the same St. John's River that Ponce de Leon sailed in quest of the hidden secret whose discovery was to satisfy the universal desire.

Studying the State from the chart of information before him, he finds that, at the start, he is in the metropolis itself, a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants. The river, the residences strung along its inviting banks, the hotels, the refined and cultivated air that distinguishes the people, all impress him with a satisfying sense of his entirely changed surroundings. There is Pablo Beach, with its hotels and cottages, sixteen miles away, offering its surf bathing and fishing and shooting. Fernandina is thirty-three miles distant, with inviting hotels and a fine harbor and ocean beach. St. Augustine, the oldest settlement on the American continent, is distant thirty-six miles, celebrated for its beautiful bay, its fort and sea wall, and its well-preserved relics of the civilization of Old Spain, to be seen in its streets and houses, that belong to the centuries that are buried.

At the mouth of the St. John's is Fort George Island, the perfect representative of tropical scenery, with its incomparable roads of comminuted sea shell, its superior hotels, its lovely walks and drives in parks of live-oak and avenues of magnolia and palm. Mayport and Burnside Beach sleep at the mouth of the river on the southern side. Up the river, each with excellent hotels to accommodate the tourist, are Orange Park, Mandarin, Magnolia, and Green Cove Springs, set in a verdurous framework of live oak and magnolia groves, and occupying bluffs on the river. He returns to Jacksonville to visit the Sub-Tropical Exposition now

open, which he will find to be a full revelation of the wonders of this wonderful country. By rail, or by boat, if preferred, he will go to the thriving city of Palatka, on the St. John's, fifty-six miles away, the centre of an extensive orange-growing district, in which are located many of the most noted groves in the State. Here good hotel accommodations likewise abound, and from this point start boat excursions up the St. John's and the Ocklawaha. On the broad bosom of the former, and between the tortuous banks of the latter, a succession of charming scenes breaks on the enraptured sight that are to the one who sees them for the first time like an indescribable revelation.



A MOONLIGHT VIEW

In nine hours of continuous travel one can exchange Jacksonville, at the north, for Tampa, on the southwestern coast, lying on the bay of the same name, from which is frequent regular communication by steamer with Key West, New Orleans, and Havana. If he chooses to stop along the line, however, the tourist will have an opportunity to visit, not only Palatka, but Seville, Sanford, Winter Park, the very heart of the delightful lake region; Orlando, Kissimmee, Lakeland, Bartow, and a string of other attractive places of less pretension. Besides the railroad to Tampa, there is the

Florida Southern Railway, that takes the traveller through a section of the State which abounds with attractions, and gives evidence on all sides of prosperity. At Punta Gorda the railway

terminus is reached, the farthest southern railway station in the United States. Here is a fine hotel, and steamers sail twice a week for Key West and Havana. There are, of course, points for diverging travel all along the line into places and regions that crowd their pressing invitations upon the attention of the tourist and pleasure seeker. Their names alone would make a long list in any memorandum.

Westward from Jacksonville stretch the oldest towns in the State, located in a farming country that has been long settled, where production was greatest in the days before the war, and the surface of the country is sufficiently varied to expose to view highly attractive scenery. At Lake City is the State Agricultural College. Ellaville is "way down upon the S'wanee River." Tallahassee is the State capital; and Pensacola, with its magnificent harbor, is well named the Queen of the Gulf. This completes the third branch of the tour of the State, in each of which have been seen a country that is a miracle of productiveness, an endless succession of pretty and prosperous towns, and a variety of natural products whose number almost challenges credulity itself. In every town and city the traveller finds a cordial welcome to hotels that are not to be matched by those of towns not more populous in any part of the world.

On this subject of hotels, a subject of such importance to all persons contemplating a tour of this kind for combined comfort and pleasure, it is to be fairly said that Florida has opened the sure road to her permanent prosperity by making in advance such generous offers of hospitality to all persons entering her borders. And as her visitors come from nearly or quite all the States of the Union, a wide range of wants and tastes is necessarily to be provided for. If the distinction of Washington is that its society is a composite of elements furnished equally by all parts of the country, it is to be said of Florida that every State is represented within her inviting borders, and a social air is created in all localities that is at once strangely new and exhilarating. This most interesting process of rapid recolonization is working out a result that lies beyond the reach of even the most sanguine prophecy. To properly answer the requirements of this new and culled population, the erection of the open, spacious, and magnificent hostelry is but the evidence of a sagacious appreciation of the vital facts in the case. Hence the almost magical appearance of

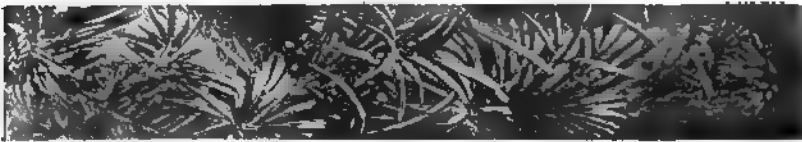


the palatial hostelrys of Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Fernandina, Fort George Island, Palatka, and Winter Park.

Any description of them would be out of place in an article of this general character. At St. Augustine have just been completed the superb Ponce de Leon and Alcazar hotels and the Casa Monica, all of them opened to the travelling public since the coming in of the year. They are indeed what they purport to be, Spanish-Moresque palaces, constructed on a scale of genuine magnificence, whose architectural beauties would call upon the pens of professionals for an adequate description. They are supplied with courts, plazas, and fountains, with verandas and marbles and mosaics, and are set in luxuriant surroundings of orange, palm, and olive trees, that excite in the mind visions of life in the orient. In the long list of their all but boundless resources, besides the actual hotel, with its furniture, its cuisine, its service, and its management, there are tropical gardens, tennis and racquet courts, ballrooms, Russian and Turkish baths and swimming-pools, casino and café, library, concert-rooms, and music,—all tending to the welcome dissipation of care on the one hand, and the relief of ennui on the other, and in such an atmosphere helping to make free, open-air life a summer luxury from December to May.

No wonder that our most intelligent and distinguished people of the North quickly saw and seized so rare an opportunity to migrate for the pinching term of winter to a climate and to scenery which it is impossible to rival in these higher latitudes even in the season of summer. They saw at once that Florida was the ideal land in which to pass the winter vacation, preserving the physical energies that go to waste in simply contesting for life with the elements. And it is not less true, either, because the statement rests on the same obvious grounds, that the lives of hundreds of persons now advanced in years would be wonderfully prolonged, and in placid enjoyment instead of a continued struggle, if they were to pass even a part of each winter in the soothing and restoring climate of Florida, where the perils of sudden atmospheric changes are unknown. Mrs. Stowe thinks that every man and woman who can, should have a winter home in Florida, both for pleasure and for health, while every man in moderate circumstances might have such a home for profit. As the railroads in the State have increased their mileage at such a rate within the

past half-dozen years, so has the service of the great trunk lines from the North been improved and enlarged to meet the demands of the travel that sets southward to the land of flowers every winter in an enlarging current.

*A ROSEBUD.*

By A. C. BREWSTER.

AMIDST a blooming thicket  
A rosebud charmed mine eye;  
I set my hand to pick it,—  
How could I pass it by?

Yet, pricked, I onward wandered  
To meditate a bit,—  
And well the action pondered,  
But worse to think of it.

Said I: "If plucked the flower  
In wanton sport to-day,  
Perchance the fading hour  
Shall witness fade away

"Charms, that in native bower,  
Perfect the beauty round,  
Where men shall own its power,  
While birds their praises sound."

So, blooming there in beauty,  
I left the queen of May;  
And rapture of the duty  
Time ne'er can take away.

**ELIZABETH THOMPSON.**

By SHERIDAN PAUL WAIT.

WHAT should always be a labor of love is appointed for him to perform who is permitted to tell of the ruling motives, typical acts, and leading events that have shaped the character, expressed the nature, and marked the course of a truly noble life. And what sad proof it is of our blindness and ingratitude, that such a task should ever be deferred until the one our words would fain commemorate dwells with us here no more. Yet we can readily understand why this should have been so in the case of those benefactors of mankind who with prophetic vision have foreseen, and with a trumpet-voice declared, that truth which the age in which they lived rejected and despised, but which succeeding generations have thankfully received, and united to do honor to its first enunciator. This we have come to look upon as a fixed and unavoidable fact, involved necessarily in human progress from a lower to a higher state. So, also, although perhaps less easily, can we apprehend why the midnight vigil and the attic labor of each pioneer in nearly every path of science and invention should pass before us without praise until we reap right selfishly the product of their toil. For this we find a ready justification in the felt necessity for each of us to do his part in maintaining that which is deemed to be a proper guardedness and conservatism. But no such excuse is available when one dwells among us who has both will and means to act for the immediate material betterment of mankind, whenever and wherever opportunity and the principles by which she orders her life permit and direct. Such a one is ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

The words of advice often and emphatically addressed by her to one whose life-work is that of a teacher, "Seek always to impress your hearers with the fact that you treat of persons and events only in so far as they serve to illustrate laws and principles!"—should be the key to the interpretation of Mrs. Thompson's life. What is the point of contact between it and humanity? What the

pivotal motive, what the crucial experience, that has made that point of contact one of universal value? Let us hasten to the answer, even at the risk of marring the formal symmetry of our sketch.

She first met the man who was to be her husband, in the month of December, 1843, at a concert given in the city of Boston, at Masonic Hall, on Tremont street. Thomas Thompson was a well-known millionaire of that city, a cultured gentleman, of liberal and artistic tastes. When he first saw the young Vermont girl Elizabeth Rowell, who was attending the entertainment in company with some relatives resident in the city, with whom she was visiting at the time, he was captivated by her exquisite beauty, and sought at once an introduction. The attraction proving mutual, he pressed his suit so ardently and successfully that in less than a month from the time of their first meeting they were married. The friends of Mr. Thompson gave a splendid banquet in his honor at the Tremont House on the occasion of his wedding, and for the purpose of initiating his young wife into the *crème de la crème* of Boston society. But in this world so new to her she found few points of attraction save in the companionship of her husband, who yielded to her his supreme devotion the remainder of his days. By her marriage she was at once placed in relations the very opposite of those in which she had been reared. Possessed of health and beauty in a marked degree, idolized by her husband, admired and courted by an increasing circle of acquaintances among those whose praise the world holds dear, with every luxury at her command, with every inducement and enticement presented for her to lead a life of social pleasure and distinction, we find the inherent royalty of her nature revealed in the following touching event, which marks the decisive epoch of her life, and answers the question we have asked, as to the point of contact between it and humanity.

Among the pictures in her husband's gallery was one in which the artist had portrayed man's inhumanity to man in its, perhaps, most common and most cruel phase, — the forcible ejectment of a tenant by his landlord. The constable and his helpers are throwing out from door and window, in one promiscuous heap, the meagre household effects. Surrounded by boxes and bundles, there, O piteous sight! upon the pavement stands the sick mother, with her tiniest babe pressed to her bosom, her hair disheveled,

and her gown a rag to which another baby clings. Beside her, with one hand at her head and the other at her waist, is the husband and father, with pale, haggard face, two little children clinging to his legs, crying, with terror pictured in every feature. Near by, stands the grandsire, his white hair streaming down his neck, his hands clasped toward heaven, and a look of doubting supplication showing through his tears, as though the while he prayed he could not keep the question back, — Can such things be, and still an over-ruling God exist?

When for the first time the young bride's eye fell upon the canvas whereon the painter had most faithfully portrayed this woeful scene, her soul was stirred to its very depths, and she had the picture moved to her own private room, where she was wont to gaze upon it by the hour, until its imagery was burnt into her brain, and she exclaimed: "Though the wealth of all the Rothschilds should be mine, never will I allow myself more than the bare necessities of life, so long as misery such as that stalks abroad!" Nay, more than this, she then and there declared a solemn vow that, in so far as she had power and opportunity, she would spend the balance of her days employing all her time and talent, and using every means she could command, as best she might, in whatsoever manner seemed most wise and promised speediest and most favorable results, to in some degree make lighter the burdens of earth's suffering children. How well this covenant has been carried out, let her life-work testify.

This, then, being the central fact and ruling motive of her career, let us, before we note some of the principal acts in its subsequent outworking, consider briefly what had gone before that tended toward this culminating point. For those rare souls in every age who body forth the spirit of a better day oncoming are what they are as much because of a work of organic preparation, in which their own volition had no part, as by the exercise of their divine prerogative of will to know and do the right.

ELIZABETH ROWELL was born in Lyndon, Vermont, February 21, 1821. The circumstances and experiences of her early life are fully and fittingly symbolized by the rough and rugged climate and topography of the Green Mountain State. Born in a log cabin, on a stormy night, in the midst of winter, she was from that moment until she reached the age of twenty-three to become accustomed and inured to every form of hardship and privation

that fell to the lot of a poor farmer's child sixty years ago. From her mother, in particular, she inherited that sympathetic good-will, which in the straitened circumstances of the parent could only have a limited expression, but which, lying latent in the child, awaited only a favoring environment to blossom forth and find its full fruition.

Her father, Samuel Rowell, was a tall, large, finely proportioned man, good natured, and, as a hunter, passionately fond of his dogs and gun. Although leading a life of labor and exposure, he lived to be ninety-nine years of age, smart and active to the last, his death being caused by a fall. Her paternal grandfather was an Englishman from Exeter. He lived to be one hundred years old. His mother died at the age of one hundred and four ; and of her eight children all lived over eighty years.

Mrs. Thompson's mother came from Roxbury, Massachusetts. Of her people but little is known, as she was left an orphan at an early age, her father dying before she was born. She was married at the age of sixteen, and had six children, all boys, before she was twenty-five, when her first daughter, Elizabeth, was born. She was a woman of delicate, sensitive features and temperament, and of peculiar sweetness of character. She died at the age of ninety-five. Mrs. Thompson's most permanent and tender recollections of her early life cluster around her mother. That she might lighten a little the load borne by this much-burdened parent, the daughter, Elizabeth, when only nine years old, went out to help in the household duties of a neighboring family as a maid of all work, receiving as wages twenty-five cents per week, provided the result of her labor and her general deportment proved satisfactory during each seven days' period. How hard she used to try to be a good girl, and thorough in her work ! and how she used to wonder if she had been good enough, and had accomplished sufficient to get the twenty-five cents ! for on that depended her mother's supply of green tea. With this incentive she kept her situation for nine months, and gained a permanently practical and lastingly sympathetic understanding of the trials of those who seek deservingly to fill such places. Her school advantages were very slight indeed. She seemed to learn but little from books, preferring always to study the lessons taught by objects in the world of form and life about her. The suffering of an injured bird or animal, and much more that of a human being, called forth from her, not merely a display

of pity and of grief, but a tempest of agony, which was divided between the object and the subject of the misery. Her young mind was even then busied with many of the problems of existence which she feels that she has yet but partially unraveled.

Mrs. Thompson's grandmother on her father's side was a Dustin, a great-granddaughter of the celebrated Hannah Dustin, to whom a monument has recently been erected on Contoocook Island, in the Merrimac River, at Concord, N. H., through the efforts of Colonel Robert B. Caverly. Says Bancroft the historian:—

In the pages of Charlevoix, the unavailing cruelties of midnight incendiaries, the murder and scalping of the inhabitants of peaceful villages, and the captivity of helpless women and children are diffusely narrated as actions that were brave and beautiful.

Once, indeed, a mother achieved a startling revenge. Seven days after her confinement, the Indian prowlers raised their shouts near the house of Hannah Dustin, of Haverhill (March 15, 1697). Her husband rode home from the field, but too late to provide for her rescue. He must fly, if he would save even one of his seven children, who had hurried before him into the forest. But from the cowering flock, how could a father make a choice? With gun in his hand, he now repels the assault, now cheers on the innocent group of little ones, as they rustle through the dried leaves and bushes, till all reach a shelter. The Indians burned his home, and dashed his infant against a tree; and, after days of weary marches, Hannah Dustin and her nurse (Mary Neff), with a boy from Worcester, find themselves on an island in the Merrimac, just above Concord, in a wigwam occupied by two Indian families. The mother planned escape. "Where would you strike," said the boy, Samuel Leonardson, to his master, "to kill instantly?" And the Indian told him where, and how to scalp. At night, while the household slumbers, the captives, two women and a boy, each with a tomahawk, strike vigorously and fleetly, and with wise division of labor, and, of the twelve sleepers, ten lie dead. Of one squaw the wound was not mortal, and a child was spared from design. The love of glory next asserted its power; and the gun and tomahawk of the murderer of her infant and a bag heaped full with scalps were choicely kept as the trophies of the heroine. The streams are the guides which God has set for the stranger in the wilderness. In a bark canoe the three descended the Merrimac to the English settlements, astonishing their friends by their escape, and filling the land with wonder at their successful daring.

Thus did this noble New England wife and mother, with heroism truly Spartan, succeed in effecting her deliverance from captivity and impending death. We repeat the story here, although it has been so often told before, because it serves to illustrate and foreshadow that spirit and indomitable will which has enabled her descendant, the subject of this sketch, to accomplish what she has in the face of what to others might have seemed obstacles insuperable.

It was a desperate task indeed that fell to our forefathers' lot, to make, where stood the trackless forest, fertile fields abound; and

in the place of savage camps erect the cities of a grander civilization than e'er the sun has shone upon before. It was a deadly struggle to meet and overcome the wild beasts and wilder men that peopled, but two centuries ago, this continent of ours. Yet he who looks beneath the surface of events realizes that the objective is but the picture of the subjective—the outer of the inner, the universal of the individual; and that the struggles of those most worthy to endure at any given epoch, foreshadow what those who follow after them will have to undergo on a higher or different plane of thought and action. The progress of all pioneers is inevitably painful, and none more so than that of him who, in an age of selfishness supreme, advances in that line whose ultimate is peace on earth, good-will to men. Such a one is made full forcibly to know that there are stronger foes for him to meet and master within himself than anywhere about him; greater obstacles to be coped with and conquered than those of his mere physical environments. And when the enemies in his own mental household have been overcome, and he has made the right resolve with power to execute it, he can fearlessly go forth to triumph over all external opposition.

It is in the light of her departure from the well-beaten tracks and conventional forms of what is called benevolence that Mrs. Thompson's life presents its most attractive features and furnishes its most instructive lessons. To have one's purest purpose misinterpreted, one's highest aims belittled, and, above all, to find those who have received most largely of one's bounty ready to turn, as did the serpent of the fable when restored to life, and strike with the fangs of base ingratitude, is to place one in that position where only for the essential sake of right will he continue to perform the righteous action. This of course does not apply in those instances where men give largely from colossal stores of wealth in the endeavor to build for themselves imperishable monuments, aiming to win at once and forever the popular applause by having their names identified with some well-known and enduring work for good. In such channels but little, comparatively, of Mrs. Thompson's means has been diverted, although that little has given to her an entirely unsought but world-wide reputation as a humanitarian, in the commonly accepted sense of the word, which she does not account as true philanthropy at all. In what, then, does she think real charity consists?



From that turning-point in her career, when she first made her high resolve to live only for the good of others, she has been irresistibly impelled to seek out and remove, wherever possible, the *causes* of human wretchedness and crime. Instead of founding eleemosynary institutions, her ruling desire has been to render them unnecessary, by getting at and removing the source of the misery and misfortune which they shelter. Her strong point is in doing those good things that no one else appears to think of doing. She has ever sought to give to those who come to her with sufficient evidence of their fitness, an opportunity to become benefactors of their race according to the measure of their power in literature, science, art, discovery, or invention. She has always seemed to realize that the weak things of this earth have oft been chosen to confound the wise; that even from a manger a world-conqueror once arose. So, with charity, hoping all things, believing all things, enduring all things, has she sought for those who, with their lives attuned to its keynote, should declare with no uncertain sound that truth which she so vitally has felt. In this quest she has of course been brought in contact with nearly all the pseudo-saviors of this cranky age. Yet, notwithstanding her large-heartedness and intensely emotional nature, her keen perceptive powers have enabled her to sift out from the midst of chaff full many a seed of precious grain. In many instances she has permitted those with new ideas to put them into printed form, who otherwise could not have gained a hearing. Some of these works are of such a nature, and deal with subjects of so vast importance, that it is yet too soon to form a judgment of their worth. While some of them may have no permanent place in the world of thought, yet all alike are witnesses to her high endeavor. Her experiences with many of the wisely foolish, learnedly simple yet sincere self-asserters of the day are frequently suggestive of the following story :—

In Belgium there is a quaint little city set apart as the abode of those whose reason has been dethroned. It has been found that such a system of quasi-colonization is peculiarly adapted to the favorable treatment of those suffering from mild or partial forms of dementia.

A traveller from one of our New England towns, in paying a visit to this city, which was to him a place of interest, he being engaged in the special study of different phases of the human mind, espied at one of the street corners a very intelligent appearing gentleman, who seemed to be at leisure; and he engaged him in what proved to be a most interesting conversation.

On making inquiries as to the most curious aspects of abnormal mental states pre-

sented by different patients, the gentleman pointed out to him a man at work in a neighboring garden, who was, so said the gentleman, apparently sane in all respects save one; able to perform his wonted labor with ability and exactness, possessing more than average intelligence on general subjects, and yet with one predominant idea ruling in his thought at all times, which was that he was himself the Christ, the Son of God, and the embodiment of all the divine attributes. He then pointed out another man, who was engaged in painting the walls of a neighboring cottage, and said: "There is also another one, with more than a common degree of mental power in other directions; and yet on this one subject, as crazy as the craziest." Turning again and pointing to still a third party, who was quietly at work assisting in the erection of a building then in course of construction, he said: "That man is also a victim to the same delusion; and what could be more curious, what more pitiable, than that these unfortunates should each believe the same preposterous error; for, as you well know, sir, there is, and can be, but one Messiah, and *I* am he."

Up to this moment the visitor had not even suspected the sanity of his companion in the conversation.

Mrs. Thompson preserves a happy mental balance in the midst of constant solicitations and enticements to aid presuming persons or unworthy objects. But where real merit is she seems to intuitively perceive and instinctively pursue it, even when hidden behind much that would to many seem fanciful, if not fanatical. She keeps the even tenor of her way, knowing that what in one age is called foolishness has frequently, and may perchance again, become the wisdom of the next. She says:—

"Be still, my soul, and wait! Lethargy and stagnation have given way to the utmost activity in every department of human thought, and I count it a privilege to live in this age, and contribute my mite—a mite though it be—for the advancement of science, the improvement of conditions, the enlargement of liberty, and the universal betterment of man."

Many well-meaning but worldly-minded people urge upon her that it is due to herself to act somewhat after the manner of others similarly circumstanced. To all such her answer is, "I know of nothing due to myself but to be sincere to my highest convictions of what is right, to deal justly, to live temperately, and to speak and feel kindly." She thinks there are too many fine dresses worn at the expense of children's education,—if not our own offspring, then some one's else; and that there are too many fine establishments kept up for the few to loll in the lap of luxury, while others have not where to lay their heads. There is too much of tragedy and romance in real life for her to spend her time in reading works of fiction or visiting the theatre. To her the actors on the stage of life play far more perfectly their parts than the

walk the boards in mimic scenes. She holds, our heart-strings should be played upon more often by the emotions of the suffering world about us than by those portrayed in books, written by the masters though they be. More readily should we respond to the touch of human sympathy when the occasion calls for us to sorrow or to joy with living creatures, instead of with mere pictured forms. There is too much of lust and of corruption born of and fostered by the pandered appetite of man, for her to justify herself for any participation in such excesses, either as to the quantity or the nature of her food. The longer she lives the deeper becomes her conviction that more people suffer and die from the effects of over-eating than from having had too little nutriment. All she asks or wishes is for simple fruits and grains, wholesomely prepared, if possible by some one with the love of God and man active in heart and thought. With such a diet, and a sunny, uncarpeted room, with a straw bed to lie upon, and with abundant facilities for frequent and thorough bathing, she is more than thankfully content. In the houses that are hers will others live so long as she can find, here and there, some quiet spot to stay with those whose aims are somewhat like her own, and to whom the money she can give them for her board comes as a double blessing,—her very presence being a constant inspiration to them to go forward to success in the battle of life, however humble may be their sphere of action in the world.

With the funds that would be used in keeping an equipage of her own, not only does she travel wherever necessary for her to go in the conveyances provided for the public, but with the balance left she gives a start in life to those who otherwise might sink beneath a sea of adverse circumstance. She often says, "If I belong to anybody or to anything, it is to the poor people, to the working people."

As for society, the word to her has no meaning unless used to describe the association of those bound together by some common tie, and in this sense there are many whose companionship she enjoys; but she has no kindred feeling with those who take delight in peddling from door to door pieces of pasteboard with their names engraved thereon, and whose conversation in the main consists of a gossipy intermeddling with the affairs of other people. As for wearing velvets, silks, and satins, a flannel gown forms, to her thinking, a far more sensible attire; and is much less suggestive of a life of prodigality and idleness.

On reading in a certain weekly paper the query, "We wonder how long Mrs. Thompson will continue to disregard public opinion," she cut out the slip and returned it to the editor with the answer, "So long as I spend my own time and money instead of the public's."

When questioned once concerning her religious convictions, she replied: "I most emphatically believe in the pure and undefiled religion spoken of in the epistle of James, and exemplified in the precepts and example of the Christ. And I most emphatically do not believe in creeds and ceremonials. I see God in the dewdrop, in the sun's rays, in the flower,—in short, throughout all nature; for I must find him everywhere or nowhere. He is to me the principle of all life, the heart of my heart, the eye of my eye, the touch of my touch, or else of him I can have no conception whatever. It is my one ideal that the universal brotherhood of man shall become upon this earth a fact established, and not merely a doctrine preached. I believe in the true spirit of religion, of all religions, for I find good in all. I am not a church member, because I could never give my assent to any creed. Mr. Lincoln once said that, when any church would write over its entrance the words, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,' as its sole article of admission, that church he would join with all his heart. I can say the same. The truths of the Bible appeal to me, but not more than the wonderful revelations in nature, written by God's own hand. To me there can be no conflict between true religion and pure science. How can any one help seeing that they are the two sides of the same shield? Every new discovery in science, every invention in mechanics, awakens in me always the deepest interest. If only a small part of the money spent every year for intoxicating liquors and tobacco could be devoted to the workers in these fields, what glorious results would be seen!"

She has given special attention to the temperance work, and has contributed bountifully to advance its cause. She has written and published broadcast a statistical work entitled truly, "The Figures of Hell," in which the enormity of the curse of rum is presented in an appalling light, by simply massing together the numerical records of its results in destitution, drunkenness, and crime.

Just look at these figures! Are they not rightly called

“Figures of Hell?” In 1881, the United States imported of different liquors 7,556,603 gallons. We manufactured in this country of distilled spirits 69,127,206 gallons, and of fermented liquors 443,641,868 gallons, making a total of 520,325,677 gallons of intoxicating liquors that were imported, manufactured, and sold in the United States in one year.

Our imported liquors retailed for \$67,274,032. Our home-made spirits for \$207,381,618; our home-made fermented liquors retailed for \$443,641,868, showing that we paid in one year for intoxicating liquors \$718,297,518.

The costs of the various courts made necessary by the traffic in strong drink in New York City alone is \$2,000,000 per year; and the cost of maintaining the Department of Public Charities and Corrections is \$1,262,616 per year, over 90 per cent of which is made necessary by this traffic. More than two fifths of the arrests in New York are of persons intoxicated, or persons registered as “drunk and disorderly.”

In asking us to reflect upon the lesson taught by these statistics, she exclaims, “Is there any system of charity on earth that can cope with the effects of such an ever-festering cause?”

While her husband lived he sympathized with her desires to do good, and coöperated with her in her charitable works. They dwelt together, with happiness unbroken, for over twenty years. He died March 28th, 1869, and left to her the entire income of his immense estate. Being without children of her own, she could more freely and fully express that deep feeling of motherhood to humanity which has ever been her secret spring of action. She often laughingly recalls the fact that for many years during her married life she was known in Boston as “the travelling intelligence office,” so thorough was her information concerning worthy men and women in need of employment, and of suitable places for them to apply for the positions they were competent to fill. The name is legion of those whom she has thus provided for, and of the families she has supported when otherwise they would have had to suffer. To help others to help themselves has always been her motto. Many leaders of public opinion to-day, legislators and teachers, owe their collegiate education entirely to her. Over a score of names of able men, some of marked distinction, could be given who have, humanly speaking, been made what they are by her direct instrumentality. In this way alone she has given over

\$100,000. She has provided with business pursuits the heads of many hundred families, and in all her benevolent enterprises has expended a sum much exceeding \$500,000. Her income she receives in quarterly instalments, and she is frequently penniless herself before the expiration of the quarter.

She has made her influence felt in every line of progress of this progressive age. Literature, invention, discovery, science, art, have each in turn, and jointly, received from her substantial aid.

The following letter to the *Science* journal, of August 21, 1885, from Dr. C. S. Minot, under the heading, "A New Endowment for Research," forcibly presents and illustrates Mrs. Thompson's manner of well-doing and the broadness of her aims.

It is usually the case that private endowments for public purposes are made subject to narrowing restrictions, and then it too often ensues that, with the lapse of time, the very object of the gift is defeated by the restrictions—the letter kills the spirit. It must therefore be a matter of congratulation when a great public donation is left as free as compatible with the general object for which it is made. This is remarkably the case with a noble and munificent endowment established by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of Stamford, Conn., an American lady well known for her public benefactions. Her long experience with churches and various charitable enterprises had led her to question whether the money spent in them achieves the greatest possible good. She finally reached the conviction that knowledge is the real source, the impelling power of human progress; and it became her desire, from motives of the highest philanthropy, to contribute to the promotion of science.

When the plan for the establishment of an international scientific association was brought forward at Montreal, and again at Philadelphia, before the great national associations, Mrs. Thompson considered that the proposed international society would be the fittest body to assume the trust she wished to establish. Accordingly she placed in my hands the sum of \$5,000, as the nucleus of a fund to be controlled by the International Scientific Association, when organized.

Not long since, Mrs. Thompson communicated to me her desire to transfer the above-mentioned sum to a board of trustees, and to add to it at once \$20,000 more, making a total permanent fund of \$25,000. Mrs. Thompson has been as liberal in the conditions she has established as in the amount she has given. According to her letter of conveyance, "The income of the fund is to be devoted to the advancement and prosecution of scientific research in its broadest sense; it being understood that, to provide for and assist in the maintenance of an international scientific association, is a method of application which seems to me very desirable."

The trustees are left with very great discretionary powers, which are to be guided by certain general directions. It is, above all, expressly understood that the prime object is to contribute from the income towards defraying the cost of scientific researches. The Board of Trustees consists of five members: Dr. Henry P. Bowditch, chairman; William Minot, Jr., treasurer; Professor Edward C. Pickering; General Francis A. Walker; and Dr. Charles S. Minot, secretary. It was considered important to have as great a variety of interests represented as possible, and this is accomplished by the association of the above gentlemen.

When the international association is organized (and it is hoped that the movement will be initiated by the British Association at Aberdeen), the income of the fund will



presumably be expended under the direction of that new association; until then under the direction of the trustees. The first appropriation will probably be made next autumn, when several hundred dollars will become available. At the proper time a circular will be issued, announcing the manner in which applications may be made. As it is desired to give the fund an international character, it is hoped that foreign journals will copy this notice.

In conclusion, I wish to express my admiration for the wisdom shown by Mrs. Thompson. It is certainly very remarkable that a person not especially versed in science, nor directly interested in any of its branches of investigation, should be induced by a desire to benefit her fellows, not to give for some temporary need, but, with exceptional insight, to give for the development of the very sources of progress. The same sound judgment governed her decision as to the conditions of her gift, for it is difficult to foresee any probability which will render this endowment futile. Very often the object of a public gift is determined by the donor's personal interests. I believe Mrs. Thompson was governed by her convictions as to the application of her money which would do most good. She is a devout person, and trusts in the peaceful union of true religion and true science.

At their first meeting the trustees voted unanimously to call their trust "THE ELIZABETH THOMPSON SCIENCE FUND."

Among the many other public acts of her life that have already passed into history and made her name noteworthy, we may mention first, as commemorating one of the most important epochs in the annals of our nation, the purchase of Carpenter's celebrated painting of the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Lincoln in the presence of his Cabinet. For this picture she paid \$25,000, and presented it to Congress, by whom it was formally accepted. She is the only woman in America who has the freedom of the floor of the House, a right which even the President's wife does not possess.

Throughout the war between the sections she made many a soldier's wife and child her own especial care, contributing in this way to the full extent of her means.

When the last yellow fever epidemic was raging in the South, she was asked to aid the sufferers. Exercising that rare gift of prevision, which seems so natural to her, she replied that she did not believe in merely dealing with effects; but that to seek for the causes of such a deadly plague, and to endeavor to remove them, she would gladly give any sum that might be needed. So Congress authorized a commission, and she paid its expenses, amounting in the end to over \$10,000. As a result, many valuable hygienic reforms were brought about, and state, national, and international sanitary boards established. Our space will not permit us to make more than a mere reference to the eulogistic resolutions passed at the time by leading medical and other

assemblies competent to correctly estimate the value of her work in this direction.

She founded the town of Longmont at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. There she erected a large building for social and public purposes, and set on foot such other measures as would tend to attract the attention of settlers. People commenced to flow thither, and a little town soon nestled at the spot. Two years after, Mrs. Thompson visited the place, and found a library, bank, schoolhouse, newspaper, and other evidences of progress had sprung up, and a population of about five hundred had accumulated there. It may be said that she sustained the Women's Free Medical College of New York for three years, contributing thousands of dollars toward its expenses. And many other institutions of prominence in this country, which are doing excellent work in their several spheres, can testify to her generous interest.

In Salina County, Kansas, she gave six hundred and forty acres of land and \$300 each to the colonists settled on it.

She contributed largely to the purchase of the Vassar College telescope.

She gave to the Concord School of Philosophy the building in which its summer assemblies are held.

She started the idea of a song service for the poor, and incurred a great expense in putting it into practical operation in many of our large cities. Since then it has spread throughout the country, and has proved of the highest value. At first this plan of hers was frequently misunderstood, and in a conversation concerning it, she said:—

“Now there is nothing so quick to touch the feelings and awaken the emotional nature as music. If music is put to a bad use by unprincipled men and women, why should it not also be employed for a good purpose, outside of churches and prayer meetings? When I recollect the power of the Marseillaise and of our own national hymns in stirring all classes, it seems to me that a service of song comprising the old familiar hymns and tunes, sung by good voices, at points where large numbers of people gather, would accomplish good results. I would have it simply a service of song, without preaching or praying. That class of people who never enter a church, who know little of the Bible, and care less for its teachings, could not fail to be made better by such grand old hymns as ‘Be Thou, O God, Exalted



High,' 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' 'Jesus, Saviour of My Soul,' 'The Sweet Bye and Bye,' 'Old Hundred,' and a score of others which might be named. The words and tunes would linger in many minds and on tongues for hours and days afterward. Music is the language of the heart and the emotions. The young mother sings her child to sleep, and her lullaby becomes a part of its life.

"I had no intention of sending 'singing bands' through the country. I would make this 'Service of Song' a part of every mission work, and the larger the part the better the work. I would be glad to see young men's Christian associations and young women's Christian associations make a special effort in this direction. I aimed at nothing more than setting the idea in motion."

A few years ago she sent out an "Appeal to the Thinking Classes in America," asking for a solution of the cause and cure of national misery. There was a generous response, and many able papers were sent in, which were afterwards published in the leading journals of the land. A committee of the Social Science Association awarded certain prizes, offered by Mrs. Thompson for the best thought on the subject.

She has given close attention to the establishment of free training-schools, and expended much money in the effort. She has also taken a great interest in starting and furnishing free reading-rooms in many different places, associating them where she could with the district schools. Many volumes might be filled in recounting the relatively little things she has spoken from her heart in that language far more unmistakable than any words.

Perhaps no event in Mrs. Thompson's life better illustrates the fact that she is entirely unselfish in her motives and acts than the following: At one time, with trunks packed for a journey to the White Mountains for much needed rest, she received a telegram notifying her that a relative was stricken down by that dread disease, smallpox. Without a moment's hesitation, although herself far from well, she took the earliest train to his bedside. With untiring zeal she watched over him and nursed him back to health, although several times given up by the attendant physicians. It is safe to say that if it had not been for her care and attention the result would have been different, and a valuable life lost. She even went so far as to blow into his mouth

and nostrils, causing respiration to be again resumed when apparently the sufferer had breathed his last. The patient's ultimate recovery was also largely due to a certain magnetic influence she possesses that quiets and eases those brought under her influence, as many a poor sufferer can testify.

As in the instance just recounted she did not contract the terrible infection to which she so fearlessly exposed herself, so are there also other marked occurrences in her life where she has seemed to be directed by a greater than finite wisdom, and sustained by a power not her own. Once, when riding in the cars *en route* to Denver, Col., her sympathies were aroused at seeing a mere child who seemed to be travelling all alone. Mrs. Thompson left the seat she was occupying and went to the one where the child was sitting, whom she soon drew to her by her motherly words and manner. In a very few moments the train, an express running at full speed, left the track, and the cars rolled over and over again to the foot of a high embankment. Mrs. Thompson and the little one were the only ones on board who escaped uninjured, and the position of the wreck was such as to show that, had she remained in the seat she had so recently left on her mission of love, she would have been cruelly crushed out of existence.

In the great Boston conflagration, a considerable part of her property was destroyed. During the occurrence of that terrible calamity, her friends urged her to telegraph to her trustee and ask him the extent of her losses. Instead of such an inquiry, the following message was dispatched: "Are my tenants suffering? If so, provide for them."

"There is only one woman in the world who can so far forget herself at such a time," exclaimed a well-known judge, upon hearing of the telegram, "and that woman is Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson."

The spirit of each age must always find expression in and through its typical individuals. The fabric of history is formed by the weaving in of the records of such careers in their proper places and with their fitting colors.

This century is one of transition from egoism to altruism; and in this land, as nowhere else, the demand is fast becoming universal (despite the gigantic monopolies and trusts which corrupted legislation makes temporarily possible) for a field of action in which each one shall have room for the full development of all his faculties and the exercise of all his powers. Although, perhaps,

to some extent unconsciously, the guiding motive of Mrs. Thompson's life has been to body forth, often in a strikingly prophetic way, this underlying current of the times and promise of a better day to come, in which the common rights of all shall be by each regarded as his own. Sympathy, in its true sense, constitutes the essence of her acts. She suffers with those who suffer, and in another's happiness she takes delight. Yet rarely is one found in whom the heart and head so work in unison.

Although her thoughts and feelings are far more clearly pictured to us in the good works she performs and causes to be done than they can be told in any words, however well these may be chosen, still Mrs. Thompson has as distinct a genius in her speech as in her giving. Those who have been with her when she has spoken freely of the things to her of greatest moment have had a rare privilege. At such times her conversation is uniformly epigrammatic in terseness. Proverbs, apothegms, bearing directly upon some practical point at issue, seem to form in her mind and fall from her lips as naturally as she breathes; and one is surprised to find, set forth in a discourse that makes no pretence to intellectual amplitude, the best results reached by the philosophy of an Emerson, a Ruskin, a Carlyle, — vitalized, condensed, sweetened. Although but little acquainted with works of classical authority, she seems on such occasions to have at her command greater stores of knowledge than even Burton cites; resting her conclusions rather on her own inspirational convictions than on the recorded thoughts and experiences of others.

A list of the suggestions she has made, pregnant with beneficent possibilities which have been realized by those who have heeded her promptings, would be an interesting study. It would afford the starting-point in the life-work of not a few men and women noted for high and original attainments.

Among her correspondents and co-workers are numbered all who stand in the vanguard of reformatory work in this country and abroad. Her daily mail brings to her letters from our National Senate Chamber and from the British House of Parliament, written by those who note most accurately the beating of the public pulse at home, and those who stand near to the Grand Old Man of England. To each she makes reply in her own handwriting, frequently penning from twelve to twenty letters of considerable length at a single sitting. Her powers of mental and

physical endurance are simply marvellous, when we consider the active life that she has led, and that she is now verging close to three score years and ten. Her hair has but a tinge of gray, her eye is still undimmed, and in all her motions there is the positive vigor of the very prime of life. She surely stands with those of whom it has been promised, — Their youth shall, like the eagle's, be renewed.

While she makes the world her home and all mankind her brethren, her natural New England proclivities remain unchanged. After her husband's death she resided for some time in New York, spending the winters in Boston or in Washington. For the past five years she has lived in Stamford, Conn., with her nephew Dr. Rowell. The humanitarian works of national and international extent, with which she is at present prominently identified, are Woman's Suffrage, the founding of Kindergarten Schools and Homes, the amelioration of the awful condition of Child Widows in India, and every idea and movement that points *rationaly* toward the establishment of right relations between Capital and Labor. It is to be earnestly hoped that in the near future she will speak to us herself upon some, if not all, of these important themes. Whether she does so or not, may the knowledge of her good works spread, that others seeing them shall by like-doing glorify that Father of us all, who most abides where'er shines forth the heavenly in human nature! In this alone consists the divine intent and fruitage of her life.

## RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

## IV. THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

## I.

By actual computation from statistics carefully collected, there are at the present moment in the world three million three hundred and thirteen thousand and twenty-six persons who, having



JOHN MILTON.

it for their idea of religion that religion consists in obeying Jesus Christ in all his requirements, consistently make no exception of Jesus Christ's requirements respecting baptism. These three million three hundred and thirteen thousand and twenty-six persons constitute the Baptist denomination. Of the Baptist denomination I am invited here to speak.

The purpose of the present paper is, first and chief, to show what Baptists believe distinctively as Baptists, with

their reasons for so believing; second, to state their religious tenets in general; third, to set forth their scheme of church polity or government; and, finally, to exhibit a few of the salient facts indicating their present relative position and progress among the various sects or denominations of Christendom. Into the history of the Baptists it will be observed that I do not propose at all to enter. The writer trusts that it will be pardoned to long and deep-

conviction on his part, if there shall appear some ardor of presentation, naturally engendered in the progress of the argument. He hopes not to transgress the law of comity and charity due to those thousands on thousands of honored Christian brethren with whom he is compelled earnestly to differ.

A pen less partial than my own might incline to change a little, in its second part, my brief opening description of Baptists, and, instead of writing "make no exception of Jesus Christ's requirements respecting baptism," write rather, "make a specialty of obeying Christ in his requirements respecting baptism — as they misunderstand those requirements;" and my own inclination is frankly to admit that, being myself a Baptist, I heartily wish we Baptists, all of us, obeyed Christ as punctiliously in every other respect as we do in respect to baptism.



JOHN BUNYAN.

How well, in respect to baptism, Baptists do in fact obey Christ, is a point of inquiry which naturally now demands immediate attention. For it is precisely in matters relating to baptism that Baptists are outwardly distinguished from all other denominations of Christians.

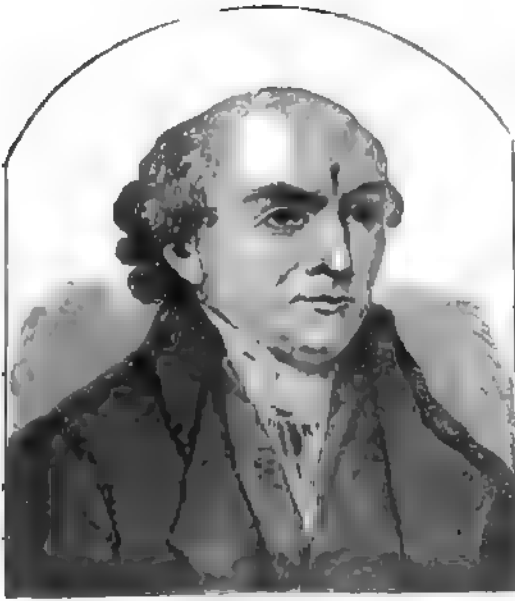
What, in any given case, constitutes obedience is of course to be determined by determining what in that particular case constitutes the commandment.

What, then, has Christ commanded as to baptism?

He has commanded two things, two only. In both these two things, we shall do wisely to have the very words of enactment. In the first thing, the enacting words, reduced to their fewest terms, are in English two, forming a simple imperative, "Be baptized."

What this imperative means, let us begin by supposing ourselves to be alike ignorant and incurious. It *commands* some-

thing; that is for the present enough to know. It requires *obedience*—from some one. From whom, we shall soon more narrowly inquire; just now let us content ourselves with observing that, from the form, the passive form, of the imperative, evi-



WILLIAM CAREY, D.D.  
("The Father of Modern Missions.")

dently the one who is to receive baptism, whatever baptism is, is the one who is to obey the command "Be baptized." No one else than that person could obey that command, however someone else might try to do so. The very form of the command makes other obedience than that of the person to be baptized impossible. The command "Baptize," if that were the command in question; the command "Cause to be

baptized," were there such a command, and were that the command in question; would each be differently addressed, and would accordingly require a different obedience from the command now actually in question, that is, the command "Be baptized." This command, I repeat, can, in the nature of the case, be obeyed by no one but the person receiving the baptism.

Suppose this person is an infant. Who, then, obeys the command "Be baptized?" Does any one? The command "Baptize" the minister, let us say, obeys; the parents, let us say, obey a command that might have existed, but that does not exist, "Cause to be baptized;" but who—I repeat the question—who obeys the command "Be baptized?" There is a baptism, we will suppose, but to that particular command where is the obedience? Or, if, in infant baptism, there be indeed obedience rendered to Christ, where in Scripture exists the command that is obeyed?

Baptists think, Nowhere ; and with Baptists, accordingly, infants are never baptized. They find no command of Christ "Baptize infants ;" they find no command "Cause infants to be baptized ;" and the command "Be baptized" they find no way of obeying except by being baptized themselves. This, therefore, they do ; and meantime they religiously abstain from any act on their own part which might tend to make their children, grown older, negligent to obey, in their turn, for themselves, that same command "Be baptized." They would fear lest by performing, as if commanded to do so, an act which in truth they were never commanded to perform, they should, in the matter of baptism, be making void a true commandment of God by their tradition.

But now it is time we inquire more closely, Who are the persons addressed and obliged in the command "Be baptized?" This question we must of course resort to the full text of the command, and to the command in its own proper context, in order satisfactorily to answer. It was to persons ready and willing and anxious practically to acknowledge the absolute right of Jesus to command them absolutely that the command "Be baptized" was originally addressed. The apostle Peter had just been proving to an audience, chiefly of Jews, at Jerusalem, that Jesus was both Lord and Christ. Thousands of persons were convinced that what Peter demonstrated was fact ; and this their conviction they testified by asking, "What shall we do?"

It was as much as to say :  
"You have convinced us. We own Christ as

Lord. Tell us, what has our Lord commanded?" Peter,



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(Gov. of Massachusetts, 1844-1850, and Pres't of Baptist  
Missionary Union.)



authorized and empowered from Christ, replied, "Repent and be baptized every one of you." He added some words, significant words, of promise, words throwing further light on the scope and application of the command; but enough is now already before us to supply an important conclusion.

That conclusion is that the persons addressed in the command "Be baptized" are persons disposed in heart to obey Jesus Christ. The first thing that such persons have it for their duty to do is to "repent" or change their ruling purpose of life, and the next thing is to offer and submit themselves for baptism.

Being baptized is, therefore, so Baptists think, a conscious, intelligent act of obedience to Christ — an act invariably to follow, and soon to follow, the change of mind or of heart involved in repentance.

With the conclusion thus derived agrees the conclusion enfolded in the second one of Christ's two commands respecting baptism; namely, the command "Baptize." This command occurs in those final words of Jesus to his disciples, pronounced immediately before his ascension to heaven.

Here are the very words of enactment: "All power [authority] is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

In those words the command "Baptize" is contained, and the baptism commanded is commanded for those who are "taught;" or, as the more pregnant word of the Greek original implies, for



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those who have been "made disciples" to Christ. Christ's ministers, that is to say, are commanded by Christ to baptize precisely those same persons, and no others, who, on their own part, have been by Christ commanded to be baptized. The two commands "Baptize" and "Be baptized" are thus seen to be in strict mutual correlation—the one having exactly the same extent as the other. This at least Baptists think they find to be the case; and they govern their practice accordingly. They baptize disciples, disciples only, and all disciples.



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But are Baptists right in thus limiting baptism? Do not those significant words of promise alluded to as following the command from Christ through Peter, "Be baptized"—do not those significant words, I say, indicate a farther application of baptism than simply to such persons as are specifically addressed in the terms of the command? Let us see.

The appendix to the requirement reads: "And ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; for the promise is to you and to your children and to all that are afar off even as many as the Lord our God shall call." The question is, Does not the foregoing appended language imply that the divine intention was to have baptism given to the "children" also of those who had themselves first obeyed the command "Repent and be baptized?"

The first point of reply is, The word "children" here has no implication whatever of tender or infant age on the part of those referred to under it; it only means "descendants," "posterity." In short, the total purport of the appendix to the command "Repent and

be baptized" seems to be exhausted when you have derived the pregnant idea that the same command, with the same promise of blessing attendant on obedience, was vouchsafed to all men, everywhere and forever. The scope, that is, of the original particular command, was, with divine forecast, extended to include future generations, and to include Gentiles as well as Jews. Universally, both in time and in place, men were commanded to repent and, having repented, to be baptized, being promised, on condition of obedience, the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Such is the perfectly simple, straightforward, unlabored interpretation put by Baptists on the two commands of Jesus relating to baptism. Baptists find no hint, either in scriptural precept or in scriptural example, of infant baptism as constituting any part of the will or wish of Christ. But, even were infant baptism admitted as at least not contrary to Scripture, Baptists still would find no scriptural reason to think that such a practice could right-

fully interfere to vacate and nullify those two commands, left binding, in spite, on every individual conscience — no exception made on the ground of anything previously done or suffered by any person whatever — namely, "Repent and be baptized *every one of you*." Baptists believe that, notwithstanding baptism received in infancy, since in such baptism there could only have been obedience rendered by others than the infant, and, besides, obedience only to some command other than the command "Be baptized," obedience to this last command would



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(Pres't of Colby University.)

have still to be yielded by each person for himself; or else,

in the case of any person neglecting it, that command, evidently universal in its obligation, would go forever unbeyed. Baptists think that the obedience in the act of being baptized is more than the act itself, and that the mere state of having once been baptized, apart from conscious obedience entering into the act when originally performed, is utterly vain and void. In other words, the rite is nothing whatever with Baptists; the act, with obedience in the act, being all. Baptists are not ritualizers; nay, there is not a corpuscle of ritualizing blood in the veins of any truly intelligent Baptist. The idea of obedience and the idea of ritualism are in the intensest mutual antithesis. It is for the idea of obeying, as opposed to the idea of ritualizing, that Baptists stand. And Baptists conceive that they should not be truly obeying, if, met by the two-fold command, spoken in the one invariable



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order, thus, "Repent and be baptized," they should first obey the command "Be baptized," and then some time subsequently obey the command "Repent." The truth, however, is that just this seldom or never happens. The fact which, outside of the Baptist denomination, generally presents itself is the following: Infants are, on motion of their parents, baptized (let us for the present indulge this word), no possible action or purpose on their own part concurring; and then, in cases in which personal repentance succeeds, the repentant are presumed, or invited, to appropriate what their parents once did, in having them baptized, as if that were what is now required of them; namely, having themselves

baptized,—an appropriation by transformation which, if it were possible, as of course it is not, would yet leave the scriptural command unbeyed,—of the essence of which command it is that



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the baptism should follow, not precede, the repentance. To be baptized before repenting, and then, by any fiction of the imagination, to let that stand for being baptized after repenting, is, judged by the letter and the spirit of the command "Repent and be baptized," about such fulfillment as would be accomplished by a servant who, bidden to sweep and dust a room, should first nicely dust and then diligently sweep the room pointed out.

There are cases in which to observe the order of actions required is an inseparable part of obedience; and the present is obviously one of those cases. The infant, indeed, did not do wrong in being baptized. It could not, since in that transaction it properly did exactly nothing at all; but the infant grown responsible fails of obeying as long as, after repenting, he fails of being baptized. Such, I mean, is the persuasion of Baptists.

I have thus, imperfectly, shown what Baptists believe, together with their reasons for so believing, on the most important point of their dissent from other evangelical denominations; namely, the question who should be baptized. Baptists believe that only persons who have consciously obeyed Christ in repenting are qualified to obey Christ in being baptized. They hold that all baptism administered without this condition fulfilled in the subject falls short of being the baptism commanded by Christ — falls short by not including the element of conscious personal obedience.



The position thus indicated is a perfectly intelligible position in the matter—intelligible, but, as Baptists think, not tenable. If an immensely numerous class of persons exempt from the obligation to obey the ostensibly universal command "Be baptized every one of you" were really contemplated by Christ, this assuredly should appear, expressly or implicitly, in Scripture. Expressly, no one will pretend that it anywhere appears. Indeed, express general command, whether to baptize or to be baptized, hardly occurs in Scripture, except in the form, and even except in the select passages already here given. There are instances of direction given for individuals, as in the case of Saul converted, "Arise and be baptized," and as in the case of certain Gentiles whom "Peter commanded to be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ,"—on a ground which Peter stated by asking, "Can any man forbid the water, that these should not

be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" This last case, by the way, shows that it was for no ritual reason, that is, for no supposed virtue residing in the act as an act, but only for mere and sheer obedience to a command of Christ, that baptism was administered under the superintendence of the apostles. For the supreme gift, the gift of the Holy Ghost, had already been received, and still the recipients were commanded to be baptized.



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These examples of direction for baptism, and all such examples anywhere to be found in the New Testament, are simply examples, and nothing more, falling under the general law contained in the precepts concerning baptism that have here been cited. No one of

the specialized precepts adds anything to the generalized precepts, or takes anything away from them, or modifies anything in them. These abide, confirmed, indeed, but unaltered. So much for what



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in Scripture is expressed as to baptism. If there be in truth a scriptural limitation, understood, to the command requiring baptism, a limitation that would be expressed in a command running, for example, thus: "Repent and (unless you were baptized in your infancy) be baptized every one of you" — this very important limitation must be an implied limitation, since confessedly the limitation is

nowhere expressed. Is it implied? Let us see.

The implication in question, supposed to exist, contains two distinct elements. First, the idea that there were to be persons who had been baptized in their infancy, and, second, the idea that such persons were to be exempted from obligation to obey the command requiring baptism on repentance. What scriptural implication is there that either one of these two ideas belonged to the purpose of Christ? Baptists think, None whatever.

Regarding the first idea, namely, the idea that there were divinely expected and designed to be persons who had been baptized before repentance, in unconscious infancy,—regarding this idea, I ask, How does Scripture imply it? Some Pædobaptists will answer, "By the relation between circumcision and baptism." What relation then exists between circumcision and baptism?



The Pædobaptist answer is, "Baptism takes the place of circumcision." But Baptists ask, "What Scripture teaches that? Does any? What Scripture so much as hints at relation of any sort existing between circumcision and baptism?" Pædobaptists urge, "But was not ancient Israel an historic type of the Christian church? And was not circumcision a rite of initiation into Israel, as baptism is a rite of initiation into the Christian church?" Baptists answer, "Suppose it so; then give baptism to those who truly belong to the Christian church, as circumcision was given to those who truly belonged to Israel. Circumcision was a mark of union with Israel; so let baptism be a mark of union with the Christian church. The mark, in neither case, should precede the union." "But," says the Pædobaptist reply, "the subject of circumcision was *born* into Israel, was of Israel by birth. Thus let the subject of baptism be one *born* into the Christian church; one that is of the Christian church by birth." "Yes," answers the Baptist, "I agree to that. And that I perceive to be necessary in order to the consistent carrying out of the correspondence you find between circumcision and baptism. But, observe, entrance into the Christian church is by spiritual birth, as entrance into Israel was by natural birth. Wait, therefore, till the person is spiritually born, before the fact of such birth is marked by baptism. That is the way to make out truly your desired correspondence between the two rites. It is the Baptist, and not the Pædobaptist, practice which truly conforms to that correspondence. For just as the Jews circumcised every (male) child naturally born into Israel, so Baptists, and they only, baptize every child (male or female) spiritually born into the church."

There is no instance of infant baptism recorded in Scripture. Whole families, indeed, were baptized; but there is not the slightest evidence that in any single case there was an infant included, while in some of the cases certainly there was none, since it is expressly stated that all "believed." Christ "blessed" "little children" on one or two memorable occasions. How little the children were, is uncertain; they seem to have been able to "come" to him; but, mark, on those occasions—when, if ever, baptism should have been given—the children were simply "blessed," not baptized. To crown the argument, it may confidently be added that all the best authorities in ecclesiastical history agree in failing to find any trace of infant baptism in the apostolic age of the

Christian church. The usage first grew up, spontaneously engendered, and it then had to be justified as best it admitted of being. This, as Baptists think, is the true rational and historical account to be rendered of the course of argument ordinarily maintained to vindicate the propriety of infant baptism. They consider it nothing in the least extravagant to say that, did not the usage of infant baptism actually exist, no one would dream of finding that usage by example, by precept, or by hint, in the New Testament.

What this means is that, so far as Scripture reveals, infant baptism does not rest on the *direct* authority, express or implicit, of Christ or of Christ's apostles. From that conclusion there is absolutely no escape. One possible alternative, however, a two-fold alternative, there is. Of the two parts of this alternative, the first part is to assume that where *Scripture* is wanting, *tradition* supplies the deficiency. The second part consists in supposing that *indirect* authority from Christ may be found where his *direct* authority fails. This involves the idea that Christ communicated his authority to representatives of his in an endless succession following the original apostles, and that these representatives, empowered from Christ to do so, established infant baptism. Such an idea rests, to be sure, wholly on unverified tradition, but it is intelligible, it is logical, it is consistent — *and it is the doctrine of Roman Catholicism*. Essentially, there is no possible argument for infant baptism as obligatory, that does not involve the Roman Catholic idea of tradition as equal in value to Scripture, or of *church* authority in distinction from the personal authority of Jesus Christ. That Roman Catholic doctrine Baptists reject, *holding rigidly and exclusively to the authority of Christ exercised by him speaking with his own mouth, and through the mouth or pen of apostles, always and only as reported in the New Testament Scriptures*. Between the Baptist position and the Roman Catholic position there is, so Baptists think, not an inch of tenable ground on which a Christian can logically stand. Archbishop Hughes is reported to have said, and well to have said: "The Roman Catholic church has no real Christian adversaries but the Baptists." It is thus seen to be, not intolerance, not bigotry, not self-conceit, but simple truth and frankness, on the part of Baptists, to say with emphasis, under the definitions and limits herein laid down, that their own peculiar and distinctive principle is OBEDIENCE TO CHRIST.

**ON READING LONGFELLOW'S LIFE.**

By BESSIE CHANDLER.

His life flowed onward, like a noble river,  
That broadens as its waters sweep along ;  
And in it there were surges of grand music,  
And many happy, dancing waves of song.  
We sail adown its stream, this printed book, our boat,  
And find he lived a poem nobler than he wrote.

But when we read of him with love surrounded,  
His paradise within his very door,  
Unconscious that a flaming sword must enter,  
And sear his poet's heart forevermore,—  
Our eyes are filled with tears ; we know that a to-morrow  
Will follow his glad day, heavy and dark with sorrow.

And this is human pity. God's fore-knowledge  
Encompasses our life and hems us in ;  
He knows the unseen end from the beginning —  
Each joy and pain, each goodness, and each sin.  
And I am sure He loves us more, because He knows,  
'Ere we ourselves have met them, all our griefs and woes.

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**LOVE AND LIFE.**

By FREDERIC LUCCA SQUIERS.

"Love is life," the dreamer cries,  
And drinks to the beaker's brim,  
"Death is peace," the poet sighs,  
And smiles as the light grows dim.

**BREAKING THE SPELL.**

By HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

BEFORE I came to this country and went into practice for myself, said my friend, I was assistant to the great Dr. Blanchard, of London. And great he was, not only in skill, but in price. Yet he was as tender as he was great, and many were the *poor* souls he had set upon their feet, without money and without price. He was the most generous and considerate person an assistant ever worked under.

One evening, — it is just fifteen years ago to-night, August 5th, — as I sat in the outer office, reading up a few cases that had been puzzling me, Dr. Blanchard passed hastily through without noticing me, which plainly told me there was something very heavy upon his mind ; and, entering his private sanctum, he threw off his hat and duster, and flung himself into a chair, his elbows upon his desk and his chin in his hands, and sat there in deep and perplexed thought for a good half-hour. I could see him plainly through the glass panels of the door, and the lamplight shone full on his face. He arose after a while, and came to the door.

“Stephen,” he said, “you must get ready to go down to Wolfborough, Sir Charles Creighton’s place, as night watcher, until he is better, or — Come in here, and I will give you directions. It is a peculiar case, and I dare not trust everybody. You may require help, but do not leave him a moment alone.”

I went in, noted down my instructions, and made all the preparations necessary ; and half an hour later was on the train and steaming towards Wolfborough.

I laid down my paper ; it was too dark to read any longer, and not quite time to light the lamps ; and so I had nothing to do but study the faces around me, which I did for a good while and to good advantage. I could have sworn to any face in that car, no matter where I might see it again. At last I turned to the other occupant of the seat I was in, and recognized a face I had seen before. I thought for a few moments ; then I said : —

"Have I not seen you in Dr. Blanchard's office within a month?"

"You have, sir. I am Sir Charles Creighton's steward."

"And I am Dr. Blanchard's assistant. I am going to Wolfborough House as night watcher, so we shall see considerable of each other."

"Yes, sir. Poor Sir Charles! It's a sad case — a sad case."

"Then he is a very sick man, is he? What seems to be the trouble?" I knew, of course, but I wanted to make talk, and that was as good a subject as any.

The steward tapped his head significantly with his finger. Soon he said: —

"I hope you have strong nerves, sir. We have great difficulty in obtaining night watchers."

"Ah, indeed! For what reason, may I ask?"

"Well, sir, the house is said to be haunted, and then Sir Charles is restless, and often has to be held in bed."

"What shape does the haunt usually take?"

"Sir?"

"Who or what is said to haunt Wolfborough House?"

"Master George, sir. He who should have been there in place of Sir Charles. He was murdered. Sir Charles was suspected, but they could not prove anything, and so he came into everything."

"What reason was there for even suspecting Sir Charles? Brothers, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, only brothers. Well, sir, the thing was this. Mr. George was of a fiery temper, but good hearted; everybody loved him. Mr. Charles was always cool and calculating, but even tempered, kind hearted, too. They both fell in love with Lady Maud Somers, and there began to be bad blood between them.

"She seemed to treat both alike. She was so young that I don't believe she thought about love; but I imagine they bothered her about to death, for she said she would have neither of them.

"The brothers quarrelled, and would not speak to each other for weeks. One night some of the gamekeepers found Mr. George weltering in his blood in the Willow Copse. Ah, it was a sad house! Sir Charles was found asleep in his bed, his clothes all in order, not a spot or crease, and just as his man had left them the night before. No clue could ever be found to the

murderer. His victim had been stabbed to the heart. The ground was all trodden, as if there had been a desperate struggle, but not a single impression could be got of the boots worn by either. It was all mixed up like, and no knife could ever be found. Ever since that time, or within a month of it, there have been stories of the house being haunted."

"Have you ever seen anything yourself?"

"Well, I don't know. I have *fancied* I have seen a figure gliding through the great corridor once or twice; but, to tell you the truth, I never cared to stop to find out what it was. Once when Lady Maud was out at a ball, and I set up, having some writing to do, I heard a footstep pass the door, and by and by I heard a moan. I got up and put my head outside the door; and away at the end of the corridor, near the great window, I saw a figure in gray or dark garments, with a light in its hand. But in an instant I was inside my door with the bolt drawn."

"Then Lady Maud married Sir Charles, did she?"

"Yes, six months after the murder. But she has never been the same glad creature she was before that happened, and Sir Charles has failed and grown old and gray before his time."

"How long ago may this have happened?"

"Ten years ago, sir, come Michaelmas."

"Are there any children in the family?"

"Yes, sir; four of the bonniest lads and lassies one would care to meet, two of each. Here we are, sir. I'm sure I hope you will stay with us, sir, for we are hard put to it for help. I don't think you are of the nervous, superstitious kind, are you?"

"I don't know. I think not, though. This the carriage? Thank you. I hope I may be of use."

Fifteen minutes' good riding brought us to Wolfborough House, a stately pile, surrounded by grounds that had a noble look. I had no time for inspecting anything, however, as I was hurried to a room to repair my toilet, hurried down to dinner, and hurried to his lordship's room to pass the night in his company.

I drew near the bed, and took a look at my patient. He lay as if asleep, with eyes only partly closed. In the heyday of his youth, he must have been a perfect specimen of manly beauty, he was so handsome still. His face was ghastly white; his hair, eyelashes, and moustache, originally coal black, were freely sprinkled with gray. His features were as regular as those of a Greek

statue. He was thin to emaciation, and his breath scarcely stirred the embroidered robe across his chest.

I opened my watch, and laid it upon the table. It wanted a few minutes of ten. Then I went to the bookcase, selected a book from its shelves, and seated myself in a delightfully easy chair to pass away the hours before me. As I had on my slippers and dressing-gown, I could not very well have been more comfortable. I knew I should have nothing to do before twelve, as that was the time trouble always began.

I had been reading perhaps an hour, when I fancied I felt just the faintest waft of air, and was conscious of the perfume of tuberoses. I glanced up, and my heart fluttered for a moment.

Was that the ghost? No; the ghost was of the masculine gender, while this was a lovely specimen of the feminine,—fair as dawn, with masses of golden hair falling to her knees over a light blue peignoir trimmed with swansdown.

She stood and gazed at me for a full minute, and I sat like a trussed fowl, unable to move. At last I essayed to rise, for I knew it must be Lady Maud; but, putting her finger on her lip, she whispered:—

“Hush! do not rise. I always come in about this time; I must see him before I sleep, and then I wanted to see you. Dr. Blanchard spoke very highly of you. He is so kind to spare you, for he says you are invaluable to him. I know you will be kind to my poor stricken darling. Oh, I wonder if God will ever lift the cloud from off his brow!”

She went over to the bed, and stood gazing at him for a long time; then, stooping, left a kiss, light as a snow-flake, on the irresponsive lips.

She came back to the table.

“Watch him carefully, and if you need help touch the bell at the head of his bed; this,” pointing to another, “will bring the steward,—this, me. The first will be answered by his own man, who always sleeps half dressed.”

“How long has his lordship been in this helpless state?” I ventured to ask.

“Only one month. He has been gradually failing ever since his brother's death, ten years ago; but lately he has failed more rapidly. I am very much troubled. Are your nerves strong?”

I nodded.



"He will say some very strange things, and although now to appearance exceedingly weak, when the fit is on, he will be equally strong. Dr. Blanchard says you are very discreet."

"My lips shall be sealed."

"Thank you," she murmured, and left the apartment.

At twelve precisely, I stood by the bedside, just as the sick man's eyes flew open as with a shock from a battery, and he started to spring upright. I had a hand on either arm, and my eyes were fixed on his. He glared at me. His muscles were like whipcords under my rigid fingers. I held him as in a vise. Still my eyes were on his, which began to waver and the fierce light to die out. The cords of his arms relaxed. He sighed. His eyes fell, and he was as helpless as an infant in my grasp.

I put a silver goblet to his lips, in which was a prescription given me by the doctor, and in five minutes had the pleasure of seeing him sleeping as quietly as before. My mesmeric power had served me well.

Well, my place became almost a sinecure. I was lauded to the skies. Too much could not be done for me. I slept from six in the morning until four in the afternoon. Then I dressed, lunched, and the carriage was at my disposal; and at seven I dined *en famille*, and after that my time was my own until nine o'clock, when I took up my duties again. I gained in flesh and strength, and never felt so well or so happy before in my life.

Lady Maud began to look like a new woman. A new color came to her cheeks, a brighter light to her eyes, and she regained her sweet laugh, which had not been heard in that house in years, as I often heard its occupants declare. In fact, a dense cloud seemed to have been lifted from the whole family. Sir Charles visibly improved in flesh, in strength, and in appetite, but the mental haze was not dissipated. The fearful scenes and struggles which had occurred before my advent were things of the past. Dr. Blanchard began to be jubilant. I still had to exercise the same care nightly, but always with the same result.

But one night — it was the twenty-eighth of September — I fell off my guard. I slept, the immediate cause being an unusually hearty dinner — at which I drank wine, infringing my habit — and a long walk afterward. I did not sleep long. Suddenly I sprang from my chair, and my hair seemed to stand upright on my head. I saw a struggle before me.



Sir Charles was sitting up in bed, his cheeks on fire, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and his hands beating the air, as he screamed :—

“Look! look! don’t you see him? See the blood gushing from his side! Hear his groans! Dear God! hear his groans! Must I come? Oh, let me rest! God knows I did not want to kill you, George! Let me rest! I did it in self-defense! Must I come? Well, I will, if I must, but I have suffered enough.”

While I had not lost a single word, my brain had been forming a plan. I let him get out of bed. He went to the dressing-closet and took down a gray chamber robe, which he put on, also his slippers, and then, taking the small reading-lamp from the table, made for the door, I after him. Down the long corridor he went, noiseless as a shadow, the lamp held high above his head, his wild eyes peering before him.

Straight for the great window he made. He set his lamp upon a chair, and, placing his hand upon the wood-work at the side, pressed his thumb in a certain spot, which I particularly noted over his shoulder, and a little panel opened, disclosing something white, with dark spots upon it. He stood there and moaned, and wrung his hands, and muttered :—

“Still here! No miracle has happened! Oh, God! still here!”

Then he gently closed the panel, took up his lamp, and with slow, despondent steps, moaning low to himself, returned to his room, set the lamp where he had found it, removed his gown and slippers, returned them to their places, and went back to bed. I offered him the goblet, and he drank like an obedient child, and soon after slept like one.

I returned to my seat, and thought intensely for a while. Then I arose, took the lamp, and went out, closing and locking the door behind me. I felt no fear at leaving him, as I knew he was safe until morning.

I went to the window, I pressed the little spring, and the door lay open before me. With trembling hands I drew out the parcel, and closing the door I went to my own room and undid it.

I held in my hands a night-robe, all blood stained, and a knife rusted and crusted with human gore. A paper fell upon the carpet, and as I picked it up I saw it was covered with writing. I rolled up the robe, the knife inside, and locked them safely away, then with the paper in my hand returned to the sick man’s chamber. He had not stirred.

Every word of that confession was burned into my brain, and it will never be effaced. It began abruptly :—

“I killed him! Oh, God! I killed my only brother! But God knows it was in self-defense. From my childhood I have been a sleep-walker; that is the only explanation I can give of it. We both loved her, but I had won her. Only that day had I held her in my arms, had felt her kisses upon my lips. I must have walked that night, for when I awoke I was in the Willow Copse in my night-dress, and something dreadful had me by the throat. A hot breath, with the fumes of alcohol in it, was in my face; fierce eyes were glaring into mine; I struggled and fought for life, but I was bare-footed, and the odds were against me. I slipped and fell, and then I saw a knife gleam in the moonlight; with one despairing gasp I sprang up; I grasped the descending hand in both of mine, and plunged the knife in the creature's heart.

“He fell dead at my feet. Not a word had been spoken. And he lay dead, dead. I fell against a tree faint and dazed. I heard the nightingale breaking her heart with grief a little way off. I noted the moonlight lying in silver patches upon the tree tops, the bushes, the sward. A timid hare ran across one of the bright spots, and sat up and looked at me. But that thing lay quiet at my feet. I was a murderer! I crept to the body. I turned it over, and the moonlight fell upon the face of—*my—brother!* Oh, God! Oh, God! What I suffered in that moment! I think I went mad then. I thought of my darling. What would become of her if I was proved a murderer? How should I hide it, for hide it I would, if possible. I was blood from neck to foot. I had felt the warm flood pour over me. I still held the fatal knife in my hand.

“I heard the baying of a hound; what if it should track me? I flew, mad with terror, to the lake, and stripping off my night-dress, flung it on the branch of a tree, and plunged in, thoroughly cleansing myself from the fatal stains. I took my garment from the tree and rolled it up tightly, the blood stains inside, with the dagger; then, rewashing my hands, I walked for a while upon the margin of the water. Naked as when I was born I regained my room, put on fresh linen, and hid my fearful parcel where I knew it would never be found, unless I disclosed its hiding-place. I put it there with prayers and tears. I pray my God to let a miracle happen in my favor, as it so often happened for others in days of old. Then I shall know that my sin is forgiven me.

“I write this a year from the day I unwittingly killed my brother, September 29. Maud knows all, and is my wife in spite of it; but I see it wears upon her, as it does upon me. I am continually haunted by his shadow.

“CHARLES CREIGHTON.”

As soon as I thought it expedient, I sought Lady Maud. She had just breakfasted, and looked fresh as a rose.

I told her Sir Charles had not rested as well as usual, and by degrees broke the whole story to her and my plans for making, I hoped, a permanent cure of her husband's case. She blessed me, with tears running down her beautiful face.

"If you can only give him back to me, nothing will be too much for me to do for you, ask what you will!"

"I ask nothing, dear lady. What I shall do will be in the interest of science and humanity. To give you happiness once more will be repayment enough for me."

I left the papers in her hands, and after she had read them I took them and the night-robe to my room, and burnt them in the open grate; then gathered the ashes and buried them. The dagger I flung out into the middle of the lake, where it lies now, I doubt not.

That night, a few minutes before twelve, on a blackened board, with phosphorus, I wrote the word "Forgiven," and fitted it into the little closet, about half-way back, then filled the front space with lovely fresh flowers, closing the door upon the whole. I prayed for the success of my ruse as I never prayed before.

Remember, the corridor was very wide and very long, and the little lamp the sick man carried was but as a tiny star in the blackness of night; also that the wanderer's brain was all askew, so there were many things in my favor.

Lady Maud was to be hidden behind the heavy window draperies to blow out the lamp at the right moment, and his own man was to be within call, but out of sight.

You may imagine with what anxiety I watched the minutes slip by. As the deep tones of the cathedral timepiece chimed the hour of twelve, the sick man started from his pillow; and, after going through with the same motions and words of the night before, he sprang from the bed, donned his gown, took his lamp, and departed, I of course following.

He placed the lamp upon the table, and pressed the spring; the door sprang open, and there lay the flowers,—blue, white, pink, but not a touch of red,—exhaling their fragrance, and still glistening with dewdrops. A little gleam of heaven, where hell had been before.

For a moment he stood completely dazed; then, with a cry of

joy I shall never forget, he fairly tore them from their hiding-place, and pressed them to his lips and heart in wildest transports. At that instant Lady Maud quietly blew out the lamp, and the letters of fire, forming the word "FORGIVEN," stood out in bold relief, and instantly caught his eye.

"*Forgiven!*" he screamed. "A miracle! a miracle! I am at last forgiven!" and fell in a dead faint upon the floor. Quickly lights were brought, as quickly I closed the panel, and we carried him back to his bed, removed his dressing-gown, and laid the flowers upon his breast.

Shortly afterwards he became conscious, inhaled the perfume, and feebly raised the flowers to his lips.

Lady Maud bent over him in an agony of anxiety.

He looked up, smiled faintly and whispered:—

"I am forgiven, Maud. I can now die in peace."

She gave a suppressed cry, and looked imploringly at me. I shook my head, and, moving her aside, administered the composing draught. All the wildness had gone, but he was as weak as a child.

The draught wrought its usual effect, and he soon slept quietly.

I fastened up the little closet, and stayed there several months longer, but Sir Charles never was known to walk in his sleep again. He grew steadily stronger, and before I left he was seemingly a well man, and Lady Maud a very happy woman. And no more ghosts were ever heard of in Wolfborough House.

Dr. Blanchard was delighted, for he had almost given up the case in despair.

Sir Charles presented me with a check for what seemed to me an extravagant sum, and Lady Maud placed this diamond on my finger just before I left; but she gave me what I valued still more. Putting her two white hands upon my shoulders, she pressed her sweet lips to mine, with the most grateful smile in her beautiful eyes, as she said:—

"God bless you, Stephen Holman! You have made me the happiest woman in all England."

Here the doctor heaved a gentle sigh.

This story is true, ladies and gentlemen, but the names are fictitious, as the personages are still living, and, thank heaven! are happy.

## THE PROMISED PRAYER.

(A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE SOUTH.)

BY C. L. BRINE.

THE evening meeting over, my dusky flock arose,  
 And quietly went out, save one — a woman. “Fore I goes  
 Please, sah, I’d like to ax ye, Oh, would ye, could ye, sah,  
 Jus’ come to my ole cabin, please, an’ see my ole man dar?”  
 So old, and bent, and trembling, she scarce could raise her head.  
 I took her wrinkled hands in mine, “Of course I’ll go,” I said.  
 “And early in the morning.” “Oh, will ye, honey, now?”  
 I’se tole him all about ye, sah — he’s sick, an’ that is how  
 “He can’t come here to meetin’; he’s berry anxious though  
 To see ye, an’ ye won’t forget — an’ early, please, ye know.”  
 And two, and three, and four times — “Ye’r sho to come?” she cried,  
 And two, and three, and four times — “Yes, Aunty,” I replied.  
 At nine o’clock next morning I rapped upon her door.  
 “Ye’r come at last! thank God!” said she, “we’s looked for ye before,  
 I tole him ye said *early*.” — “And could I earlier be?”  
 “Why bless ye, sah, we’s looked an’ watched since *twelve* — has him  
 an’ me.”

She took me to the bedside,—most touching was the sight  
 Of the old black face and wrinkled hands in frame of pillows white.  
 “He’s here! he’s come,—the preacher I’s tole yer bout!” she said.  
 He raised his eyes,—“An’ would ye mind to set on de ole man’s bed?”  
 There, sitting close beside him, I listened while he told  
 Of scenes in by-gone years, those scenes so vivid to the old.  
 He told of crushing sorrows which he, a slave, had borne;  
 How ties so strong ’tween kindred hearts most ruthlessly were torn.

“Oh, how I prayed, young Massa! I prayed de Lord dat He  
 Might let me go to dat good lan’ whar ebery soul war free,  
 But ’stead ob going’ to freedom, why, freedom come to me.  
 Oh yes, I trusted in de Lord, *He* done it all, ye see.”  
 With hands in patience folded, and tearful eyes upturned,  
 He raised his quavering voice and sang this song in childhood learned:

## THE CHALLENGE.

24

“ Oh, yes, de ole religion  
Am good enuff fer me.  
'Twas nuff fo' Paul an' Silas,  
'Twas nuff fo' Paul an' Silas,  
'Twas nuff fo' Paul an' Silas,  
An' it's good enuff fo' me.”

As the last sweet strains ascended to God in heaven on high,  
The woes of earth seemed very small, not worth a tear or sigh.  
Then —“ Mr. Preacher, I reckon ye'll hark to a leetle more,—  
I wants to tell 'bout my only chile. Oh, but my heart is sore  
At thought of him a-wanderin' around I knows not whar.  
But it's liquor dat keeps de boy away, so far from his mudder dar.—  
An' we's prayin'—yes, we's prayin' mornin' an' noon an' night  
That our pore weak chile may be saved at last, an' walk in de path ob  
light.

“ But, Massa, dis worl' is slippin' away from us bery fas',  
An' wot will become of our only boy when our *prayers* mus' stop at las'?  
Oh, sah, might I ax ye somethin'? at night when ye kneel an' pray  
Could ye please say a leetle 'bout de lad who's goin' so far away?  
We'd die so happy, Massa, ef ye'll only say ye will.”  
I promised him most solemnly, and I keep that promise still.  
In three short months these people — these saints of humble birth,  
Closed tired eyes, to open them no more upon this earth.

Their “ only chile” still wanders, but still each morn and night,  
I say my promised prayer for him, with faith that 'twill all be right.

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## THE CHALLENGE.

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

I HEARD to-day upon the street,  
Where beggars sang a careless song,  
A note, a tone, so wondrous sweet  
That I stood silent in the throng.  
But, ah, I saw not those who sang;  
I heard not their wild madrigal;  
A thousand voices round me rang,  
And sweeter still, one maiden's call,

*THE CHALLENGE.*

For which I'd change the fame of men.  
My load unloosed like Pilgrim's thrall;  
I fed my hungry heart again;  
I saw my boyhood, home and all —  
And heard the blackbirds, nestling, sing  
Their tender songs of evening!

Clear martial call of buried hosts!  
How sure thy challenge passed the years!  
I saw like sentries at their posts  
A myriad forms: the pines like spears  
Shot through the after-sunset's red;  
The darkening fields; the gleam of panes;  
The murky dusk, star-panoplied;  
The lazy kine along the lanes;  
The school-house dun; the village spire;  
The home-bent, dusty harvest folks;  
The cornfields flamed with sunset fire;  
And in our tryst beneath the oaks,  
We heard the blackbirds, nestling, sing  
Their tender songs of evening!

Thus, Angel of our later days,  
With ever-hovering, unseen hand  
Are flashed upon our blinded ways  
The hidden shrines we understand.  
We climb the rugged steeps of Truth,  
And falter. Lo! thy helpings bring  
The lesser to the larger Youth!  
A note, a tone, the humblest thing,  
Sweeps irresistless all between,  
And there the Now prays with the Then  
Where once our heaven was lived unseen,  
And where, like pilgrims come again,  
We hear the blackbirds, nestling, sing  
Their tender songs of evening!

## PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY.

BY GEORGE A. QUIMBY.

THE great interest evinced, during the last ten years, in the treatment of disease through the mind, and the growing desire of a large number of students of the science, and others, to know in what manner the late P. P. Quimby was connected with this principle of curing and what was his mode of treatment, has induced the writer to present, in a brief article, a sketch of the man, his life and



ideas. It is not the intention to make the article other than a plain statement of facts, based on personal knowledge.

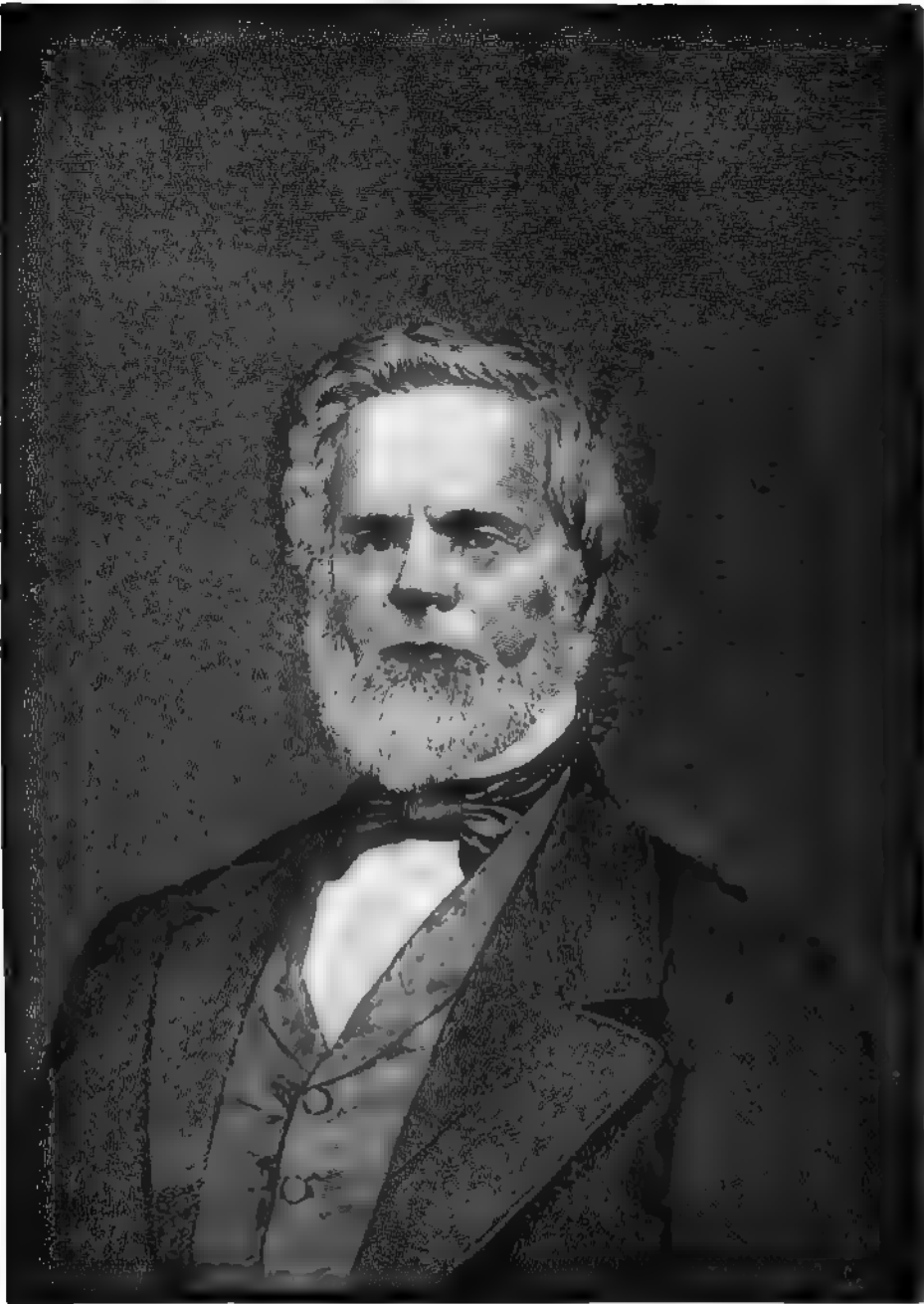
In his capacity of secretary for Mr. Quimby during the last and most active years of his profession, in which he was finishing his life's work, the writer is enabled to give a correct account of what passed during those years, and to publish, in the doctor's own words, what his ideas were.

Phineas Parkhurst Quimby was born in the town of Lebanon, N. H., February 16, 1802. When about two years of age, his parents emigrated to Maine, and settled in the town of Belfast. His father

was a blacksmith and the subject of this sketch was one of a family of seven children.

Owing to his father's scanty means, and to the meagre chances for schooling, his opportunity for acquiring an education was limited. During his boyhood he attended the town school a part of the time, and acquired a brief knowledge of the rudimentary





PHINEAS PARKMURST QUIMBY.

branches ; but his chief education was gained in after life, from reading and observation. He always regretted his want of education, which was his misfortune, rather than any fault of his.

When he became old enough to go to work, he learned the trade of watch and clock making, and for many years after engaged in that pursuit. Later, before photography was known, he for several years made a business of taking a style of portrait picture known as the daguerreotype. He had a very inventive mind, and was always interested in mechanics, philosophy, and scientific subjects. During his middle life, he invented several devices on which he obtained letters patent. He was very argumentative, and always wanted proof of anything, rather than an accepted opinion. Anything which could be demonstrated he was ready to accept ; but he would combat what could not be proved with all his energy, rather than admit it as a truth.

With a mind of this combination, it is not strange that, when a gentleman visited Belfast, about the year 1838, and gave lectures and experiments in mesmerism, Mr. Quimby should feel deeply interested in the subject. Here was a new, to him at least, phenomenon ; and he at once began to investigate the subject ; and on every occasion when he could find a person who would allow him to try, he would endeavor to put him into a mesmeric sleep. He met with many failures, but occasionally would find a person whom he could influence.

At that time Mr. Quimby was of medium height, small in stature, his weight being about one hundred and twenty-five pounds ; quick motioned and nervous, with piercing black eyes, black hair and whiskers ; a well-shaped, well-balanced head ; high, broad forehead, and a rather prominent nose, and a mouth indicating strength and firmness of will ; persistent in what he undertook, and not easily defeated or discouraged.

In the course of his trials with subjects, he met with a young man named Lucius Burkmar, over whom he had the most wonderful influence ; and it is not stating it too strongly to assert that with him he made some of the most astonishing exhibitions of mesmerism and clairvoyance that have been given in modern times.

At the beginning of these experiments, Mr. Quimby firmly believed that the phenomenon was the result of animal magnetism, and that electricity had more or less to do with it. Holding to this,

he was never able to perform his experiments with satisfactory results when the "conditions" were not right, as he believed they should be.

For instance, during a thunder storm his trials would prove utter failures. If he pointed the sharp end of a steel instrument at Lucius, he would start as if pricked by a pin; but, when the blunt end was pointed toward him, he would remain unmoved.

One evening, after making some experiments with excellent results, Mr. Quimby found that during the time of the tests there had been a severe thunder storm; but, so interested was he in his experiments, he had not noticed it.

This led him to further investigate the subject; and the results reached were that, instead of the subject being influenced by any atmospheric disturbance, the effects produced were brought about by the influence of one mind on another. From that time he could produce as good results during a storm as in pleasant weather, and could make his subject start by simply pointing a

finger at him as well as by using a steel instrument.



DR. QUIMBY AND SUBJECT.

Mr. Quimby's manner of operating with his subject was to sit opposite to him, holding both his hands in his, and looking him intently in the eye for a short time, when the subject would go into that state known as the mesmeric sleep, which was more properly a peculiar condition of mind and body, in which the natural

senses would, or would not, operate at the will of Mr. Quimby. When conducting his experiments, all communications on the part of Mr. Quimby with Lucius were mentally given, the subject replying as if spoken to aloud

For several years, Mr. Quimby traveled with young Burkmar through Maine and New Brunswick, giving exhibitions, which at that time attracted much attention and secured notices through the columns of the newspapers.

It should be remembered that at the time Mr. Quimby was giving these exhibitions, over forty-five years ago, the phenomenon was looked upon in a far different light from that of the present day. At that time it was a deception, a fraud, and a humbug; and Mr. Quimby was vilified and frequently threatened with mob violence, as the exhibitions smacked too strongly of witchcraft to suit the people.

As the subject gained more prominence, thoughtful men began to investigate the matter, and Mr. Quimby was often called upon to have his subject examine the sick. He would put Lucius into the mesmeric state, who would then examine the patient, describe his disease, and prescribe remedies for its cure.

After a time Mr. Quimby became convinced that whenever the subject examined a patient his diagnosis of the case would be identical with what either the patient himself or some one present believed, instead of Lucius really looking into the patient, and giving the true condition of the organs; in fact, that he was reading the opinion in the mind of some one, rather than stating a truth acquired by himself.

Becoming firmly satisfied that this was the case, and having seen how one mind could influence another, and how much there was that had always been considered as true, but was merely some one's opinion, Mr. Quimby gave up his subject, Lucius, and began the developing of what is now known as mental healing, or curing disease through the mind.

In accomplishing this he spent years of his life fighting the battle alone and laboring with an energy and steadiness of purpose that shortened it many years.

To reduce his discovery to a science, which could be taught for the benefit of suffering humanity, was the all-absorbing idea of his life. To develope his "theory," or "the Truth," as he always termed it, so that others than himself could understand and practice it, was what he labored for. Had he been of a sordid and grasping nature, he might have acquired unlimited wealth; but for that he seemed to have no desire. He used to say: "Wait till I get my theory reduced to a science, so that I can teach the Truth to others, and then I can make money fast enough."

In a magazine article, it is impossible to follow the slow stages by which he reached his conclusions ; for slow they were, as each step was in opposition to all the established ideas of the day, and was ridiculed and combated by the whole medical faculty and the great mass of the people. In the sick and suffering he always found staunch friends, who loved him and believed in him, and stood by him ; but they were but a handful compared with those on the other side.

While engaged in his mesmeric experiments, Mr. Quimby became more and more convinced that disease was an error of the mind, and not a real thing ; and in this he was misunderstood by others, and accused of attributing the sickness of the patient to the imagination, which was the very reverse of the fact. No one believed less in the imagination than he. "If a man feels a pain, he knows he feels it, and there is no imagination about it," he used to say.

But the fact that the pain might be a state of the mind, while apparent in the body, he did believe. As one can suffer in a dream all that it is possible to suffer in a waking state, so Mr. Quimby averred that the same condition of mind might operate on the body in the form of disease, and still be no more of a reality than was the dream.

As the truths of his discovery began to develop and grow in him, just in the same proportion did he begin to lose faith in the efficacy of mesmerism as a remedial agent in the cure of the sick ; and after a few years he discarded it altogether.

Instead of putting the patient into a mesmeric sleep, Mr. Quimby would sit by him ; and, after giving him a detailed account of what his troubles were, he would simply converse with him, and explain the causes of the troubles, and thus change the mind of the patient, and disabuse it of its errors and establish the truth in its place ; which, if done, was the cure. He sometimes, in cases of lameness and sprains, manipulated the limbs of the patient, and often rubbed the head with his hands, wetting them with water. He said it was so hard for the patient to believe that his mere talk with him produced the cure, that he did this rubbing simply that the patient would have more confidence in him ; but he always insisted that he possessed no "power" nor healing properties different from any one else, and that his manipulations conferred no beneficial effect upon the patient, although it was often the

case that the patient himself thought they did. On the contrary, Mr. Quimby always denied emphatically that he used any mesmeric or mediumistic power.

He was always in his normal condition when engaged with his patient. He never went into any trance, and was a strong disbeliever in Spiritualism, as understood by that name. He claimed, and firmly held, that his only power consisted in his wisdom, and in his understanding the patient's case and being able to explain away the error and establish the truth, or health, in its place. Very frequently the patient could not tell how he was cured, but it did not follow that Mr. Quimby himself was ignorant of the manner in which he performed the cure.

Suppose a person should read an account of a railroad accident, and see in the list of killed a son. The shock on the mind would cause a deep feeling of sorrow on the part of the parent, and possibly a severe sickness, not only mental, but physical. Now, what is the condition of the patient? Does he imagine his trouble? Is it not real? Is his body not affected, his pulse quick, and has he not all the symptoms of a sick person, and is he not really sick? Suppose you can go and say to him that you were on the train, and saw his son alive and well after the accident, and prove to him that the report of his death was a mistake. What follows? Why, the patient's mind undergoes a change immediately, and he is no longer sick.

It was on this principle that Mr. Quimby treated the sick. He claimed that "mind was spiritual matter, and could be changed;" that we were made up of "truth and error;" that "disease was an error, or belief, and that the Truth was the cure." And upon these premises he based all his reasoning, and laid the foundation of what he asserted to be the "science of curing the sick" without other remedial agencies than the mind.

In the year 1859 Mr. Quimby went to Portland, where he remained until the summer of 1865, treating the sick by his peculiar method. It was his custom to converse at length with many of his patients, who became interested in his method of treatment, and to try to unfold to them his ideas.

Among his earlier patients in Portland were the Misses Ware, daughters of the late Judge Ashur Ware, of the U. S. Court; and they became much interested in "the Truth," as he called it. But the ideas were so new, and his reasoning was so divergent from the

popular conceptions, that they found it difficult to follow him or remember all he said ; and they suggested to him the propriety of putting into writing the body of his thoughts.

From that time he began to write out his ideas, which practice he continued until his death, the articles now being in the possession of the writer of this sketch. The original copy he would give to the Misses Ware, and it would be read to him by them ; and, if he suggested any alteration, it would be made, after which it would be copied either by the Misses Ware or the writer of this and then re-read to him, that he might see that all was just as he intended it. Not even the most trivial word or the construction of a sentence would be changed without consulting him. He was given to repetition, and it was with difficulty that he could be induced to have a repeated sentence or phrase stricken out, as he would say, "If that idea is a good one and true, it will do no harm to have it in two or three times." He believed in the hammering process, and of throwing an idea or truth at the reader till it would be firmly fixed in his mind.

The first article he wrote was entitled, "Mind is Spiritual Matter," and he thus explains what he means : He says : "I found that I could change the mind of my patient, and produce thereby a chemical change in the body \* \* \* The world makes mind intelligence. I put no intelligence in it, but make it subject to intelligence. \* \* \* I call the power that governs the mind, spirit, in this piece, not using the word *wisdom* ; but you will see that I recognize a wisdom superior to the word *mind*, for I always apply the word *mind* to matter, but never to the first cause."

In a circular to the sick, which he distributed while in Portland, he says that, as "my practice is unlike all other medical practice, it is necessary to say that I give no medicines and make no outward applications, but simply sit by the patient, tell him what he thinks is his disease, and my explanation is the cure. And if I succeed in correcting his errors, I change the fluids of the system, and establish the truth, or health. *The truth is the cure.*"

In an article over his own signature, published in the Portland Advertiser of February 13, 1862, he says :—

"As you have given me the privilege of answering an article in your paper of the 11th inst., wherein you classed me with spiritualists, mesmerizers, clairvoyants, etc., I take this occasion to state



where I differ from all classes of doctors, from the allopathic physician to the healing medium. All these admit disease as an independent enemy of mankind. \* \* \* Now, I deny disease as a truth, but admit it as a deception, without any foundation, handed down from generation to generation, till the people believe it, and it has become a part of their lives. \* \* \* My way of curing convinces him that he has been deceived; and, if I succeed, the patient is cured. My mode is entirely original."

Mr. Quimby, although not belonging to any church or sect, had a deeply religious nature, holding firmly to God as the first cause, and fully believing in immortality and progression after death, though entertaining entirely original conceptions of what death is. He believed that Jesus' mission was to the sick, and that he performed His cures in a scientific manner, and perfectly understood how He did them. Mr. Quimby was a great reader of the Bible, but put a construction upon it thoroughly in harmony with his train of thought.

His greatest desire was that the writer of this sketch should become interested in his work, and learn to heal the sick as he did. He always asserted that it was a science that he could teach, but that, if it were not communicated by him, others would take the work up and complete it. He wished the writer, after becoming conversant with the principles by which he cured, to fit himself for the lecture platform, and, as he expressed it, "You lecture, and then we will call the sick on the stage, and cure them by wholesale, right in public."

It may not be out of place to state here that the writer did not attempt to learn to practice as Mr. Quimby did; not because he could not, but for the reason that he was not at that time interested in the matter, and his tastes led him to adopt other pursuits.

Mr. Quimby's idea of happiness was to benefit mankind, especially the sick and suffering; and to that end he labored, and gave his life and strength. His patients not only found in him a doctor, but a sympathizing friend, and he took the same interest in treating a charity patient that he did a wealthy one. Until the writer went with him as secretary, he kept no accounts and made no charges. He left the keeping of books entirely with his patients; and although he pretended to have a regular price for visits and attendance, he took at settlement whatever the patient chose to pay him.



The last five years of his life were exceptionally hard. He was overcrowded with patients and greatly overworked, and could not seem to find an opportunity for relaxation. At last, nature could no longer bear up under the strain; and, completely tired out, he took to his bed, from which he never rose again. While strong, he had always been able to ward off any disease that would have affected another person; but, when tired out and weak, he no longer had the strength of will nor the reasoning powers to combat the sickness which terminated his life.

An hour before he breathed his last, he said to the writer: "I am more than ever convinced of the truth of my theory. I am perfectly willing for the change myself, but I know you all will feel badly, and think I am dead; but I know that I shall be right here with you, just the same as I always have been. I do not dread the change any more than if I were going on a trip to Philadelphia."

His death occurred January 16, 1866, at his residence in Belfast, at the age of sixty-four years, and was the result of too close application to his profession and of overwork. A more fitting epitaph could not be accorded him than in these words:—

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." For if ever a man did lay down his life for others, that man was PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY.

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## OLD LETTERS.

BY SAMUEL ABBOTT.

As he, who in some dimly lighted hall  
 Sees, weirdly figured 'gainst the darkness' cloak,  
 Spectres that visionary thoughts provoke,  
 Fancies swift fleeting e'en beyond recall,—  
 And, clutching at some vision, loses faith,  
 Wondering, poor dreamer, if the world has fled,  
 Burying his treasures with the nameless dead,  
 And he a nothing, yet, perchance a wraith;  
 So I, while poring o'er these close writ lines,  
 Penned by a hand that wrote at love's dictate,  
 Ope wide the portals, rusty-hinged of late,  
 Profiling, with a light that faintly shines,  
 The scenes now sleeping in the Past's domain,—  
 A realm of shadows summoned up again.

## A LITTLE LEAVEN

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL, FOUNDED FOR THE PURPOSE OF  
GETTING AT THE ROOT AND SHOOT OF THINGS.

AT the first meeting of the school the full number of members were present. The meeting was called to order by the founder and president of the organization. The first subject under consideration was that of a suitable and permanent name for the society; one that should express, in as brief terms as possible, its nature and purpose. As since the first landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, New England has constituted the essence of all that is truly American, the germ or leaven that has caused the marvelous quickening and development of these United States, it was deemed best to use, in their broadest sense, as applying wherever New England influence has been centered or spread abroad, those words most dear to all lovers of our country's glorious past and devout believers in that far more glorious future lying ever just before us.

The distinctive aim of the society being that of research into the beginning and development of things, their foundation, growth, and differentiation, the starting-point of involution and the trend of evolution, it was thought wise to choose such words as would best, and in simplest forms, embody this idea, to express further the purposes of the association; — "*to get at the root and shoot of things*" was finally accepted as satisfactorily meeting the requirements of the case.

After the work of organization had been accomplished, the proper officers constituted, times and places of meetings decided upon, committees appointed, etc., a series of resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted, as follows : —

*First*, expressing the deep sense of gratitude of the members present, and all who are represented by them, for the munificent endowment, already received, in manuscripts pertaining to the subjects at issue, and in the material means of utilizing the knowledge contained therein, and promulgating it, which insures the perpetuity and constantly increasing field of usefulness of this society.

*Second*, that in conformity to their wishes the names of all concerned shall be kept secret, until such time as they shall deem it necessary for them to be made known.

*Third*, a department shall be established and maintained in the New

England Magazine for the purpose of publishing from time to time such reports of the meetings of this society as shall be passed upon and approved by the committee appointed for that purpose, omitting mention of names, dates, and places.

*Fourth*, that in these reports shall be incorporated the salient points brought out at different lectures, classes, and conversations held by the duly authorized representatives of this society.

After the routine and formal business attendant upon a work of permanent organization had been accomplished, reports of informal meetings were submitted, and the following subject matter then treated of was approved and ordered printed as an

#### INTRODUCTORY LESSON.

We have here a series of numbered propositions or affirmations, couched in the language of one who speaks as with authority, and purporting to formulate and trace the working of a veritable Principle of Causation.

It is claimed that, by the elucidation of this which is termed the LAW OF LAWS, the great mysteries and mooted questions of the religious and scientific world are solved and settled. The origin of man, and his evolution; the reason of the differences of races, languages, and religions; the true nature of the new birth and redemption; the condition of the disembodied soul; heaven, hell, and probation after death, are so presented that the method of God in the progressive creation of man is as easily understood as the first principles of any science. The difficulties that have attended the Healing Art are also explained, and the way pointed out, not only for the curing of disease, but for the avoidance of it, with the surety of transmitting to the offspring freedom from it; so that virtue, instead of sin, may be propagated from generation to generation in the coming age. Thus it appeals at once to our deepest interests and our highest hopes.

The birth, nature, and mission of Christ are held to be the fulfillment of all NATURAL LAW. The action of the Overshadowing Power of God is set forth as the missing causative link, which makes Science religious and Religion scientific. All the labor and striving of men and nations in the past, as portrayed in every department of human history, are shown as an outwrought expression of the inworking of the divine power, preparing the foundation, broad and strong, in the physical, intellectual, and moral natures of man, for that glorious superstructure, the SPIRITUAL, which in the coming age is to be formed.

A present oncoming of the Universal Christ in the souls of men is shown as the way of the ultimate redemption of the race from the still unfinished state which is expressed in the sickness and sin, poverty,

crime, and tribulation of mankind. And the reason why the name of Christ is given a more prominent position than that of Buddha, Confucius, or Socrates, is not to further an idolatrous worship of the individual Jesus, but to demonstrate the nature and method of that creative wisdom and power of which he was the exponent in an order and degree not made known by any other soul. Other characters deified by the ancients, and those revered as incarnate gods by millions of human beings to-day, were prepared to convey intellectual and moral truth and power to the world; and nobly they performed their work. But the ordained mission of Christ was to reveal the laws of another and still higher kingdom, the Spiritual, differing in *kind* from all other states of consciousness. What have heretofore been considered the mysteries of this kingdom are in our school to be treated as we would deal with a problem in mathematics, mechanics, or chemistry, where the relations of things are numbered and definite and the result sure and unchangeable.

In the documents before us, the mooted questions that have been formulated by theology under the head of the nature and origin of sin, the fall of man, his consequent suffering and death, and the way of his redemption, are set forth as organic processes having their foundation in cell-growth and physiological structure. The laws involved in this explanation are briefly applied to what is known of prehistoric man, and to all epochs and departments of human history down to the present time.

The mere philosophy of a system we would deem of little value, were it not for the possibility which it affords of a practical, orderly, scientific realization of the loftiest ideals we have, or that have been entertained in the past.

To know the truth is to be able to perceive the relations of things as they really are, which necessitates the apprehension of some principle whose operation is fixed and enduring. This being so, we should be eager and alert to hear and test whatever claims to rest upon so sure a basis; for if it do, then it is part of that eternal truth by which alone can freedom be obtained from error and its consequence.

There is no intrinsic or *a priori* probability of the incorrectness of the scriptural exegesis involved in the line of thought we are about to undertake. For when we call to mind the ages man lived upon this planet, and delved into the earth, before he was able to read the record written in the rocks by the finger of the Almighty, telling of the gradual processes employed and the immense periods of time required in its formation, it no longer seems incredible, as otherwise it might, that learned theologians and philologists should have critically analyzed and compared every word and letter in the original Scriptures,

and yet caught but partial glimpses, few and far between, such as seen by some of the Cabbalists, a Philo, an Origen, or a Swedenborg, of the real significance and proper application of the meaning of those root etymologies which are here and now claimed to reveal the same orderly method of creation in the domain of MIND that geology unfolds in the realm of matter.

If it be true, it complements and is a vital part of all known truth. It is unencumbered by references to or citations from any human authority, with the exception of giving from the best lexicographers the etymologies of the original Hebrew and Greek words. In its scientific and historical aspect, the patient student can readily verify its statements and conclusions for himself. Concerning its higher application, in the analysis of the condition of the human soul, past, present, and future, the standard to judge it by is the *consciousness* of each one to whose attention it is brought, when all available criteria have been applied. Thus its authority cannot be ours till proven true by every test at our command.

Let us, then, employing the Socratic method, question it from premise to conclusion.

## CHAPTER I.

### CONCERNING GOD.

Origin and development of the idea of God.—The Law discovered which makes it possible for the nature and method of God to be clearly presented and understood.—The *inner meaning* of the Bible and its application to the present stage of mental unfoldment.—The roots of all Hebrew words define *quality* and *action*, *state* and *condition*, made known in the working of the Creative Power in obedience to natural laws.—Thus, in its highest sense, the Bible is in harmony with all scientific truth.—Seed-sowing and the insertion of shoots from a Higher Order of Existence into a prepared lower state, the Universal Method of Creation, the knowledge of which reveals the missing link in every line of development.—Creation not an instant act but a continuous process.—The nature of God as shown from the radical meaning of the Hebrew words Elohim, Jehovah, and El Shaddai.—The doctrine of the Trinity explained as symbolizing a philosophical and scientific truth, which is made plain by an analysis of the words, Father, Spirit, Son.

*1. What is the source of a belief in God? and what the reason for the many forms that it assumes?*

Some degree of consciousness of the existence of a Supreme Being is an innate property of the human soul; and, as the development of man has gone on from age to age, the nature of the God-idea has advanced from the simple fetichism of a barbarous people to the elaborate theology of christendom.

*2. What has caused this development of the God-idea?*

Each step in the enlargement of the conception of the Divine has

been the legitimate fruit of a new graft inserted into the Tree of Life. It has been the product of that involution which is antecedent to all so-called natural evolution.

*3. What is the highest attainment made in this line of progress?*

All the transplanting, the budding and the pruning, of which the mind of man has been recipient in the ages past, has brought it to-day where for the first time the nature of God and of the orderly method of creation can be as positively presented and as clearly understood as anything in the domain of exact science; because of the discovery and generalization of the Law of OVERSHADOWING, which is as fundamental in the realm of mind as is the principle of Gravitation in the domain of matter; and which is declared and corroborated by the Bible, by all human history, and by every world, kingdom, and order of the created universe.

*4. If this be so, how does the knowledge of it originate?*

As in the past, whenever a new insight into truth has come to the world in reference to those things called spiritual, the agency of an intelligence beyond the finite mind has been acknowledged and its work termed revelation; so now again is there apparent that Fatherhood of God which always makes provision for its child as fast as the soul-growth demands.

*5. Is there such a felt necessity at the present time?*

Yes! Feeble symbolism and formal abstractions can no longer satisfy the cravings of the most unfolded minds. Although unvoiced, the prayer from many a soul goes forth for knowledge concerning that which hitherto has been unknown.

*6. What response is there to this desire?*

In answer to this call the literal veil is being lifted, that the spirit and the truth may shine forth from every inspired record of the past as from the book of nature.

*7. How does this apply to those writings accepted by the Christian world as THE Bible?*

Those Scriptures, given so long ago in Hebrew and in Greek, have thus far done most perfectly the work for which they were intended. But if it be the provision of an Almighty God for the eternal nurture of a progressive creature, it follows of necessity that as man develops mentally the Bible must continue to present more and more the proofs of its divine authorship. Hence at the present time, when man has descended into the earth, fathomed the sea, and explored the heavens, finding everywhere the manifestations of Order and of Law, if any written record is still to be accepted by him as the workmanship of the same Power and Wisdom that caused the worlds above to course their spheres, and that brought forth and sustains the myriad forms of life

upon the earth, that record must present to him the working of unchanging laws.

8. *But can the Bible be shown to do this?*

It can, conclusively; for, like all other handiwork of a Creative Power, it has an external form and an inner life, a body and a soul, letter and spirit.

9. *Why, then, has not this been made known before?*

Because we have only been conversant with its outward form. Yet, with its moral precepts, rewards for righteousness and punishments for sin, and its symbolic presentation of a divine plan for the redemption of man, it has been the great conserving, organizing power in human unfoldment.

10. *What of its many apparent incongruities? and how is the intellectual growth of the age to become reconciled thereto?*

Even its seeming contradictions and inconsistencies have been the means of mental growth, as a result of the world of thought they have provoked. But the time has come when, because of man's intellectual advancement, the Bible would soon be relegated to the realm of superstition and myth, could it not be shown that in its inner meaning, the original import of the roots of the Hebrew language, there is a statement of laws and principles governing the action of the power of God in the building up of life, harmonizing with and adding to all knowledge gained from other sources.

11. *What characteristics does the Hebrew language possess that make it legitimately susceptible of such an interpretation?*

Strictly speaking, the Hebrew language has no tense system. Its verb forms denote *state* or *condition*, rather than time. Thus each Hebrew root, of which there are between four and five hundred, serves to portray some method or degree reached in the action of the Creative Power in the evolution of life. These primitive root significations, whose value heretofore has been so little known, enable the mind to rise from the world of form and phenomena to behold the glory and wisdom of God in life and law.

12. *As the limitations of human thought demand it as a necessary starting-point, and as the first words of the Scriptures premise its preëxistence, let us first ask, In what way do these root meanings define the Creative Power?*

In no two minds will the mention of the name of God awaken the same imagery or evoke the same feeling, because its power has never gained access to the human soul through the portals of the understanding. Hence its action is confined to the sphere of *emotion*; and, as the mind is ignorant or enlightened, so is the kind and degree of feeling excited. But when we come to contemplate the truth declared in the



names given by inspiration as the most fitting exponents of the Divine Nature, there is a reverence, rooted in reason, aroused in the soul, that shall become the foundation for its eternal unfoldment into the knowledge of God and the method of creation.

*13. What is the first of these words that are freighted with a force to produce such a result? and what is its import?*

The Hebrew word ELOHIM, used as the name of the Creator throughout the first chapter of Genesis, in the account given of the formation of the material universe. The primitive significations of the biliteral and trilateral roots, and their kindred stems, from which it is derived, as given by Gesenius and others, can be condensed and arranged in order as follows: "A POWER GOING FORTH, ENTERING INTO, BECOMING AS NOTHING, SETTING UP MOTION, CAUSING TO REVOLVE, RULING, GUIDING, DIRECTING, FINALLY BRINGING ABOUT RELATIONS OF BEAUTY, STRENGTH, HARMONY, MAJESTY, AND PERFECTION."

*14. What is the value, and what the application of this etymology?*

The word no longer appears as merely an ancient verbal symbol for an inconceivable abstraction. It is pregnant with life. It furnishes the frame-work upon which to build a clear conception of the method by which all worlds are wrought. It offers the solution to every unknown quantity in the cosmogony of theology or of science. It causes to be impressed upon the consciousness a panorama of creation, in which at every step God is made known in Law and Order.

*15. How is it related to scientific truth, and to philosophic speculation?*

From no other premise can the mind progress than that of Power eternally proceeding from a self-existent center. This predicate supplies the missing link in the ingenious and plausible Nebular Hypothesis of the creation of the universe.

For science, leading back as far as she can go in her analysis of the origin of worlds, tells us of that most attenuate form of matter visible, called nebula, from which a portion is detached, commencing then to circle around some previously existing center. But why this separation and this turning, materially minded science does not with any sense of surety venture to affirm. Yet in this primal meaning of the name of God we find it all distinctly told.

That Creative Energy which in itself exists and from itself proceeds, as made known in ELOHIM, went forth in a germ of life, the seed of a planet; entered into the prepared womb of a nebulous mass; became as nothing to all finite sense while passing through the period of gestation; set up a new motion in the atoms of the ethereal substance it had entered, causing it to become detached, and to commence to revolve around some previously created center; as age on age elapsed, the body of the planet passed through the different stages of gaseous and igneous



formation, ruled, governed, guided, and directed by the powers inherent in the Germ and its environments; finally becoming sufficiently cooled and encrusted to present the aspect of perfection in the order of planets still unproductive of life.

*16. What requisite basis for thought does this interpretation afford?*

It supplies the fundamental postulate of God as a Seed-sowing Power, administering germs of life as fast as conditions of receptivity are established.

*17. How can this be shown to be a necessary postulate?*

During the time that the planet was in a molten state of intense heat, we know that the seeds of vegetable life could not have lain dormant therein; and we have to posit a cause equal to the effect produced. So when in the process of the creation of our planet, the earth, the time came for the appearance of the first and most simple form of vegetation, the tiny sea-plant, again the Power of Elohim went forth, and that was the fruit of its fatherhood. Divine *involution* precedes and is the cause of all so-called natural evolution. Primitive protoplasm was but a plastic preparation to be moulded by a principle of life. Each perfected order became the protoplasm for the germ of one still higher. And each successive species carried within it the essential nature of all forms of life that had preceded it.

*18. Is this involution continuous or intermittent in its action?*

From the standpoint of its Source it is constant; but, to our apprehension, occasional or special.

*19. How, then, can it be traced and formulated as a universal law?*

From the starting-point of organic life in the vegetable until the pinnacle of that kingdom is reached in the palm tree, we behold an orderly succession of changes of form which leads to the generalization of the Law which has been propounded. THE GERM-CELL AND LIFE-PRINCIPLE OF EACH PERFECTED ORDER IN A SERIES BECOMES A MATRIX INTO WHICH THE POWER OF ELOHIM PROCEEDS WITH THE GRAFT OF A STILL HIGHER FORM OF LIFE; THE DIVINE OVERSHADOWING ACTING ALWAYS IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE NATURAL PROCESSES OF EXSEMINATION OR PROPAGATION. NO CHANGE IS EVER MADE KNOWN IN EXTERIOR FORM UNTIL AFTER AN ADDED POWER FROM ABOVE, OR IMPULSE FROM WITHOUT, HAS BEEN IMPARTED TO THE GERM OF THE ORDER PRECEDING.

*20. Where and how does this principle commence to apply to the animal creation?*

At the point marked by the sub-kingdom of the Protozoans, where the line diverges from vegetable to animal. So, on from the simplest form of marine life through the multiple species of fish, reptile, and bird, to the most complex mammalian structure, each link in the chain was forged by the Power of Elohim through the insertion of shoots of a higher order of life into a prepared lower stock.

*21. What was the ultimate of its action in this kingdom?*

At last that point was reached in the line of progressive creation where the species of brute was born most nearly resembling the lowest aspect presented by the human. But as the starting-point of life has not been found by searching in the mud, so the missing link between the beast and man is not to be discerned in any form of ape.

*22. How then did man originate?*

When the time came for the advent of the soul of man upon the earth, the power of Elohim again went forth to manifest its nature in a degree and kind that never before had been made known upon this planet. Forth from the realms of perfection came the human soul as a seed, carrying within it the possibilities of the Godhead itself. But as a myriad of ages elapsed after this planet was started upon its career before it could bring forth and sustain life, so must centuries untold roll by after the commencement of the order of man before one typical individual of that order should be fashioned and finished in the image of God.

*23. How can this be harmonized with the Scriptural account of man's creation?*

Creation is not an instant act but a continuous process, and the right interpretation of the whole biblical record reveals the gradual growth of man under the nurturing care of agencies ordained by his Creator in the very nature of things, from his infancy in Adam to his manhood in the Christ. The original statement of what has been regarded as the primal perfection of man was wholly prophetic of what was only fulfilled in the one finished type of nineteen centuries ago, again prefiguring a universal state still unattained,—the acme of all evolution, the fruitage of all involution.

*24. How has this been verified in human history?*

At each stage of advancement through which the race has passed, the power of Elohim has gone forth, entered into the life of individuals and of nations, become as nothing for a time, set up the motion of its life, governed, guided, and finally perfected a certain degree of growth.

*25. What conception can we have of this power of Elohim other than the pantheistic one of a universally immanent essence?*

Whenever the name Elohim is mentioned it bears with it the full force of its *plural* form, and the Creative Power it defines can only be conceived of as individualized in and working through a Series of Intelligent Orders inhabiting the unseen universe, who sow their seed wherever soil has been prepared. The progressive manifestation of life and intelligence here upon the earth, from the lowest to the highest, is but the outwrought demonstration and visible type of unseen Creative Orders, who by nature do the will of Elohim, each according to its

degree of power. This truth was foreshadowed in Plato's "World of Ideas," and in the "Eons" of the Gnostics. The Bible presents it in the plural name of God and repeats it again and again in its so-called theophanies and angelic ministrations. But what has heretofore been either a philosophical speculation or a religious dogma, is to become positive knowledge to every one who reads aright the revelation God has given in all his works and in the inner meaning of the Word.

*26. Where is there a typical illustration of this to be found in the Scriptures?*

The statement in Genesis that God said, "Let us," is meant to declare a plurality of intelligence and personality, as well as of laws and forces at work in creation. It represents in finite language the multiplicity of means by which the creative labor is carried on and accomplished. And whenever the Deity is represented as speaking, it is but an expression of the action of the power of Elohim, conveyed in language adapted to man in all degrees of his growth, from the mental feebleness whose anthropomorphic conceptions of God picture him as speaking with an audible voice, up to the most sublime idea that can be formed of the Divine Logos.

*27. What other word is next employed in the Hebrew Scriptures as a name of God, and what is its meaning?*

In the fourth verse of the second chapter of Genesis there is given, for the first time, in conjunction with Elohim, another name of the Deity — Yehovah or Yahveh — which is henceforward particularly used in reference to his relations with man. The Hebrew root of the word JEHOVAH conveys the idea of PURE EXISTENCE, BEING, LIFE, THAT WHICH IS BY REASON OF ITS OWN VIRTUE SELF-EXISTENT, CHANGELESS, ETERNAL. HE WHO WAS, IS, AND EVER SHALL BE.

*28. How has this been manifested in or to mankind?*

It is the germ of this nature innate in the soul of man that has in all ages and nations quickened into life the hope of immortality. The Ego that is conscious of its own existence and power was originally a part of the great I AM THAT I AM, I WILL BE WHAT I WILL TO BE! But when the human soul became organically united with all the kingdoms of the earth, its separation from the Source from whence it came was a necessary sequence of this union. Ages of creative labor must ensue before it could say understandingly, "My Father's will and mine are one."

*29. When did the possibility of such an attainment commence to be shown?*

With the embodiment of the soul of man upon the earth, the Word commenced to become flesh, and the faculty of speech declared it. The ability of man to think and to make known that thought in uttered words was the expression of a nature that differed in *kind* from all

orders that had preceded it in the scale of life. But the manifestation of this nature was at first of necessity feeble.

In the beginning of Man, heaven and earth were created,—the spiritual and the animal were joined. Yet the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the whole mental abyss. The Spirit of God for ages brooded over this unformed state of the soul, inserting from generation to generation the shoots of a higher mentality. The prophetic fiat, "Let there be light," went forth with the primitive man; but its fulfillment was not realized until the Sun of Righteousness arose in Judea, as promise of the light to come to every soul.

*30. What other word than Elohim and Jehovah is used in the Hebrew text as the name of God, and what is its etymology?*

There is still a third name of the Creator made use of in certain portions of the Hebrew Scriptures—EL SHADDAI or SHADDAI, translated God Almighty or Almighty. EL is from the same root as Elohim, and carries with it all the force of that word. SHADDAI signifies, primarily, to shed or pour forth energy, or THAT WHICH NOURISHES AND SUSTAINS LIFE. From the same root are derived words which denote the act of a mother in nursing her offspring; the office of the earthly maternal parent being a beautiful and most expressive type and correspondence of the principle of Motherhood in the Divine Nature. The words, "In the image of God created he him, male and female created he them," show that the distinction of sex in humanity is the highest counterpartal form and likeness of the essential character of Deity. Without the union of these two natures no species can be propagated, no form of life begotten and brought forth, no atom manifest its positive and negative polarity. Thus by analogy and correspondence do we know that these seemingly opposite attributes must inhere in the Supreme Causation of all that is, and combine to form the *unity* of the Creator and Sustainer of Life.

*31. In this light what relation to truth does the commonly accepted doctrine of the Trinity bear?*

The mystery in which that subject has always been and is involved is well illustrated by a recent utterance of one of America's foremost theologians: "Yes, I believe the doctrine of the Trinity, but I have never understood it, nor do I expect to understand it." Yet when the knowledge of the orderly method of creation becomes well grounded in the mind, no other conception of the nature of God can be logically sustained than that which has been symbolized so long as the Trinity, although in its literal or creedal expression it is a manifest absurdity.

*32. How, then, is its true meaning to be traced, its right interpretation given?*

First, God the Father; the self-existent, changeless Center of creative

power, from whose begetting action all life and form proceed. Its nature has already been defined under Elohim and Jehovah.

Then, next in order, as given in Genesis, is that Divine Spirit whose function is to brood and incubate. The Hebrew RUACH, the Greek PNEUMA, the words used for spirit, each signify TO BREATHE, THE AIR. They thus represent symbolically that material agent, the atmosphere, which, more than all things else in nature, is the sustainer of organic life. To breathe is to live; not to breathe is to die. As man physically depends upon the air for his existence, so there is a Spiritual Power that sustains the same relation to his soul. As the natural atmosphere abhors a vacuum, and presses in all directions with ceaseless activity, so there is a subtler creative energy ever seeking to enter and fructify the soul whenever receptive conditions exist.

The Spirit represents that Power outsent from Elohim Jehovah, in order and individuality, whose function is to sow seed, insert shoots, and nurture and sustain the higher life it has bestowed.

And when words such as germ and graft are thus used, it is in their correspondential sense, reasoning from what we know to that which we wish to understand. As in the physical world no life assumes form until after a seed is sown and no higher fruit than that of the parent stock is produced except by engraftment, so in the psychical realm the same process maintains.

*33. What typical instance can be given of the shoot-inserting action of the Creative Energy defined as the Spirit?*

In its chief relation with the human soul, it is the Power which supervised the building up of that Genealogical Line from Adam to Christ, whose names are given by Matthew and by Luke. Each patriarch, prophet, priest, and seer in that Line represented an Over-shadowing act of the Spirit of God and the birth of a new spiritual faculty, the nature of which was made known by the radical meaning of the individual's name, and in the typical acts of his life. The soul of man from Adam downward through the Line of Seth and Shem became a parent stock into which the hand of the Divine Husbandman inserted higher and still higher Grafts. Each individual in the Line marked a definite stage reached in soul-growth and brain-structure toward the end to be accomplished — the creation of a perfect Man to typify and prepare the way for the ultimate perfection of all men.

*34. In what other than this subjective manner was the power of the Spirit shown?*

Not only was the Divine Spirit working thus unseen and unknown to man in his interior nature, but also through the giving forth of laws, statutes, and commands, and the institution of signs and rites, forms and ceremonies. Throughout the Mosaic Dispensation, and by its

agencies, a work of conservation and organization was carried on in the mind, which was as necessary a preparation for the coming of Christ as was the deposition of soil for the advent of vegetable life.

*35. What was the ultimate of this twofold action?*

Finally, through the operation in human unfoldment of all these forces from below and above, within and without, a state was reached in this typical line where the perfection of physical, intellectual, and moral conditions made it possible for the Spirit to be made known in its highest capacity. Then the Holy Ghost came upon the soul, and the Power of the Most High overshadowed it, and that which was born was called holy and good, a SON OF GOD.

*36. What is the radical meaning of the name Son?*

The Hebrew root bahnah, from which the word for SON is derived, signifies TO BUILD, TO GRADUALLY FORM, TO CONSTRUCT, TO COMPLETE. The Greek word HUIOS, used for son, is of kindred derivation to the Hebrew CHAHYAH, TO BE, TO HAVE LIFE.

Thus, then, a Son of God is a soul that the Divine Power, operating in law and order, has built, gradually formed, constructed, and completed—a soul that has being and life in the consciousness and understanding of the will of its Father, through the knowledge of his laws.

*37. How does this apply to him who has been worshipped as the third person of the Trinity?*

Jesus the Christ was the organic manifestation of a human soul that through ages of creative labor had been built up, gradually formed, and finally completed in its development; living, moving, and having his being in the knowledge of the wisdom and power of the Creator. Such a soul was truly a God in the flesh; and from him a new creation sprung. By virtue of the Overshadowing from the Power of the Most High, he was in communion with that realm. It was a part of his nature. He and his Father were one, in the true sense of oneness, which indicates *a union, a joining together* of the mind of man with the domain of causation through the understanding of law—the highest evolution of human consciousness.

Thus interpreted, the doctrine of the Trinity becomes truly philosophic, scientific, religious, and illustrates in its highest form the universal principle of three-phasedness and triunity prevailing in every kingdom and order of creation, which furnishes what the mind demands as a necessary form of thought—the Creator, the Creative Power, the Perfected Creation; Father, Spirit, Son.

As we pursue its study further, we shall find that the Law of Laws enables us to trace the principle of Continuity unbroken from the formation of the planet to the birth of Jesus Christ, and from that typical event to the completed creation of humanity which is yet to be.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITHOUT assumption, it is to be candidly confessed that the chief New England characteristic is its gravitation to staple ideas, and its secure grip on them after once having got possession. That is why New England has shown such a positive, aggressive, and increasing influence on the rest of the country from the days of its first settlement. As it was given to thinking, so it has developed energy; and the combination is one that no imaginable inertia of existence can hope always to resist. As the seeds of trees are provided with wings and tentacles that the earth may be covered with forests, so has the sober, serious thought of the native of New England been married to motive power, by which that thought is disseminated over wide spaces and into newly occupied territory.

It is the habit, we know, to distinguish the man of New England by his thrift, which has become proverbial; but it is something more than a mere scraping and saving, for the reason that it has the enviable gifts of mind behind it. The appearance is confounded with the reality, and the symbol taken for the substance. Underneath this universal desire in New England to get on, lies and lives the stronger desire to know; and the eagerness for education consequently becomes a hunger that refuses to be appeased. Take a man thus endowed, and the tides can as easily be restrained as his influence can be suppressed. He was made to be a seed-sower for civilization, to compel the working of ideas like leaven in the body of the civilization of which he is an irrepressible element.

The schoolhouse and the meeting-house are the alpha and omega of the alphabet of progress, in the estimation of the genuine New Englander, setting forth the character of the influences that represent existence for him. These he takes with him wherever he goes. Out of them, as from prolific seed, sprout institutions and systems which include the potentialities of the future. The central conception is that all things are to be kept working, as in a universal cauldron; that an aimless way of living is a sheer waste of life itself; that contrast and competition, even to the limit of contention, are far more natural, and therefore healthy, conditions than sluggish compliance and torpid satisfaction. Hence there is a stir wherever he goes.

But it is a stir that prognosticates life, ever changing and new—a stir, not for the sake of mere activity or to appease a vague restless-

ness, but for ulterior ends that shall prove different from those now known. Were this vital leaven to be denied to the body of our national life, it would soon become purposeless, formless, and expressionless. This it is that keeps all in a needed ferment. It is the fervent heat in which the elements are melted. We might go on, and produce and accumulate material wealth without it, but what would that signify? Nothing at all, except the indwelling poverty of spirit that would fatally afflict us.

There is no power in man that is unaccompanied with some consciousness of it; and it is natural to charge this leading trait of the New England character with the companionship of conceit. That is but the penalty imposed upon the gift, upon almost any gift, that provokes envy. Instead of stopping to remonstrate, however, it is better to keep right on as destiny directs and the inevitable decrees. And obeying this simple law of being, the New England of the future is to be rightly estimated only by the extent of the national life itself.

\* \* \*

THE migratory instinct is as strong in men as in birds. Animals possess it in the smallest degree, and therefore are unprovided with the ready means for leaving their natural habitat on the approach of winter. But they have their compensation in other ways, such as the thickening of the fur and the semi-torpid state of hybernation. To burrow like the fox and woodchuck and squirrel, is equivalent to making a hurried autumnal run southward to avoid the trying experiences of winter. But the bird is winged, and migration is effected with no unusual effort. It is as natural for the bird of passage to fly as it is for the four-footed creature to run and spring. So nature has kindly joined with the instinct the means for gratifying it with the least expenditure of energy.

The man of New England also craves a change, and it is just as much a craving of the spirit as of the senses. How is he to gratify it? How, indeed, except by the active use of his faculties? If he can invent a method of transportation that will stand him in as good stead as the wings do the bird that follows the seasons in their changing round, then he becomes as much a migratory creature as the feathered people are, and can come and go in obedience to the ever urgent suggestions of his spirit or his senses. Nothing so far has been invented by him for performing this work of migration that surpasses the railway train; a speeding chain of vehicles across lines of latitude that almost keeps up with the flight of the swiftest bird of the air; spreading its interior luxuriousness to the right and left like an irresistible invitation; carrying all the comforts of the modern hotel on its revolving wheels; seeming to swim in the air as it skims the surface of State after State; and exposing from its broadside windows to the vision of



the fascinated traveller pictures of life and a succession of scenes that cause him to wonder how many influences he may be subjected to at once and still maintain his conscious identity.

The means having thus been fairly provided for the gratification of the desire to change one's climate at will, and with no preliminary dread to take away the edge of the enjoyment, what more natural than the increasing desire manifested by our northern population to flee from its bleak and hard winter environment to a land where the jasmine and the myrtle are giving a perfume to the air, and the winds blow soft and soothingly from the tempering moisture of the mysterious gulf stream, and the woods are a miracle of verdure with tufts of massed blossoms to break the oppressive monotony of the field of green? And so people leave their New England homes and speed to Florida, if it be but for the briefest respite and vacation. It takes but a couple of days to make the car-flight, and suddenly a new world breaks on the sight and gives an unexpected life to the senses. It is all as new socially, too, at the centres to which this migration tends, as it is physically, and life seems to be in a state of reorganization. Great hostelries, with their reposeful spaces and open courts and splashing fountains, complete the illusion while making it still more real. Could the man of the North be subjected to a temptation that he is less inclined to resist?

\* \* \*

THE death of a man like Professor Asa Gray is to be placed in the list of events, from which to date what comes after. We do not realize the rare worth of such as he until his departure forces us to make an estimate which we had never before attempted. He stood at the head of the department of natural history to which he devoted the study of a lifetime, the incomparable teacher, the genius of classifying power, of attainments in his chosen field which few or none beside him could measure, impatient of ignorance in its many disguises, and a searcher for truth in its divine order to the end of his days. No teacher at Old Harvard has in its long career more deeply stamped himself as a living influence into its own influence and reputation. He was one of those happy ones on earth whose felicity it is to find the exact place in which they belong and to keep it. In respect to what he accomplished for others, he was a gift to his own and to succeeding generations. He could not have become such, however, if, instead of freely imparting of his own vast stores to others who wanted the help he could best give, he had been content to practice a miserly prudence and to covet a selfish reputation.

The pursuit of botanical studies, which are investigations into the secrets of the physiology of vegetation, has generally been accounted



not much more than an accomplishment, not to be put alongside even of classical studies, which at best may not be considered more disciplinary than they are ornamental. But if no other student and teacher of this branch of natural history brushed such an undersized conception away, Professor Asa Gray did it for once and all, and set it up on an elevation in the popular mind where it commands that high respect which is its rightful due. He succeeded in clothing it with a truly royal significance. Its mysteries were unfolded to his far-reaching penetration. He called new order out of previous seeming confusion. He taught principles of vegetable physiology that underlie the possibilities of civilization on the earth. The miraculous processes of evolution were the constant stimulus of his thought and the inspiration of his discoveries. How many and how widely scattered are the learners to whom the lessons he taught are the stay and support of a long succession of mental operations. Mere reputation becomes vanity itself when put into the scale against attainments so many and solid as his.

\* \*

THE European event has been the speech of Prince Bismarck in the German Reichstag on the continental situation, the occasion being the discussion of the military bill. He assured the public, so far as France was concerned, that the outlook was more peaceful, in part owing to the election of a peace-loving President. Nor was he ready to believe that Germany need feel any apprehensions of an attack from Russia. His explanation of the concentration of Russian troops on the frontier was that Russia merely wished to be prepared for a turn in the Eastern question, which was of but secondary interest to Germany. The history of Germany's efforts to preserve friendly relations with Russia since 1848 were recited by him.

He remarked that the warlike tendencies of both France and Russia drive Germany to defence; as he expressed it, "the pike in France and Russia compel us to become carp." The significant expression of the whole speech was this: "We are better able than any other nation to offer a strong resistance to our foes." He observed that Prussia has done Russia many services for which she might claim gratitude. He acknowledged that his friendly feelings for Russia had cooled. He thought he had really acquired a right to Russia's gratitude, but he would not give umbrage to Austria, because it would have left Germany isolated in Europe and completely dependent on Russia.

The treaty with Austria, which has been made to wear such opposite meanings, he declared to be the expression of the community of interests of the two contracting parties, which both wished the world to know. And so, too, was the treaty with Italy the expression of common interests and common efforts to avert common dangers and to

maintain peace. Austria he pronounced the natural ally of Germany in dangers which threaten the latter from Russia and France. There is no need to fear the hatred of Russia; and wars are never waged from mere hatred, otherwise France would have to be at war with Italy and the whole world. "The strength we possess," he again reminded his hearers and Europe, will reassure public opinion and quiet the nervousness of the bourse and the press. "Our task," he added, "is to strengthen this strength." And he proceeded, like an armed giant, to recount the items of Germany's physical power, one by one. It reads like a revival of the age of iron in this era of modern civilization. "If we are attacked," he threatened, "then the *furor Teutonicus* will flame out. No one can make headway against that."

He expressed the hope that the empire would remain at peace with its neighbors, especially with Russia, which, he declared, has no pretext for a war. "We have endeavored," he said, "to maintain our old relations with Russia, but we do not run after anybody." That last phrase contains the thunder of this pregnant speech. If Russia calls on Germany, in its communication with the Sultan of Turkey's government, to support such of her claims as are compatible with the decisions of the Berlin congress, he said he should have no hesitation in doing so. A third time he announced that "we place our reliance on the strength of our army. If we have no cause to use it," he added, "all the better; but we must make our arrangements with the idea that we do use it. Threats do not frighten us. The threats of the press are boundless folly. Such things cannot in the slightest degree influence our actions. We Germans fear God, and nothing else in the world. The fear of God makes us wish to foster peace." His closing words were: "He who attacks will find us armed to a man, every man having in his heart a firm belief that God is with us."

The speech created a profound impression in the delivery, and applause, long and loud, hailed the great speaker at its close.

\* \* \*

THE American Copyright League appeals for personal and active aid in securing international copyright. The grounds on which it rests its appeal are that it is desirable to raise our own country to the standard of national morality and of international fair play maintained by all other civilized nations; to promote the wholesome development of our national literature, by enabling authors to compete with those to whom no payment is now made; to provide a fair field for American authors in their own country and abroad, so that they may make an adequate support; to do justice to foreign authors, who are entitled to receive from us what our authors would expect to make in other countries; and to widen the circulation of the best new literature, American and

international, by the reduced price which would follow. The league expresses the belief that the American people are willing to pay for what they get, and will agree that a book honestly come by is better than a cheap book. It maintains that every American citizen has a practical interest in this reform. Readers, as well as makers of books, are invited to join the league, and to write to their representatives in Congress, urging them to vote for a measure looking to the end proposed.

\* \* \*

INCREASING interest is developing in Washington in the alleged extradition treaty between the United States and Russia which was made public nearly a year ago, in relation to which Mr. Kennan, the Russian traveller, declares his entire disbelief that the Senate would agree to hand over to Russia the Russian refugees in this country, for the sufficient reason that the systems of jurisprudence in the two countries are totally unlike. If an American refugee should be extradited by Russia, he would have his fair, open trial here; he would have his own counsel and his own witnesses. But the Russian refugee, on being delivered up to the Russian authorities, would have nothing, and worse than nothing. His trial would be secret. He would have to choose his counsel from the government procurers. He would have no witnesses at all. That is not trial — it is condemnation beforehand. The government procurer knows very well that any extra exertion in behalf of the accused would turn suspicion against him also.

Mr. Foulke, of Indiana, has personally addressed a letter on the subject of the pending treaty to each member of the Senate, which closes with some impressive sentences, as follows: "The (Russian) press is throttled by an arbitrary and unjust censorship. Newspapers are capriciously suspended and suppressed, standard works on political science are forbidden, and even the oral utterances of proscribed opinions are mercilessly punished. The agents of the secret police swarm everywhere. Arbitrary and unwarrantable searches in great numbers are made at dead of night in private households. Men are imprisoned for years, awaiting trial for offences where there is no proof of guilt, and by the system of administrative exile thousands are banished and transported to distant and inhospitable regions without conviction or any form of trial.

"It is the last great despotism on earth, the only one which has withstood the glare of modern civilization, which demands the aid of the foremost champion of liberty in forging the more securely the fetters which bind its slaves. The result of our acquiescence will be, not so much the greater personal security of the sovereign, as the moral sanction which our support will give to the perpetuation of the merciless servitude in which he holds his hundred millions of subjects. The

people of America transformed into the slave-hunters of Muscovy! What a bulwark for autocratic power!"

There certainly is a moral side to the question, and it ought to govern in the case.

\* \* \*

HUMOR, let us at once concede, is a symptom of health and harmony in the make-up of individual character; but, to be itself healthy, it should enjoy only normal relations with the other faculties, being guilty neither of strained eccentricities nor of gross excesses. It lays itself open to both of these unfortunate charges, however, in the free use to which it is put in the columns of the modern popular newspaper. There are regular professors of humor now, whose business it is, for so much a week or per column, to seize upon all points of human character, all the features of existing institutions, all doings and sayings both sacred and profane, and to distort, exaggerate, travesty, ridicule, and grotesquely jumble their meaning, until the wits of readers become confused and inverted, and the most serious relations of life discordant and farcical in the contemplation. This is not humor by any means; it certainly is not wit; it is not even cheap drollery. The unlooked-for and surprising quality of real humor is supplanted by the visible and paid effort of the hardened practitioner, who is making all the havoc he can of what ought to be held sweet and sacred, and thereby natural, by the daily recurring displays of his wholly needless irreverence.

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### **HISTORICAL RECORD.**

GENERAL SHERMAN was recently charged, in an article in a Charleston, S. C., paper, with having applied the torch to Columbia during his historic "march to the sea," and, on being shown the article and reading it, denied the whole statement, declaring that the town was in flames when he entered it with his troops, having been fired by General Wade Hampton himself, who had just left it on his retreat before the advancing Union army. "There is just this about the destruction of Columbia," said he; "I did n't set it, neither did my men; on the contrary, Wade Hampton started the fire, and we tried to save it, not for the sake of the place, but for our own convenience." \* \* \* "The whole question as to who burned Columbia was sifted by the International Commission, a not over-friendly body, before whom the British owners of some of the cotton destroyed brought their claims. If they

could possibly have shown that the United States troops burned that cotton, they would have done so. And they failed, and that settled it."

\* \*

PROFESSOR BUTLER, of Madison, Wis., in replying to the toast "Pilgrim Archives, stolen by John Bull, and not yet restored," at a recent meeting of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, gave an account of the manner in which the manuscript of Governor Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation" was carried off from the library, which Prince had long been collecting in the tower of the Old South Church, Boston, the latest quotation from it having been made before the earliest commemoration at Plymouth, in 1769. By the narrowest accident this only history of the early colony was discovered in the Fulham library, belonging to the bishop of London. It numbers two hundred and seventy pages of manuscript, and the book plate of the Prince library is pasted on one of them, together with a memorandum in the handwriting of Prince, showing how he had obtained the manuscript from the grandson of Governor Bradford. The identification had to be admitted.

But was the precious history returned to the church library where it belonged? asked the speaker. Nothing of the sort. On the other hand, said he, it was thought a great condescension and grace when the lord bishop of London allowed the American owners of the book to hire an amanuensis, and so secure *a copy* of the most priceless Pilgrim relic. And he proceeded to express his views and his feelings further in the following words, which will challenge the earnest sympathy of all the readers of this magazine:—

"The Fulham dignitary has manuscripts by thousands; while keeping back from us the only one containing our earliest chronicle, he filches from us that which not enricheth him, but leaves us poor indeed. Having many flocks, he robs us of our only ewe lamb. Let us draw up a petition, — say rather a demand, — signed by millions who boast some drop of Puritan blood, that the bishop of London make us an unconditional surrender of Bradford's holograph volume, — a manuscript as valuable to us as the original of Doomsday to England, — 'an honor' longing to our house, descending from our earliest ancestor, which 't were the greatest obloquy in the world for us to lose.'

"When Austria was forced to give up her domination in Venice, she carried off certain of the city archives. She abstracted only a few from fourteen millions of papers filling two hundred and ninety-eight rooms. Yet her thievery was so scandalized and so foully spoken of in the world's wide mouth that Austria was soon driven to return to Venice whatever she had taken away. May the London lord who holds our unique pearl of great price right early do as Austria has done!"



SENOR CASTELAR made a long speech in the Spanish Cortes on the 7th of February, in review of the European situation, as Prince Bismarck was doing in the Reichstag at about the same time. He censured the policy of a constant increase of armaments, and the policy of conquest, and drew a contrasting picture of military and industrial nations. He thought Spain ought to pursue the policy of peace and progress, and avoid conquests. The benefits of a general disarmament were eloquently descanted upon. The time for a military conquest in Morocco was past. Free trade is a benefit to the working classes. He asserted that, if the liberal principles of the present cabinet were continued, the present monarchy might become the most remarkable of modern times.

In Castelar's opinion, the speech of Prince Bismarck is an indication of an approaching struggle between the Germans and the Slavs. The hostility between Germany and Russia he regarded as permanent, war being inevitable sooner or later. The animosity between France and Germany, he thought, was but transitory, and would cease when the latter restored Alsace-Lorraine to France. The restoration of those provinces was the sole object that urged France to seek a Russian alliance. This reconciliation is desirable for all civilized countries interested in checking the spread of Pan-Slavism. He advised Spain to be neutral in European conflicts.

\* \* \*

THE death of General Gordon is at length told in its minutest details. At a special funeral service in its commemoration held recently in London, Rev. H. Waller, an old personal friend of General Gordon, pronounced the discourse, in the course of which he read the sworn testimony of one of the loyal sergeants who was present at Gordon's death, which was communicated to Lieutenant Gordon, the late general's nephew. It appears that, when Gordon heard the rebels in the town, he said: "It is all finished. To-day Gordon will be killed," and went down stairs, followed by the four sergeants, who took their rifles with them. He took a chair and sat down on the right of the palace door, the four sergeants standing on his left. All at once a sheik galloped up with some Bagaree Arabs. The sergeants were on the point of firing, when Gordon, seizing one of their rifles, said: "No need of rifles to-day. Gordon is to be killed." The sheik told Gordon that he had been ordered by the Mahdi to bring him alive. Gordon refused to go, saying he would die where he was, adding that no harm was to be done to the four sergeants, who had not fired on the rebels. The sheik repeated the order three times, and each time Gordon gave the same answer. After a few words the sheik drew his sword, and, rushing up to Gordon, cut him over the left shoulder, Gordon looking

him straight in the face and offering no resistance. His head was cut off and taken to the Mahdi at Omdurman. His body was buried close to the door of the palace, and a tomb built over it.

\* \*

THE governor and council and trustees of Dartmouth College held a meeting on the 7th of February, and voted to refer the subject of the disposal of the timber standing on the college grant in the upper section of the State to a sub-committee, which was named, with instructions to advertise for and invite proposals, and submit the same for final action on the last Thursday in June next.

\* \*

MR. GLADSTONE returned to London from his vacation to Cannes in time for the opening of Parliament, showing the benefits of his mid-winter absence in a climate almost like that of summer. He said, in reply to questions relative to his impressions of his visit, that he greatly regretted leaving the beautiful climate of Cannes for the fogs of London. Yet he said he was eager for the approaching session of Parliament. He took long drives and walks during his sojourn at Cannes, and appeared in splendid condition. He was in strong voice and excellent spirits.

\* \*

THE Bostonian Society has been presented with a fine etching,—a reprint of an engraving by Paul Revere,—said to be the only English reprint extant of the Boston Massacre, which occurred March 5, 1770. At the head is this explanatory inscription: "The Fruits of Arbitrary Power; or, the Bloody Massacre, perpetrated in King street, Boston, by a Party of the XXIX. Regt. In which Messrs. Sam Gray, Sam Maverick, James Caldwell, Crispus Attucks, Patrick Carr were killed. Six others were wounded, two of them (Christopher Monk and John Clark) mortally."

In the right-hand corner, under the picture, is an emblem of death's head; and in the left-hand corner is another emblem representing the lightning and two broken swords. At the bottom of the picture are some verses, full of patriotic fervor, whose author's name is not given. After the verses comes the following further explanation: "Boston massacre, March 5, 1770. (English reprint of Paul Revere's engraving.) Showing State street, Old State House, and First Church. The frame formerly belonged to Francis Rotch, Esq., owner of tea ships, December, 1773."

\* \*

THE Historical Society of Massachusetts properly observed the centenary, on the 6th of February, of the ratification of the Constitution of the United States, Massachusetts being the sixth State to ratify, which



she did, after a month's session of her convention, by a vote of one hundred and eighty-seven to one hundred and sixty-eight — a narrow majority of but nineteen. The convention was ordered by the General Court on the 25th of October, 1787, and met on the 9th of January, 1788. John Hancock was made president. It is not to be doubted that the favorable action of Massachusetts settled the fate of the measure. Seven States had not as yet acted on it when her convention met. The prevailing opinion, when it opened, was that it would refuse to ratify. Nor would the result have been what it finally was if the opposition had been at all united. The largest faction of the opposition were those who wanted separate State sovereignty for Maine; and there were others who wanted out-spoken condemnation for slavery, while others still were strenuous for a religious test. The Federalists, so self-named, were for the new Constitution, and were united. They were under strict discipline, and they voted at the start to "never in debate fail in gentleness and courtesy."

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## NECROLOGY FOR FEBRUARY.

JOHN K. ROGERS, treasurer of the Boston Type Foundry, one of the leading establishments of its class in the country, died in Brookline.

\* \* \*

HENRI DE PENE, the editor of the *Paris Gaulois*, died in Paris at the age of fifty-eight. He had been connected with a number of the journals of the French capital.

\* \* \*

FR. HEGEL, the head of the largest Danish publishing house, died at the age of seventy. He brought out the first productions of Björnson and Henrik Ibsen, and was a patron of other Danish writers who have achieved fame.

\* \* \*

COLONEL JOHN H. GEORGE, a well-known New Hampshire lawyer and politician, died at Concord early in the month. He was at one time a law partner of President Franklin Pierce.

\* \* \*

SIR HENRY JAMES SUMNER MAINE, the eminent English writer on legal subjects, died at Cannes, France. He was at one time law member of the Supreme Government of India. He wrote a number of noted legal works.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, a direct descendant of one of the original settlers of Londonderry, N. H., died at the age of ninety years. He had been treasurer of Pinkerton Academy for over thirty years.

\* \* \*

MRS. ELIZABETH GRANGER died at Pittsfield, Mass., at the age of one hundred and two years and nine months. She was a native of Northampton.

\* \* \*

MRS. AMELIA LEE JACKSON, wife of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, died in Boston at the age of sixty-nine.

\* \* \*

DR. LE BARON BOTSFORD, the oldest physician in New Brunswick, and a man of great intellect and boundless charity, died suddenly while at family prayers, at the age of seventy-six.

\* \* \*

MARY HOWITT, the English poet and novelist, whose name is inseparably associated in literature with that of her late husband, William Howitt, died at Rome, Italy. Her books comprise a long list.

\* \* \*

DR. GEORGE S. JONES, an old Boston physician, and formerly editor of the Medical and Surgical Journal, died at his residence in Boston at the age of eighty-one.

\* \* \*

MLLE. MARIE BASTIA, a prima donna in Italy, where she enjoyed a great reputation, starved herself to death from grief because her enormous size prevented her appearance on the stage any longer.

\* \* \*

CAPT. HENRY I. MOOERS died at Biddeford, Me., aged ninety-two years. He served in the American navy in the War of 1812, and was well known among the seamen of New England.

\* \* \*

ROBERT HERDMAN, R. S. A., one of the foremost of Scottish artists and a leading member of the Royal Scottish Academy, died at the age of fifty-eight years. For many years he has been in the front rank of the painters of the Scottish school, both as a historical and a portrait painter, his historical subjects being taken from Scottish history. One of his pictures, taken from Scottish literature, was the "Interview between Jeanie and Effie Deans."

\* \* \*

FREDERICK C. BRIGHTLY, the author of "Brightly's Digest" and other notable law books, died at Germantown, Penn., at the age of seventy-six years. He had devoted himself to law-writing for the past thirty years, and his works are very numerous and widely reputed.

MRS. WELTHA EMMONS, a noted society woman, the wife of Professor Emmons of the Geological Survey, died in Washington. Her eccentric life had caused volumes of talk, and she had twice been confined in asylums as insane, but been released. When she lived in Washington her style of living was the talk of the capital.

\* \* \*

DAVID R. LOCKE, widely known to the reading public as "Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby," died at Toledo, O., at the age of fifty-five years. He had been connected with the Toledo Blade for twenty years, in which the most of his characteristic productions appeared. He had been a successful lecturer for many years. The "Nasby" letters, it is universally conceded, exerted a very great influence during the war in moulding Northern opinion. Mr. Sumner is quoted as saying of them: "Against the devices of slavery and its supporters each letter was like a speech or one of those songs which stir the people."

\* \* \*

MR. ELBERT J. ANDERSON, formerly a New York merchant, but for years past a resident of Newport, R. I., died at the age of eighty-seven years. He conveyed the news of the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812 to the commander of the troops that were collected for the defense of New York at Governor's Island.

\* \* \*

EDWARD LEAR died at an advanced age at San Remo, Italy. He was famous as a comic poet and a landscape painter. His nonsensical songs achieved a great popularity. He wrote a great number of works of travel. Lord Tennyson addressed one of his poems to him.

\* \* \*

JOHN H. STURGIS, second son of the late Russell Sturgis, of London, and a leading Boston architect, died at Hastings, Eng., at the age of fifty-four. He leaves enduring memorials of his professional skill in Boston.

## LITERATURE AND ART.

ONE of the most fascinating of the shorter novels of the day, of the realistic sort, is the history of a young girl, by N. J. Clodfelter,\* the scene of which is laid in a Pennsylvania coal-mining region. A collier is the hero, and the daughter of another collier is the heroine. Love is, of course, one of the leading elements; and the story also well illustrates the benefits of life insurance, by which the girl-heroine is "Snatched from the Poorhouse." The story affords the opportunity for forcibly setting forth the hardships and perils of mining life, and for showing the abuses too often occurring in charitable institutions.

\* \* \*

As a treasury of interesting facts relating to men and events of the past and present all over the world, as an instructor in the finer relations of life, in modes suited to the youthful mind, by the best authors, *St. Nicholas*† appears to fulfil the requirements of the time. In both their conception and execution, its illustrations are quite up to the text, and give each month's issues the supreme attractiveness found in the real and in the unreal, in beauty and whimsicality, by not only the young but also the mature.

\* \* \*

THE ladies have long been supplied with fashion magazines, while periodicals devoted specially to the civil and business interests of women are become quite numerous. In *The Woman's World*,‡ edited by Oscar Wilde, the well-known expositor of artistic dress, we have a pleasing attempt to meet the tastes and the practical needs of the upper social classes. One aim of the new periodical is to aid in an effective system for providing the wealthy with accomplished ladies as serving associates, and at the same time procuring employment for impoverished ladies in somewhat near the social consideration to which they have been accustomed. The list of articles already announced covers the whole range of social life. There are descriptive pieces, narratives of adventure, and in the January number is begun a serial story, "The Truth about Clement Ker," by George Fleming. A list of above a score of English women, mainly of high rank and literary reputation, are promised as contributors. The numbers have thus far been profusely illustrated, having numerous full-page pictures, and smaller ones sprinkled through the text. The size is quarto, of about fifty pages.

\* *Snatched from the Poorhouse: A Young Girl's Life History.* By N. J. Clodfelter. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 1888. Square duodecimo. pp. 272. Price, 50 cents.

† *St. Nicholas; for Young Folks.* Conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Published by The Century Company, New York. \$3.00 a year; single numbers, 25 cents.

‡ *The Woman's World.* London and 739-741 Broadway, New York: Cassell and Co. Price \$3.50 a year; 35 cents per number.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE METROPOLITAN PORTRAIT GALLERY; being one hundred portraits of eminent Americans on a sheet unmounted. Published by "The Metropolitan," 44 Broadway, New York. Sent postpaid, with the Literary Monthly one year, for 30 cents.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, by Paul Fredericq.

SEMINARY LIBRARIES AND UNIVERSITY EXTENSION, by Herbert B. Adams. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. Fifth Series, XI. Baltimore. November, 1887. 8vo, paper; pp. 33. Price, 25 cents.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION, 1885-'86. Government Printing-Office, Washington, D. C., 1887.

THE ORIGINAL MR. JACOBS: A Startling Exposé. New York: The Minerva Publishing Co.

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**PUBLISHER'S EDITORIAL NOTES.**

It may not be generally known that Savannah, Ga., is the chief port for naval stores in the world, and is second only to New Orleans in the cotton trade. With many traces of the colonial and peculiarly southern style of architecture, it also has an increasing number of structures, both commercial and residential, in the modern styles, many of them of much elegance and magnitude. The vegetation at this season is not wholly of the bare-branch sort which the home-keeping denizen of the northern states has now to contemplate. The city and its environs furnish many fine drives and charming views. The atmosphere is balmy and of a temperature suited to gentle exercise.

\* \*  
\*

PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND and party were entertained at Dub's Screven House, Savannah, Ga., while visiting that beautiful summer city on the occasion of the unveiling of the Jasper monument, February 22-24. General U. S. Grant, wife, and party were guests of this hostelry in January, 1880.

The table at the Screven House is admirable, and Mr. Dub makes his many northern guests at home and extremely comfortable.

\* \*  
\*

CAPTAIN H. C. DAGGETT, of the steamer Chattahoochie, is a son of the old Bay State, being a native of Vineyard Haven. He has been nearly seventeen years in the steamship service between New York and Savannah. He is both a skilful and a courteous commander.

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\*

THE Clyde Steamship Line is the only one running direct between New York and Florida. It is a very popular line, and thrives under the able management of Theo. G. Eger, Esq., and his associates.

\* \*  
\*

THE Hygeia Hotel, on Block Island, kept by C. H. Hadley, occupies one of the choicest positions on the island. With its perfect sanitary conditions and happy combination of all the modern arrangements for comfort and luxury, it is a permanently desirable resort for weary men and women and the pleasure-seeking tourist. That this fact is well understood and appreciated is attested by the number of its patrons.



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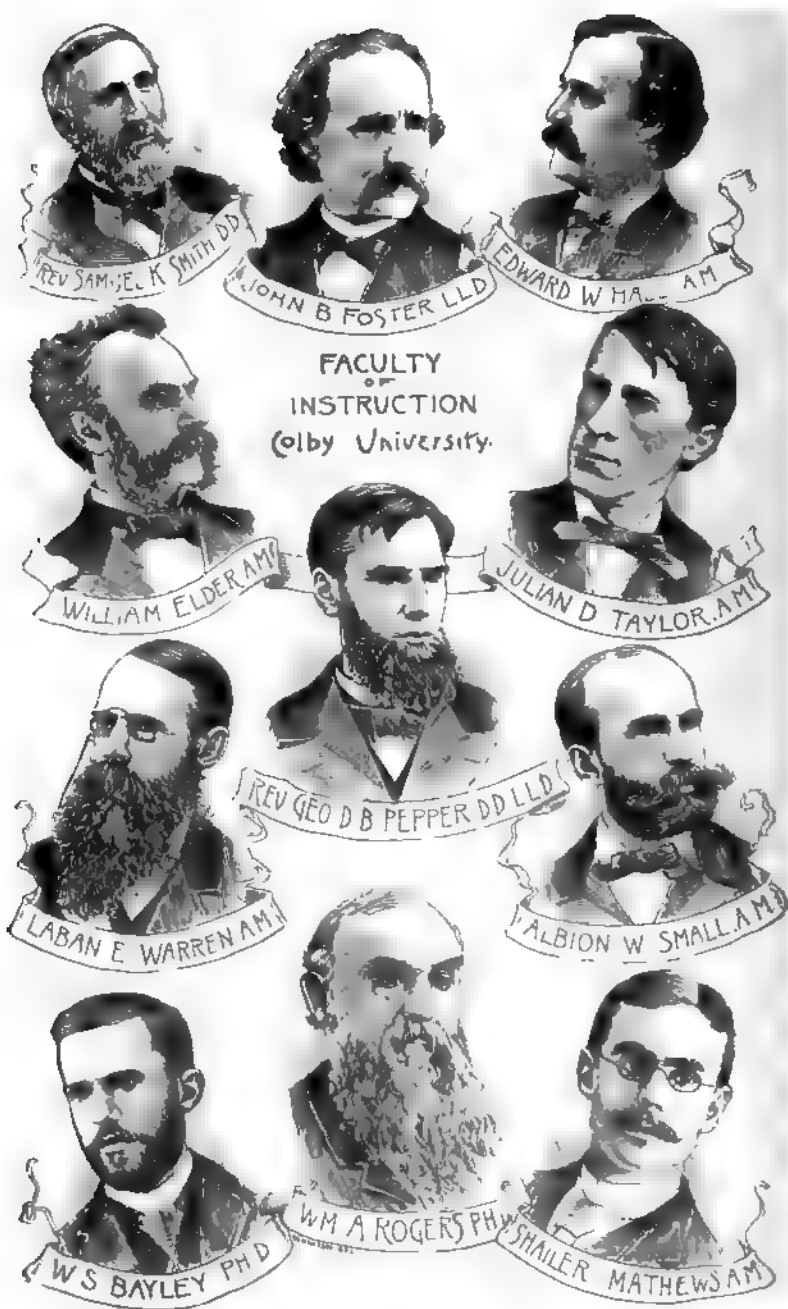
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FACULTY OF COLBY UNIVERSITY.

THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1888.

Whole No. 34.



NEW ENGLAND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

XII.—COLBY UNIVERSITY.

BY ALBION W. SMALL, A. M.,

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

COLBY UNIVERSITY is the child of the Baptists of Maine. Fourteen of its twenty-one sponsors, if a metaphor so incongruous may be pardoned, were Baptist ministers. The remaining seven were prominent Baptist laymen. The gift which saved the life of the college in 1864, was made upon condition "that the president and a majority of the faculty shall be members in good standing of regular Baptist churches." On the other hand, the act of June

19, 1820, enlarging the powers of the institution, provides "that no student belonging or who may hereafter belong to said Institution, sustaining a fair moral character, shall be deprived of any privileges of said Institution, or be subjected to the forfeiture of any aid which has been granted by said Institution for the purpose of enabling him to prosecute his studies, or be denied the usual testimonials on closing his studies, or be denied admission to said Institution on the ground that his interpretations of the Scriptures differ from those which are contained in the articles of faith adopted, or to be adopted, by said Institution." In accordance with these ideas the instructors have, with few exceptions, been men of earnest religious character, while young men of the most various religious views, including adherents of the Roman Catholic and of the Jewish faith, have been and are now among the students.

The first Baptist Association in the district of Maine was formed at Bowdoinham in 1787. In 1800 it embraced thirty churches with less than seventeen hundred members. They needed preachers and teachers and soon decided that they could not safely depend for them on schools controlled by the "Standing Order." At a meeting of the Bowdoinham Association held in Livermore in 1810, it was proposed "to establish an institution in the District of Maine, for the purpose of promoting literary and theological knowledge," and a committee was appointed "to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning the General Court for incorporation." An act was approved by the Governor of Massachusetts February 27, 1813, incorporating "The Maine Literary and Theological Institution." If we recall the legislation which sought to secure conformity by such apparent concessions as permission to hold religious services apart from the "Standing Order," on condition that the participants profess themselves "Anabaptists," we shall suspect that those who voted the charter to this new school expected it to end the enterprise. The General Court endowed the new corporation with a township of land fifteen miles above Bangor, in the unbroken wilderness, and stipulated that the school should be in the said township! The incorporators were nevertheless not turned from their purpose, but in 1816 they obtained legislative permission to choose a location any where in Kennebec or Somerset county. Farmington and Bloomfield (now Skowhegan) contended unsuccessfully with Waterville for possession of the school. The site having at length been selected, and Rev. Jere-

miah Chaplin of Danvers, Mass., having accepted the professorship of Theology, instruction was begun in a private house in June, 1818. The first students were young men who had been studying for the ministry under Mr. Chaplin's guidance in Danvers. A house for the President was the first building erected, and in 1821 the dormitory, since called South College, was completed. North College, now known as Chaplin Hall, was begun in 1822. In 1832 a "commons house" was erected, and in 1837 the central building, afterwards remodelled and named Champlin Hall, was finished.

Meanwhile Maine had become a State, and its first legislature, in 1820, had granted the institution collegiate powers. Mr. Chaplin



WORDING HALL, HOULTON, ME.

was chosen President ; Rev. Avery Briggs, who had been acting as Professor of Languages, was continued in that capacity ; and Rev. Stephen Chapin was elected Professor of Theology. By an act of the legislature, passed Feb. 5, 1821, the name of the institution was changed to Waterville College. The degree of A. B. was conferred for the first time in 1822 upon two graduates, one of whom was George Dana Boardman, the founder of the Baptist mission to the Karens. In 1827 a chair of Mathematics and Nat-

ural Philosophy was established; a department of Rhetoric and Hebrew was added in 1831; and a department of Chemistry and Natural History in 1838. At this date the faculty consisted of the President, four Professors and two tutors. The number of instructors was not increased till 1866. Greek, Latin and Mathematics were the staples of instruction. Variety seems to have been secured by changing from term to term the order in which the recitations in these different studies occurred, and by giving a glimpse, here and there, at Rhetoric, French, Chemistry, Botany or Geology, Constitutional Law, History, Political Economy and Ethics.

It is difficult to understand how the college maintained its existence down to 1864. It received, as we have seen, one township of land from Massachusetts, and in 1862 the State of Maine granted it two half townships. "Besides this, for the first seven years after it was chartered as a college, the State granted it an annuity of one thousand dollars, and subsequently other annuities, making the total benefactions of the State fourteen thousand five hundred dollars." The remaining support of the institution was provided by interested individuals. In 1830 a "Manual Labor Department" was established, and three shops were built on the Campus for its accommodation. The more sanguine friends of this experiment expected it to yield the college a revenue. The less credulous favored it because it would give needy students opportunity to support themselves wholly or in part, and at the same time to gain the benefit of physical exercise. After testing the theory for a dozen years the trustees instructed the prudential committee to sell the shops with stock, tools and fixtures, for the reason that "the workshops were probably at first of some advantage to the college in enticing students to come here; but not in any proportion to the heavy expense incurred by the college in building and maintaining them: and are now, and for some time past have been, a useless monument of misjudged expenditure." For this evidence upon the subject of "industrial education" Waterville College must be credited with a valuable contribution to useful knowledge.

In 1864 the interest-bearing funds of the college amounted to only fifteen thousand dollars. The number of students had dwindled to sixty-nine. "No improvements whatever had been made upon the premises, no additional teachers had been employed, and no considerable additions had been made to the library



CAMPUS, COLBY UNIVERSITY.





HEBRON ACADEMY.

or apparatus of the institution, for about thirty years." Many friends of the college had lost all hope of keeping it alive, and were inclined to give up the struggle. At this juncture Gardner Colby of Newton Centre, Mass., offered to contribute the sum of fifty thousand dollars to the permanent funds if an additional sum of one hundred thousand dollars could be raised. The condition was met; not only was the endowment secured, but the generosity of a multitude of friends among whom Hon. J. Warren Merrill of Cambridge, Mass., and Hon. Abner Coburn of Skowhegan, Me., should be especially remembered, provided new buildings, chemical and physical apparatus, astronomical instruments, and additions to the library, so that on the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the charter, President Champlin was able to congratulate the alumni and trustees that the college was at last fairly founded. In adopting the title Colby University, January 23, 1867, the trustees may have chosen unwisely between pretentiousness and alliteration; they certainly did not err in deciding that Mr. Colby's name should be forever associated with the fact accomplished by his gift. It should be remarked, however, that while Mr. Colby's memory is cherished with sincere gratitude at Waterville, it is remembered that equal credit for founding the prosperity of the college belongs to President Champlin.

But even the foundation was still unfinished. Thus far in its history the institution had been a beggar not only

for funds but for students. Baptist families in Maine had been entreated to send their sons to Waterville, not because the college offered superior educational advantages, but because it needed their patronage. The idea became prevalent among the students that remaining in Waterville was a foolish sacrifice, and few graduated if they could go to other colleges. The character and reputation of Colby did not yet command the respect and confidence of parents and teachers, or the loyal attachment of the students. Rev. Henry E. Robins, D. D., came to the presidency in 1873. He saw clearly that



COBURN CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.

the college had no right to exist, unless it did for its students such service that the Baptists of Maine could not afford to send their children elsewhere for an education. Inspired by a high ideal of the mission of such an institution he completed for Colby an intellectual and moral foundation which cannot be less durable than its material support. His administration marks as distinct an epoch in the history of the college as does that of Dr. Champlin. The influence of Dr. Robins is a silent but

potent factor in the work of Colby to-day, and all her progress since his resignation, and all present plans and efforts towards improvement, are developments of the policy which he proposed.

It would be neither discreditable nor surprising if the half century of almost hopeless struggle had accomplished little more than the mere retaining of the charter until at last the means were found to make it effective. During those dreary years, however, brave and faithful men made Waterville College a power in spite of its poverty, and left a record which is a stimulus and a challenge to their successors. They formed the minds and moulded the characters of a succession of students whose subsequent work would reflect credit upon the best equipped institution. Many Waterville graduates who have served their generation royally, could never have gained an education without the assistance which the college rendered. The whole number of graduates from the regular course up to 1887 has been eight hundred and sixty-two. Of these, two hundred and twenty-eight became clergymen; one hundred and eighty-eight, lawyers; seventy-two, business men; sixty-two, physicians; thirty-nine, journalists; thirty-seven, college professors; fourteen, judges; nine, superintendents of schools; eight, members of congress, and two governors of States. The college also furnished sixty-five United States volunteers during the Rebellion. At the present time more than one hundred of the alumni are teachers in schools of different grades.

Colby University has outgrown the necessity of entreating students to sacrifice themselves to its needs; it to-day invites them to avail themselves of as favorable conditions for strictly collegiate training as are afforded by any New England college. Its location is fortunate, as Waterville is one of the most attractive places of residence in the State, and is also the centre of the Maine Central Railroad System, so that it is easily accessible. The citizens of Waterville are energetic and public spirited, and their social and industrial enterprises are steadily adding to the advantages which the students enjoy.

The college campus is an extensive tract on the right bank of the Kennebec River. The trustees voted at their last annual meeting to expend a considerable sum in improvements, which will add to its present beauty. The buildings on the campus are

six in number. Of those already mentioned, South College contains the Student's Reading Room, and twenty-eight suites of rooms intended to accommodate fifty-six students. Chaplin Hall contains rooms for sixty-four students. It is heated throughout by steam, and since the completion of the city water works during the last year it has been provided with probably the most complete and elaborate sanitary appointments to be found in any similar building in the country. Champlin Hall contains the College Y. M. C. A. room and seven recitation rooms, including the physical laboratory. Cobscook Hall is entirely devoted to the use of the departments of Chemistry and Mineralogy and Geology. The building is of rough quarry stone, with granite trimmings, the walls being 56 x 48 feet, and 41 feet high.

Memorial Hall, so named in honor of the alumni of the college who fell in the service of their country during the late civil war, and the *first* building of the kind to be completed, is built of stone and surmounted by a tower eighty feet in height.

The eastern wing contains the Library, in a room 44 by 54 feet and 20 feet high. It is furnished with double alcoves and shelves for 30,000 volumes. The western wing contains on the first floor the College Chapel, 40 by 58 feet. Above this is the Hall of the Alumni, in which is the Memorial Tablet, surmounted by a copy, in marble, of Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne.

The Gymnasium is conveniently located on the college campus. It is well furnished with Professor Sargent's apparatus. Regular exercise under the supervision of the instructor is required.



THE LATE PROF. MOSES LYFORD, LL.D.

Although these accommodations are so much more ample than those in which the work of the first fifty years was performed, yet the methods of instruction now employed demand important alterations in the present buildings and the addition of new ones.

A larger laboratory is needed for both chemistry and physics. The astronomical observatory is situated on land which the college cannot control, and has been made unsafe by excavations for building purposes. Additional lecture rooms are necessary, as well as an art gallery, and plans have been drawn for extensive improve-



MEMORIAL HALL.

ments upon the gymnasium. The trustees will decide at the next meeting which of these improvements should be attempted first, and it is expected that means will be found to prosecute the work.

The changes in the teaching force and in the methods of instruction are more notable than the external improvements. The faculty now consists of the President and eleven professors, including the instructor in the gymnasium, who is a college graduate, and a pupil of Professor Sargent of Harvard. While the students have always been taught to think for themselves, and to depend upon their

own efforts for knowledge, there has been, during the last fifteen years, a marked increase in the amount of teaching done by the professors, and at the same time equally noticeable modification of the class-room routine, which has given way to more scientific processes than the former recitation of laboriously memorized sentences. Opportunity is still afforded for study of the classics to the end of the course, but neither Greek nor Latin is required after the Sophomore year. During the Senior and Junior years a constantly increasing number of elective courses is offered. The natural sciences are taught by means of lectures and experiments performed in the laboratories by the students themselves, with the assistance of approved reference books. The library, containing twenty-three thousand volumes, of which a very large proportion are the latest and most authoritative works in their several departments, is so arranged that the students can derive from it the greatest possible benefit. The art lectures, which have proved a most valuable feature of the course, are illustrated by a collection of the same kinds of photographs and casts as are used in similar instruction in the universities and museums of Europe. The aim of the college is to exert a positive Christian influence, and the faculty endeavor to make all their work contribute to the formation of symmetrical Christian character, and to preparation for useful Christian citizenship.

The necessity of physical culture is now practically recognized at Colby, and provision is made for it as carefully as for intellectual discipline. Within the last few years attention has been drawn to the need of more training in the art of composition and in elocution, and that need is now happily supplied. It may be mentioned also that, for the benefit of students intending to study for the ministry, a course in Hebrew is open during the last term of the Senior year.

In 1871 Colby ventured to open its doors to young women on the same terms as to young men. A few years ago, an estate was purchased on College Street, about three minutes walk from the Campus, and Ladies' Hall, presided over by an efficient matron, is now a pleasant home for the young ladies. Colby has already twenty-one *alumnæ*; and their record, with that of the eighteen young ladies among the undergraduates, has demonstrated that, so far as this college is concerned, "co-education" need no longer be considered an experiment.

The college is the centre of a system of academies controlled by the Trustees of Colby University. Hebron Academy, the oldest of these schools, which has instructed over twelve thousand pupils, of whom we may mention William Pitt Fessenden, Hannibal Hamlin, Eugene Hale, and John D. Long, is now soliciting funds for the erection of needed buildings. B. F. Sturtevant, Esq. of Jamaica Plain, Mass., has offered \$10,000 on condition that \$30,000 more be secured. Of the sum needed, \$15,000 is already pledged.

Coburn Classical Institute at Waterville has a stately building, erected by Hon. Abner Coburn at a cost of \$40,000. Ricker Classical Institute at Houlton has just dedicated (June 27th,) an elegant academy building, the gift of Mrs. Wording, and named Wording Hall in honor of Judge William E. Wording, her late husband, who graduated from Waterville College in 1836.

The resources of the different members of the University System are as follows : —

	FUNDS	INCOME.
The College	\$500,000.	\$32,000.
Coburn Institute	52,000.	3,200.
Ricker “	40,000.	2,700.
Hebron Academy	36,000.	2,200.

Under the presidency of Dr. Pepper, the college is steadily increasing its efficiency. It attracts students of limited means, because the necessary expenses are believed to be less than in any other college of equal grade in New England. Seventy endowed scholarships and a fund of \$20,000, afford to needy students aid, which is nearly equivalent to the total charges for tuition and room rent.

**IPSWICH BRIDGE.**

**BY ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.**

Sweet, silent river, stealing to the sea  
With current tardy, as if sloth were born  
Of dreaming dalliance with the droning bee,  
In blooming meadows all this summer morn.

Beneath the alders' shade thy waters sleep  
In peaceful stillness, resting by the way;  
Or, winding through the meadows, slowly creep  
In idly circling eddies towards the bay.

Just where they meet and mingle with the tide  
That eager rushes up the narrow strait,  
Where grassy fields slope down on either side,  
They wildly tremble as forecasting fate.

Or is it that a heavy shadow lies  
From rough-built walls that crowd upon their way;  
That quaint stone arches hide the vaulted skies,  
Frown from the waters, face the smile of day.

Above that bridge what intermingling streams  
Of human life have coursed this many a year!  
By hopes and fears, by fancies and by dreams,  
Borne to the crossing of the river here.

Here marched the Continental troops to fight,  
Here marched the veterans,—few beside the dead;  
Here later heroes mustering for the right  
Bore on their Country's flag where honor led.

Still, Sabbath morns, the fond domestic groups  
Wind towards the village church upon the hill;  
Next day the children flock to school in troops,  
And farmers drive their wagons to the mill.





- NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION BUILDINGS [See page 358.]

**CLOSE TO THE CHIMNEY.****A WINTER EPISTLE.**

BY JONATHAN FOXHILL.

I do not pen you this letter in a specially confidential temper, but rather out of a wayward feeling that I should like to write it, and also because you are the only one I know whose reading of it would seem to recompense me for the mechanical labor it involves. We all are conscious of some experiences which, though they are got in comparative solitude and silence, do not appear to be quite complete until after the act of communication to somebody else.

You in Washington, in the pine paradise of Georgia, in semi-tropical Florida,—and I, snug and close at home here in New England, never going out of sight of the smoke of my own chimney, entrenched behind snow-banks and gazing at the cold gray skies of winter, no social life but what is purely casual or perfunctory, one day almost precisely like another, brief remnants of afternoons and long starlit nights without an audible sound outside, silence and frost holding all symptoms of life shut tight in their jealous control,—what possible report can I make to you of the passing days that will start a pulse of sympathy in your heart or kindle a gleam of interest in your already preoccupied thought? Still, as any record of life from my sequestered realm may, by the sheer force of contrast, give a fillip to your current enjoyment, I shall not be the one to refuse the gift on such a ground, and so sketch you this homely picture of the storehouse of my winter satisfactions.

I keep close to the chimney corner through all weathers, and thus feel as firm an assurance of safety from their wilful changes as one who is always encased in life-saving flannels and refuses to take risks of exposure on any terms. Of course I am out and in, and my feet find their way into queer places every day, when the piled snow does not forbid; but the tether is very much shortened since the almost holy days of October departed, and it

is only in the noon-strip of a sunny day that I stride off into the edge of the distant wood, and pick my difficult way among the rocks and hummocks of the desolate pastures. I call it hybernation—not in the sense exactly that the woodchuck and the fox accept it, but a good deal on the same comfortable principle. They put their paws in their mouths and go to sleep for the winter, with no break in the chain of their dreams till Candlemas. I sit by my open wood fire, and “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,” listening to the singing of the airy sprites that are released by the flame from the “knotty entrails” of the substantial oak forestick, watching the creeping afternoon sunshine on the floor, chatting in placid content with her whose companionship long ago gave to my life all its enriching grace, and thinking of what is past and projecting what may be to come.

Some people, who of course know nothing about it, think a winter life like mine must be one wholly of sameness and tameness. Do such ever behold the fairy frost scenes on the window-panes when the sunrise splendor kindles them into new meaning every morning? The Alderney cow is to be cared for; the cocks have been crowing lustily in their warm shelter since the day dawned, and the poultry must be fed in due season; if snow has fallen over night, there are paths to be shovelled this way and that; and the fires are to blaze up anew from last night's embers: the smokes begin to curl from the chimney tops; the preparations for breakfast start fresh life in kitchen and dining-room; fuel is to be brought in, and the pumps are to be uncovered and examined; the milk is fetched from the barn; the breakfast is carried smoking and fragrant to the table, and in the glow of the new fire the welcome repast entices a happy little circle to partake with the relish of natural appetites. After the brisk bustle and agitating stir which the sharp air of a winter's morning necessitates in the household, there is little need of any artificial stimulants for provoking the appetite that rarely requires coaxing.

After breakfast there are the animals, great and little, many or few, to be looked after as living parts of the domestic establishment. Along with this care goes the pleasure. One becomes familiar with the ways of horse and cow, of poultry and doves, in taking daily care of them during their direct dependence on human help in winter. And this is the time when they grow into our companionship.

By mid-forenoon I am ready for my daily turn around the barn and sheds, down the lane, and across lots into the strip of woods that offers us what shelter it can from the winds of the northwest. On many a day the hoarse voice of the crow sounds in the distance, and its spectral flight is outlined against the sky. A dog's bark is the only sound besides that invades the stillness. The mill in the valley continues its rumble and clatter, which is always going in this neighborhood. The little brook is sheathed in ice, and the river groans under its heavy burden, as if impatient of its long subjection. There I stand and survey the wintry landscape, stretching from the whitened eastern hill to the hazy reaches of field and winding river in the southwest; and I think of crowded streets and heated shops and workrooms, of the discomfort of constant personal contact with those one does not know and never expects to know, and realize the deep satisfactions of this larger freedom and truer independence. All cannot possess it as I do, of course; but is that any the more a reason why I should not make the most of it since it happens to be mine?

Starlight in wintry skies is a separate revelation of the wonders of heaven. I stand gazing through the window-panes by the hour at the dominating constellations in their steady sweep of the sky, and studying the great golden planets that roll in the mysterious deep above. There are very few companionships like that of the stars, and the winter nights are long, with an atmosphere that is transparency's self, in which to let the thought wander and the imagination take flight without subjection to earthly restraints. What was once sacred in mythology now becomes sacred again. With the great white wrap of snow thrown across the landscape, and the gaunt trees of the wood stretching out their bared arms, and a stillness that becomes social enclosing all things outside in its folds, only a lantern now and then flashing its light down the road and on the way to the mill, it is such an opportunity for meditation as the world of human activities offers at no other season in so impressive a form.

By day and by night, early and late, at noontime and at midnight, there are enjoyments in winter which those of summer cannot parallel or equal. Of course much depends on the person in quest of them; but that does not weaken the proof of their

being always ready to be discovered. One would say that few things could well be tamer or more monotonous than the occupation of choring about the house; but to the real home-loving man, the truly domesticated creature, who loves cellar and shed and garret because they form so essential a part of his home, few delights contain such sweet and simple solace, hold the vagrant thoughts in such working harmony, and engender in the rightly disposed heart such satisfying content. There is the poultry to feed and the eggs to bring in; the wood to be supplied afresh to the box in this room and that, and the kindling to be prepared and made handy for the next morning; chores to the cellar, and chores to the sheds and barn; protection against increasing cold over night; the water supply to be made secure, and the threats of wind and snow to be met by barring them out as possible intruders. And while I go about these homely avocations, doubtless regarded as too paltry to engage in by men in business or the professions, I gratefully hear the singing of the kettle over the fire, and snuff the steams from cooking meats and vegetables, and think of the wise philosophers who have found in them all their dearest consolations.

And speaking of the philosophers leads me to speak also of the remedial pleasures I take at my undisturbed fireside in the companionship of them all, from garrulous old Montaigne, the father of the ever-welcome essay, to Herbert Spencer and the noble circle of the modern school. Here by the chimney in winter is the only place and time for absorbing their stimulating thoughts into the mental system. All things are conducive to quiet study and reflection. Led along the heights of thought by these accepted masters, holding off from me life's exacting activities so as to estimate their worth in a single clear view, and helped to see the apparent confusion around us reduced to comprehensive order,—I cannot but ever afterward associate these rare spirits, these most generous gifts of heaven to the human race, with the singing log across the hearth, the glowing coals beneath the fore-stick, and the feeling of comfort that is excited by a thoughtful look through the window over the whitened landscape of winter. There are no meditations so full of satisfactions, so deep, so calm, as these at the fireplace through the days when the sun is without warmth and the cheery blaze on the hearth is like a close personal friend.

The time for reading one's favorite authors, and for knowing them as they would themselves wish to be known, is the winter, and in such safe and pleasant sequestration as I here enjoy. A book is now a companion indeed. He who reads for enlargement and stimulation, that he may profit rather than knowingly criticise, who would put out his thoughts to pasture where the feed is plenteous and nourishing, and follows his own bent instead of what happens to be the fashion, cannot successfully maintain that even the long and silent hours of night are the equal, rich and precious as they undeniably are, of the forenoon hours in front of a blazing forestick and a charring backlog, with the snow falling from the gray sky and compressing the sense of comfort within the grateful consciousness. Books of travel are then most fascinating, because they transport me about the world without costing a single enjoyment where I am. Now, too, the naturalists are more attractive in their writings than ever. And the poets revive the world in their verses, releasing all the manacled brooks, enticing us into scenes of perpetual verdure, and making the gardens and copses populous with singing birds.

I strike a new trail here, and will follow it. It has often been said that the essence of happiness is in expectation — never in actual possession. Accepting the statement for truth, I venture to proffer my own testimony in corroboration of it. Much as I enjoy this profound quiet and security of the long New England winter, is not a good part of it, after all, anticipatory and prophetic? I cannot persist in denying that it is. Even when I gather my thoughts and feelings close about me like a warming and protecting robe, I am free to confess that it would afford but a meagre and insufficient covering if I knew that winter's reign was to continue unbroken. My heart instinctively palpitates to the conscious hopes of returning spring, when the old and dead is to disappear and the world is to become all new.

I do not honestly believe there is a living person in this latitude who is not similarly affected. Everybody looks eagerly forward to the coming of spring. At the fire, the talk is far more of last summer and next spring than of now frozen rivers and drifted snows and a zero atmosphere. The gardens and groves are the true inspiration. The healthy imagination warms with the bare mention of the shrill note of the early piping frog, the carol of the first robin in the apple tree in the moist corner of the home

lot, and the cheery spring salute of the bluebird making his short flight across the gardens and orchards. We gladly say good-bye to the snow-buntings and woodpeckers and chickadees that have frequented the trees and shrubberies all winter, and welcome in their places the singing company of their feathered kin, returning from the swamps and savannahs of the south and their extended flights as far as Central America.

How the heart rallies in its action, and how the feelings quicken their motion at thinking of the warm suns and slanting showers of April and May; of the springing grass and the shooting leaves; of birds busily building their nests, and brooks swimming and gurgling through the meadows, and the catbird filling the morning air with her voluble variety song from the spire of a silver-birch; of the June days when the only real life is out of doors, and the air is laden with cross-currents of fragrance that put the spice islands in far-off seas to the blush in comparison, and the woods have dressed themselves in living green again, with the plaintive notes of the genuine wild birds animating their solitudes, and the sharp, short bark of the squirrel resounding in their leafy chambers; of midsummer heats, when noontide under the umbrageous trees is perfect freedom in a bower, and the blackberries cluster thick on the prickly vines, and the glossy huckleberries sprinkle the pastures with their fragrant fruit; of haying and fishing, and picnicking, and strolling across the turf and through the thickets; of daybreaks that are strips of holiness itself flung out of the draperies of the eastern heavens across the enchanted landscape; of moonlight evenings when the earth is transmuted into a dream, with people walking up and down as in another world, and gardens and flowers and vines and trees a marvel of illusion that is reality all the while; and of the lengthening procession of sweet and sincere delights among leaves and flowers and shadows and shining waters, up to the appearance of the white frosts again in the stubble of harvest, and the falling of the colored leaves in the autumnal hush of the air, and the pattering of the nuts under the trees that are ready to yield their tribute to eager claimants.

These are the pictures that live in the bright bed of coals before me, that give color to my wintry musings in a comfortable chair. How winter could be endured without them, I leave it to somebody else to make known.



**CANADIAN FISHERIES.**

By HON. W. P. SHEFFIELD.

ALL title to land is derived either mediately or immediately from the sovereign power in the State. It is a presumption of the common law that grants from the sovereign of lands abutting on tide water are limited to the average high-water line. Beyond the high-water line seaward the sovereign or State owns a zone of land covered, or liable to be covered, by tide water, which, by the general consent of nations, is limited to a marine league, or the range of a cannon shot, in width.

The line of riparian proprietorship is extended in Massachusetts, and in Maine, which was formerly a part of Massachusetts, to low-water mark, provided that this line be not more than one hundred rods from the high-water line; and possibly in the States where the civil law prevails as the basis of their jurisprudence, the rights of riparian proprietors may be limited to the high-water line at spring tides. But these local laws cannot vary the rights of the general public derived under international law in the lands covered by tide water.

The nature and extent of the ownership of the States in the United States, and, where the common law prevails, in what I will call the riparian zone of land covered by tide water, has not been very clearly defined by judicial determinations. But perhaps I should not be far wrong if I assumed the rights of the States in this zone of land to be analogous to the rights of the owner of the fee in land over which a public highway has been laid.

In such a case, therefore, the State would be entitled to every beneficial use of the land which would not be inconsistent with the paramount rights of the general public in the waters which cover the land.

This would reserve to the States their dominion over the shell fisheries, which are as much a part of the land, and belong to the owner of the land, as the stones on or in dry land within the lines of a highway, when not wanted for the highway, are the property of an abutting proprietor.



The power to regulate commerce, and other powers ceded by the Federal Constitution to Congress, such as the power in Congress over navigation and the fisheries, confer upon Congress authority over the waters within this riparian zone; and whenever these powers are exercised by Congress, they are exclusive in that body. And the powers of Great Britain over lands covered by tide waters on the Canadian coasts are quite as extensive as the powers of Congress are over the land covered by tide water in the States of the Federal Union.

The right of way for vessels over this riparian zone being under the control of the government which has the power to regulate commerce, its use is accorded by that government to all friendly nations; and the denial of its free use to the vessels of any nation, though not a violation, would nevertheless be regarded, in the light of international law, as an unfriendly act.

Whether a riparian owner has any vested right of access from his land to the sea, or as between him and the State he is to be regarded merely as a coterminous proprietor of adjoining lands, is a question not involved in the subject under consideration. But in New York and New Jersey, the owner of lands adjoining tide water, the State, as the owner of the land below the high-water line, is regarded merely as private proprietor of adjoining land; and the riparian owner has no easement or right of access to the sea from his lands of which the State cannot deprive him without compensation; while in other States it has been held that a boundary on the sea is like a boundary on a way, or by the side of a way, which carries with it the right to use the way.

Anterior to the revolution, the colonies rendered efficient aid to the British Crown, in the acquisition and preservation of what is now the British American possessions. The capture of the fortress of Louisburg in 1745 by these colonies was a deadly blow at the prestige and power of France in America. The colonies also contributed liberally in men and supplies in earlier and later wars between England and France, when the hold of France upon the more northern American colonies was relaxed, and until it was finally broken at the fall of Quebec, in 1759.

But notwithstanding the sacrifices and services of the colonies in acquiring jurisdiction over this territory, the British Parliament, early in 1775, with the avowed purpose of starving the colonies into submission, passed an act forbidding the inhabitants of these

colonies, under severe penalties, from fishing in the waters of what are now the coasts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Canada, and Newfoundland.

At the close of the revolution, a division of what had hitherto been regarded by the British government as its territory in America, between that government and the then newly created United States, became a necessity. This division was effected by the treaty of 1783.

The boundaries in dry land were fixed as definitely as was practicable in the then state of geographical knowledge; and the fisheries of the north and northeast coasts of the British possessions, with certain unimportant limitations, were thereafter to be enjoyed in common by the subjects and citizens of the two countries.

After the war of 1812 the British government contended that that war had put an end to the treaty of 1783; but the majority of the American commissioners to frame a treaty of peace in 1815 denied the validity of this claim, and contended that the treaty of 1783 was in the nature of a division of territory, and was of perpetual obligation. But, unhappily, Jonathan Russell, one of the American commission, was inclined to take the British view of this contention.

Lord Bathurst, in stating the British claim at that time, according to a memorandum of his conversation contained in the diary of John Quincy Adams, said that, "as, on the one hand, Great Britain could not permit the United States to fish within the creeks and close upon the shores of British territory, so, on the other hand, it was by no means her intention to interrupt them in fishing anywhere in the open sea, or within the territorial jurisdiction, a marine league from the shore." In another conversation this learned jurist-consul said: "It is not of fair competition that England complains, but of the preoccupation of its harbors and creeks."

A new commission was created in 1818. In the meantime Mr. Adams had become Secretary of State in Mr. Monroe's cabinet.

The treaty of October, 1818, stipulated that the inhabitants of the United States should, in common with the subjects of Great Britain, have forever the liberty to take fish of every kind in British waters from Cape Ray to Rameau Islands, on the western and northern coasts of Newfoundland; from Cape Ray to Quinappon Island, on the shores of Magdalen Island; and also on the

coasts, bays, and creeks from Mount Joly, on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the Strait of Belle Isle, and thence northward indefinitely along the coast.

It was further stipulated that the inhabitants of the United States might cure their fish at any unsettled places along the coast. In this treaty the United States renounced any liberty before enjoyed by their citizens to take fish within three miles of any coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of the British dominions in America not included within the above limits. It was also stipulated in this treaty that the vessels of the inhabitants of the United States might enter the harbors and bays of the British possessions for shelter, for repairing damages, and to purchase wood and obtain water, but under such restrictions as to prevent them from taking, curing, or drying fish therein, and abusing the privileges reserved to them.

Questions have arisen between the contracting powers under this treaty. I. Is the shore line to be drawn from headland to headland, without regard to the distance between headlands or of the line from the intervening shore, or is it only to be drawn between the headlands when they are not more than six miles (two marine leagues) apart?

A treaty, like any other contract or a statute, must be construed in reference to its subject matter. It appears clear that it was not the intention of the United States to renounce any right to the fisheries which the British government could not assume; such as a right to fish in the high seas, which is the common property of nations. If this assumption be well founded, it narrows the ground of difference; so that, when we ascertain the line between the local jurisdiction of the State and the general jurisdiction of nations, we ascertain the line beyond which we need not here direct attention.

The Bay of Fundy at its mouth is sixty miles wide; and the Bay of Chaleur is so wide that Chaudière, who discovered it, sailed up it several miles before he could see the land from his vessel on both sides of it.

The statute of Rhode Island in the Digest of 1872, it may be assumed, states the law applicable to this question as it is understood in Rhode Island and in other of the American States to be as follows: to wit, "The territorial limits of this State extend one marine league from its sea-shore at high-water mark. When

an inlet or arm of the sea does not exceed two marine leagues in width between its headlands, a straight line from one headland to the other is equivalent to the shore line." This rule, it is understood in Rhode Island at least, is not only applicable here but everywhere. In 1845 Lord Aberdeen conceded to American fishermen the right to fish in the Bay of Fundy. This concession was made, it was said, as a matter of grace; but his lordship was told that it was accepted as a matter of right. The fact that United States fishermen exercised the right to fish up to the line contended for, under the rule stated in the Rhode Island statute from 1818 up to and subsequent to 1840 without question, is strong evidence that that was the construction of the treaty as understood by the parties to it at the time it was made.

If any other construction is to be insisted on by the British government, it is manifest that the minds of the contracting powers never met in reference to the treaty of 1818, and that it is the duty of the United States to abrogate the treaty, and to at once notify the British government of its abrogation.

The effect of such a notice will be to restore the controversy to its condition in 1815, at the close of the war of 1812, and to reopen the question as to whether the war of 1812 put an end to the treaty of 1783.

A second question which has arisen under the treaty of 1818 is whether the fishermen of the United States have the right to pass with their vessels through "the Gut of Canso" in passing to the northern fishing grounds." Without the right to use this passage, the northern fishing grounds are of but little value; for the outside passage is so difficult, and involves so much risk, that the probable result of a voyage would not be of sufficient promise to induce prudent men to engage in such adventures.

The rule of construction applicable to all grants, is that whatever is necessary for the free and full enjoyment of a grant passes with the grant. This rule invoked ought to settle this part of the case.

The truth is, that in this entire controversy the Canadian government has acted with extreme unfriendliness to the United States. The closing of Canadian ports to the fishing vessels of the United States; the forbidding of their purchasing supplies in those ports, to ship men to engage in their enterprises; the denying of access to the northern fishing grounds through the

"Gut of Canso," and the seizing and detention of vessels on trivial grounds, are all acts calculated to irritate the people of the United States, and, if these acts receive the approval of the British government, would, no doubt, strain the relations of the two countries to the very verge of war.

The treaty of 1818 was suspended temporarily by the treaty of 1854, and it was again suspended in 1871.

It is contended by Secretary Bayard that the British government has violated the first article of the treaty of 1818. If this contention be well grounded, this affords another ground upon which the United States would be justified in abrogating this treaty.

It is beyond controversy that the United States fishermen enjoyed the free and uninterrupted right of fishing in the Bays of Fundy and Chaleur, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, up to 1841.

Vattel says: "A nation, if it has once acknowledged the common right of other nations to come and fish there, can no longer exclude them from it."

Lord Coke says: "Free fishing includes all its incidents."

The question whether the treaty of 1818 ought ever to have been made is not now open to the United States for consideration. If, however, there exist tenable ground for the abrogation of that treaty, the question is fairly presented whether the United States ought not to abrogate it. The treaty of 1818 once abrogated, the question will arise whether the rights of fishing on the northeastern coast of America accorded to the United States, as appurtenant to its territory by the treaty of 1783, was affected in any way by the declaration of the war of 1812 otherwise than that war affected the other territorial jurisdiction or rights of the people of the United States?

The question involving the seal fisheries on and about the Aleutian Islands and Behring Sea may involve different considerations.

The claim of the United States to jurisdiction over the Behring Sea is based upon the Russian claim to the jurisdiction over all waters of the Pacific Ocean north of the fifty-first degree parallel of latitude, and of the assignment of its claim to jurisdiction over this sea to the United States with the Territory of Alaska.

The claim of Russia to jurisdiction over this part of the sea was based upon the fact that the only use of the sea was to

obtain access to Russian ports on its borders. This claim was narrower than the claim once made by Portugal to the exclusive jurisdiction of navigating the seas of Guinea, and of the passage to India ; much narrower than the claim once made by the Spaniards to the exclusive right to navigate the Pacific Ocean ; and is analogous to the claim of Great Britain to the exclusive control of "the four seas."

The claim of Russia was made in the negotiations between Russia and the United States for the treaty of 1824, when it was resisted by the United States, and was finally withdrawn by Russia ; and the treaty between Great Britain and Russia made in 1825 contained the like concession.

The claim of Denmark to jurisdiction over the Elsinour Sound, and to exact tribute from the commerce of all nations passing through to the Baltic Sea, is perhaps the strongest case which can be adduced to support the title of any nation to exclusive jurisdiction to territory beyond a marine league, or the range of a cannon shot from its shores ; a precedent which finds support in the fact that this jurisdiction was purchased from and paid for to Denmark by the great maritime nations in 1857, which thus distinctly recognized the right of Denmark to this exclusive jurisdiction.

The spirit of the age and the tendency of the authorities in international law are more and more towards limiting territorial rights of the local sovereignty to a marine league from the seashore.

The president of the United States and the British foreign office have constituted a commission to open negotiations with the view of settling vexed questions arising out of the Canadian fisheries. It is to be hoped that this commission will not take counsel of the hot heads and selfish purposes of the restless and disturbing classes in either country ; but the controversy ought to be adjusted on principles in accord with the enlightened humanity of the age.

It appears to be clear, upon the contention of England for the right to control the fisheries between the shore and a marine league from the headlands, that the minds of the high contracting parties never met in reference to the treaty of 1818 ; and in this view of the case that treaty is of no binding obligation upon either party.

Though England agreed or acquiesced in the construction put

upon the treaty up to 1840, it has since that time put upon it a construction which the United States never intended, and to which they would never have assented; and, as there is no tribunal which has jurisdiction of determining the meaning of that treaty, it ought to be at once removed from the controversy; and the United States would be allowed, unembarrassed by its provisions, to proceed to the negotiations on the basis of the partition of the common territory entered into in 1783, as those rights were affected by the war of 1812-15.

Reading together Articles II. and III. of the treaty of 1783, it appears to be impossible to resist the theory that Article II. was designed to partition the jurisdiction of the contracting powers on land, and that Article III. was intended as a recognition of a common tenancy of the respective powers in the Canadian fisheries.

Whether a declaration of war abrogates a preëxisting treaty, is a question to be solved by the provisions of the treaty and the circumstances attending its formation. If from these it can be reasonably inferred that the obligations of the treaty are of a perpetual character, the treaty is to be regarded as being of perpetual obligation.

A treaty of amity, of commerce, of the rights of the citizens to reside and trade in the countries of the contracting powers, and giving the benefits of the processes of the law in the courts of another contracting power, when granted without limitation, are treaties which are abrogated by a declaration of war. These are regarded as personal privileges of the inhabitants of one power within the territories of the other, and their existence is generally regarded as inconsistent with a state of war.

But a provision recognizing a property right in territory, whether that territory consist of dry land or of land covered by water, is, I apprehend, of a permanent character; and, without a seizure and retention of the territorial rights thus conceded by treaty by one of the powers, the *statu quo ante bellum* is to be restored at the peace.

The treaty of 1818 contains admissions, and, indeed, this whole treaty is based upon the idea that the inhabitants of the United States had then existing rights in these fisheries, which they could only have derived under the treaty of 1783.

Now, if there was or is a misunderstanding of the true meaning of the treaty of 1818 between the contracting powers, their minds



never met in reference to the provisions of that treaty, and either party is quite at liberty to abrogate it.

Again, if the government of the United States, in the exercise of a sound judgment, can determine that Great Britain has committed a substantial violation of the provisions of that treaty, as is contended by Secretary Bayard, then the United States is at full liberty to abrogate the treaty; and upon the abrogation of the treaty the United States will be remitted to its rights under the treaty of 1783, as affected, if at all, by the war of 1812-15.

The conduct of British officers under the treaty will have to be judged in the light of the unfriendly acts of British authorities, in excluding American vessels from Canadian ports, to shipmen, buy bait, ice, and supplies. For it is to be inferred that a similar unfriendly motive actuated the officers of cutters employed under the British or Canadian authorities who have vexatiously annoyed American fishermen, and have from time to time groundlessly seized their vessels and crews.

The right of a nation to exclude the commerce of every or any other nation from its ports is a right which necessarily results from the existence of independent nations; and from this right it is to be implied that every nation has the absolute right to fix the terms upon which it will carry on commerce with other nations, as much as it is the right of any individual to determine whether he will exchange social civilities with his neighbors. As in the latter case among equals, the refusal to exchange social civilities is regarded with disfavor, so among nations, where all are regarded as equals, a refusal to hold commercial intercourse may be regarded as an unfriendly act.

The powers to lay import duties and to regulate commerce having been granted to Congress, these grants seem to withhold from the treaty-making power the authority, without the consent of Congress, to enter into any reciprocal trade regulations with Canada. It is true that such treaty has been once entered into without the consent of Congress, but the better opinion appears to be that in that case the treaty-making power exceeded its jurisdiction.

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Thus much of this paper was written before the meeting of the joint commission. The commission has now agreed upon the form of a treaty, and the president has communicated the treaty



to the Senate. It has been made public, and is now before me. It is not without considerable misgiving that I venture even to state what appears to me to be objections to a paper which has received the deliberate approval of the eminent men who were appointed to frame this treaty; yet upon the face of this state paper are presented, even to the casual observer, criticisms to which the answers are not very obvious, such as :

1. By the treaty, the United States renounces the right to fish in territories covered by waters which are the common property of nations.

2. It reduces the right to fish in territories guaranteed to it under the provisions of the treaty of 1818.

3. The privileges it concedes to United States fishermen in Canadian ports are conceded on humiliating terms.

4. The promise of the right to fish without a marine league from the shore is held out to the ear, but on an examination of the treaty in connexion with the map of the country it will be found to be broken to the hope, for fishermen from the United States are by special exclusions denied the right to fish in nearly all of the valuable fishing grounds within the headland lines.

Commissioner Angell's claims for the treaty are said to be that :

1. It relieves fishermen from entering their vessels at the Custom House every time they cross a line within a marine league of the shore.

2. The proposed treaty relieves fishermen from charges for dues, pilotage, fees, etc.

3. Under the treaty they can buy and sell food.

4. Judicial proceedings under the treaty have been simplified and made less expensive.

5. The three-mile line is to be buoyed out.

6. The option is given American fishermen to buy bait and ship fish upon paying one dollar and fifty cents per ton for a license therefor to their vessels.

The freedom of passage through the Gulf of Canso is not mentioned by Commissioner Angell, probably for the reason that that right was already in the United States as incident to the rights enjoyed under the treaty of 1818.

The higgling about buying bait, and ice,—which is but frozen water,—and other supplies, shipping men, and transshipping their fish to the home port of the fisherman, savors more of the

policy of the Algerines at the beginning of the century than of the enlightened policy which should govern the relations of the most advanced nations of the earth in its last quarter. Conditions are demanded for the granting of these privileges, which it is unfriendly in England to make and humiliating to the United States to accept.

To describe the fishing territory beyond the line of a marine league from the shore, and the territory conceded to the fishermen from the United States under the treaty of 1818 renounced in the proposed treaty, and the bays and inlets from which these fishermen are excluded without the line of the marine league from the shore by the proposed treaty, would take more space than can be afforded to me for this paper.

In the pending treaty no apology is made for, and nothing is contained about, the numerous violations of the pre-existing treaty by the British authorities, and no indemnity is tendered to American citizens who have suffered from these violations.

The American colonists by their exertions and their valor did much to weaken the power of France over the Canadas and the maritime provinces, and eventually did gallant services in the conquest of these territories for Great Britain. In the treaty of 1783, by which the British possessions in America were to be partitioned between the United States and the British crown, the claims of the United States to the fisheries on the coasts of British America were fully recognized by admitting the United States to share in them equally, with a few unimportant exceptions, with the British crown. By this treaty these fisheries became an appurtenance to the territory of the United States — as much their property as if they had been a part of the solid land. They were unlike Castine, for they were incapable of corporal possession and occupation; so they were not to be restored by the treaty of Ghent, because they had not been taken and held from the United States.

The people of the United States know what they had secured to them under the treaty of 1783, and by looking into the lately framed treaty they can discover what it is proposed that they shall continue to enjoy of what was once a prolific source of profitable industry.

The difference between what the United States had of their fisheries and what it is proposed they should hereafter have, has been lost to them, not by conquest, but by diplomacy.

In the present state of the relations of the United States government to the Canadian fisheries, it is worth considering whether the conditions of the New England fishermen would not be more tolerable were all treaty stipulations in relation to these fisheries abrogated, and the fishermen were remitted to the enjoyment of their rights under the general law of nations, than it will be under the commissioner's treaty.

England would not permit, in the face of the civilization of the present age, to be extended to these fishermen, in the absence of a treaty, a smaller measure of hospitality within Canadian ports than is secured to the fishermen under this treaty; and the shore fisheries alone, beyond the line of perpetual frost, is a meagre compensation for the renunciation of the fishing rights beyond the marine league from the shore enumerated in the treaty.

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### THE LARKS.

By IDA A. AHLBORN.

“My wings are weary and my song is out,”  
One lark unto the other said;  
“Let us alight upon yon patch of brown,  
Where worms are wont to make their bed.”

The larks came floating from their height of blue;  
Companionship of song and sky  
Was not more sweet than this of lowly need,—  
The rest between their strains so high.

**RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.****IV.—THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.\***

By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

**II.**

BUT there is another point of Baptist peculiarity, important, though less important, which has not yet been noticed. This relates to a certain question often misleadingly stated. The true statement of the question referred to is not that one so commonly made, "What is the proper mode of baptism?" The true statement is, "What is baptism?" Indeed, "What is the proper mode of baptism?" is a question which to Baptists seems almost frivolous. At least, it excites in them no interest whatever. It is a question they never discuss. There may be, doubtless there are, latent differences of opinion among themselves on the points involved; but such differences are by all alike esteemed so immaterial that for the most part they are not so much as mutually known to exist. They are not, therefore, worth my even mentioning them here.

Thus unimportant is the question "What is the true mode of baptism?" On the contrary, the question "What is baptism?" must necessarily be considered important — by everybody that considers baptism important. That baptism is universally considered important, the simple fact that all Christians, the Friends or Quakers only excepted, "baptize," sufficiently attests. The question, then, "What is that which is thus important?" it would be the absurdest logical inconsistency to belittle. To insist solemnly on something to be called "baptism," and then declare that what that something is, signifies nothing at all, provided only you call it by a given name, this,— I am now representing the views of Baptists,— is a feat in the way of suicide for common sense which one would declare to be sheerly impossible, except that, strange to say, one may look around and, in the habitual posture of most Christian people, see it to-day successfully performed. Baptists, at any rate, when they know that Christ has commanded a thing to them, regard it as important to learn what the thing is

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\* Part one appeared in No. III. of this volume.

which he has so commanded. Their idea of obedience dictates this. They do not understand how they can be sure of doing what Christ wants from them, unless they find out what it is that Christ wants from them. They know that they were commanded by Christ, and that everybody is commanded by Christ, to be "baptized" in sequel to repenting. What, then, is it to be "baptized?" What does "baptize" mean?

Of course the word, the English word, determines nothing, absolutely nothing whatever. The word might as well be  $x$ , the algebraic symbol of a quantity not known. For the English word is only a Greek word transferred by transliteration from the one language to the other. The proper resort here necessarily is to Greek usage, of which Greek usage the proper arbiter is a good Greek lexicon. The best Greek-English lexicon is that of Liddell and Scott founded on a German work, and edited, with improvements, in this country by an American scholar. A significant thing about this authority is that, from beginning to end, it is throughout the work of scholars who do not accept Baptist views. The information, therefore, that we derive from this source cannot be suspected of taint due to Baptist prepossession on the part of writers. I copy here the definitions, *all* the definitions, given to "baptize" (baptizo) in Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon:—

"1. To dip in or under water: of ships to sink them: to bathe [a participial form]: *soaked in wine: over head and ears* in debt: *drowned* with questions.

"2. [A Greek phrase quoted for definition] to draw wine from bowls in cups. (of course by dipping them).

"3. To baptize."

The last definition is, as I have said, no definition, but a mere transliteration of the Greek word. The parenthesis occurring above, in the next to the last definition, must be understood to be, not an insertion of the present writer's, but an explanation proceeding from the learned lexicographers themselves. I ask any reader, What, now, is the meaning of "baptize?" Can there be any question? What chance is there for difference of opinion? Does the word mean anything in the world except "dip," "plunge," "immerse?"

Why should not now our inquiry for the meaning of the word "baptize" be regarded as closed?

There is no reason why not, except that some say:—

A derivative "sacred" sense of the word is to be reckoned, when the word is used in application to the rite of baptism—a sense

different from that belonging to the word in other applications. You cannot, these men say, you cannot press the unquestionable proper sense of the term to make the term mean that, and only that,—when the ecclesiastical rite is in question.

Baptists reply, Yes, but it is with us *not* an "ecclesiastical rite" that is in question, but a commandment of the Lord. When the Lord issued his commandment, there was no such "ecclesiastical rite" as Christian baptism existing; for his commandment it was that created that ecclesiastical rite. The alleged "sacred" sense of baptize could not have existed when our Lord, through Peter, said, "Be baptized." The act therein enjoined was, in itself considered, a common enough act; the purpose only, the meaning, of the act, was new and peculiar. A perfectly common act needed nothing but a common word to describe it, and that common word was, Baptize, immerse, plunge. A sacred sense different from this could only have arisen subsequently, through usage varying from the letter of the original commandment. Surely, a quite arbitrary original choosing of a word plainly meaning one thing to mean now something entirely different—as, for instance, a choosing of the word "plunge" to mean "sprinkle,"—such a purely arbitrary use of language, on the part of our



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Lord, is not to be supposed. Or, let it be supposable, how is it to be made out as actually having occurred? Baptists cut the matter short by taking it for granted that Christ said what he meant, and that he meant what he said; they baptize, and they are baptized, accordingly. They do what Christ bids, and they need not argue to establish the fact of their obedience. Other evangelical Christians, so it seems to Baptists, do, in respect of

baptism, something else than what Christ bids, and then prove by elaborate argument that what they do is obedience to Christ.

The lexicographers, I have said, all agree that baptize means immerse and only immerse. There is an agreement nearly as general among historians and archæologists that the first practice of the Christian church was immersion. The lexicographical is thus supported by the historical argument in favor of the view held by Baptists as to what baptism is ; namely, immersion and nothing else.

Now, at this point nothing more natural than that the reader should impatiently say, What a pother about a mere form ! Where is the difference, pray, to the soul, whether the body is plunged or is sprinkled ? A few drops, more or less, of water — what a thing for Christian people to contend about !

Such a view of the matter is quite intelligible — quite rational, indeed — if your standing-point for taking your view is that of one considering a question of human ritual. You are yourself superior to the rite that you have ordained. You can do as you please about it — to maintain it exactly, to modify it somewhat, or to disregard it altogether. But the case is different if your standing-point is that of one inquiring, What has the Lord commanded ? Then the spirit of obedience enjoins, “Whatever he saith, do it.”

The Baptist conclusion, thus variously confirmed, certainly would be accepted as clear, as beyond dispute, if there were no matter of historical usage involved. The phenomenon of existing usage seems to complicate the question — seems to, but does not. The simple fact is that the name, and the actual usage which goes by the name, do not agree — the name meaning one thing, and the usage being another. What is the explanation of the difference ? Merely this, that the name has not controlled the usage. But, note, this language means nothing less than that there has been a failure of obedience to Christ. Christ attempted to create a certain usage by issuing a certain command ; and men, by not obeying that certain command, have created a certain, or rather a very uncertain, different usage. And now this different usage, with strange audacity, presumes to lay its hand on the command itself, and change the meaning of that to conform to its own caprice. In other words, as the usage has not followed the command, the command must be put under

force to follow the usage. And what, pray, ask Baptists, is the use of a command, if, having been commanded, you may do anything you please, and then claim that in what you have done you have rendered obedience?

But since we thus find the usage not conformed to the command, let us, submitting as to necessity, invert the normal order and try what fortune might be ours if we should seek retroactively to conform the command to the usage. What, then, is the usage actually existing under the name of baptism?

There is no uniformity of actual usage. Water is sprinkled on the person of the subject, water is dropped on the person of the subject, water is laid on the person of the subject, water is poured on the person of the subject, and each one of these quite different acts is in its turn called "baptism." The one constant thing, in the shifting series of the acts, is that water is used for the rite. It may also be remarked that in each case the direct object of the action is the water, the candidate being an object only indirectly. You apply the water to the candidate, instead of submitting the candidate to the water.

But there is still another form of the usage of baptism; the person of the candidate is submerged in water. This form of the usage exists in the Greek church, as it does among Baptists. Here, now, the relation is inverted, and it is the candidate, not the water, that is acted directly upon. What single English word—the word "baptize," which is not English, being of course excluded—can we find that will cover all the different acts now enumerated as constituting indifferently the current usage of baptism? If there were only those different acts in which water is applied to the person, we might employ an awkward phrase, and say that "baptize" is equivalent to "apply water to." But in immersion the water is not "applied to" the candidate; the candidate rather is applied to the water. I repeat the question, What one English word will cover all the enumerated acts? Perhaps the word "wet" (as a verb) would answer best. This, at least, is general enough to meet the demands of the usage in all its existing forms.

Now, my point is, Why, if Christ meant "Wet," did he not say "Wet"—in Greek, I mean? There are in all languages expressions answering respectively to the different ideas, Sprinkle, Pour, Plunge, Wet. Why should Scripture always say Plunge, if it



always meant only, Wet in any way you please? Why is sprinkle never used—pour never—and never wet? Why always plunge? Baptists cannot see why, and, taking Christ at his word, they do what he says. They simply obey. Other Christians do something else, and then, as said before, the by no means obvious fact of their having rendered obedience they go about to establish by

elaborate argument. It is of course only a constructive obedience at best that they are thus able to make out. In short, it is really not obedience at all.

The natural and the customary rejoinder to all this for Pædobaptists to make is as follows: "The thing is really of no consequence." What thing? I ask. "Why, the mode of baptism." But it is not, I repeat, the mode of baptism that



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we are speaking of; it is baptism. Is baptism of no consequence? If not, why continue so scrupulously to do something that you call baptizing? If, on the contrary, baptism is of consequence, then it cannot be of no consequence to ascertain what baptism is. Baptism cannot be simply a sacred wetting. The language itself of the commandment forbids. The word "wet," in its own very sense, lays the stress on the idea of the *state* resulting from an act; but the word "baptize" (immerse) lays the stress, not on a *state* resulting, but on the *act*.

But much more the ideas symbolized in baptism forbid that baptism should be anything else than immersion. Baptism symbolizes burial, the burial (implying the previous death) of Jesus Christ, together with also Jesus Christ's resurrection—this last in the emersion of the candidate from the water. It symbolizes that death of the candidate to sin, and that resurrection, on his part, to righteousness, which has been accomplished in his previous experience of conversion. Both these symbolisms, inherent

in the rite, are strikingly taught by Scripture in instructive allusion. For instance, Paul says: "Are ye ignorant that all we who were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life?" Again: "Having been *buried* with him [Christ] in baptism, wherein ye were also *raised* with him."

Candidly try to make such expressions as these fit any other usage than immersion. Who does not feel that the attempt is vain? The ideas—first, of moral (or spiritual) purification; second, of separation from the world, as of one who by death and burial has left the world forever; third, of total self-surrender to Christ as to a Master; fourth, of personal entrance into Christ and union with Christ—which last two ideas are contained in such scriptural expressions as "baptized *into* Christ," those "baptized into Christ *have put on Christ*"—all these related ideas are, like the ideas of death and resurrection, Christ's and the believer's, vividly symbolized in immersion, while not symbolized at all in any act of applying water by sprinkling or pouring.

There is always to Baptists some danger of committing the argumentative error of over-proving their point. For instance, if indeed the Baptist view is so overwhelmingly clear, how, it may be asked, does

it happen that ever there should have arisen a different usage from that of the Baptists? A pertinent question, certainly, and one not lightly to be disregarded. The answer,



REV. THOMAS ARMITAGE, D. D.

however, is easy. The usage deviated from the command when the *ritualizing* motive supplanted the motive of *obedience*. It is not Baptist arrogance, it is catholic truth, to say that the Baptist idea of personal obedience to Christ in the twofold command "Repent and be baptized" would have kept the usage of baptism constant and uniform from the beginning forever and throughout Christendom. It is now universally, or well-nigh universally, conceded among historical and Biblical scholars of repute that the original usage was immersion. There is also among the same class of authorities a growing predominance of opinion that the New Testament times know nothing of infant baptism. Departures from the practice of immersion and the innovation of baptizing infants were the fruit of other ideas than the idea of pure personal obedience to Christ, fulfilling commands of his scripturally recorded. It is, I repeat, because Baptists adhere to this idea in everything, and do not, as do other Christians, make an exception of the commands relating to baptism, that it is strictly and accurately descriptive of their distinguishing tenet to pronounce it to be obedience to Christ. None except Baptists (and such Christian bodies besides as, with respect to this particular subject, adopt Baptist views and observe Baptist practices) carry this principle of personal obedience to Christ in commands scripturally recorded consistently through to application in the usage of baptism. At that particular point of application, other evangelical Christian bodies than Baptists resort for authority, or for release from authority, to example not scriptural, and to sources of obligation, or of privilege, different from the explicit direction of Christ: tradition, immemorial usage, the sanction of councils or synods or churches — something, it is no matter that I should say what, only it is something else than the plain and simple imperative word of Christ in the Bible. This accounts at once for infant baptism, and for the substitution of other acts than the act of immersion in the scriptural rite which goes by the Greek name of that act.

Let us now consider despatched, though far from finished, the first, and the most serious, part of our undertaking; namely, the exhibition of what Baptists believe distinctively as Baptists, together with their reasons for so believing.

To state next the Baptist religious tenets in general, will be a short and easy task. I have merely to incorporate here one of

the most common Baptist confessions of faith. For though Baptist churches have no one universally accepted authoritative symbol of doctrine, there is among them an agreement of view so general that scarcely a single Baptist church would anywhere be found ready to call in question any article, for instance, of the so-called "New Hampshire" confession or declaration of faith, which I herewith exhibit. This document is published by the "American Baptist Publication Society" for the convenience of such Baptist churches as see fit to make use of it. It is, in fact, very widely, but by no means universally—I suppose not even generally—adopted by American Baptist churches. It has no rival in acceptance and popularity.



REV. O. P. GIFFORD.

## I. OF THE SCRIPTURES.

We believe that the Holy Bible was written by men divinely inspired, and is a perfect treasure of heavenly instruction; that it has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter; that it reveals the principles by which God will judge us; and therefore is, and shall remain to the end of the world, the true centre of Christian union, and the supreme standard by which all human conduct, creeds, and opinions should be tried.

## II. OF THE TRUE GOD.

We believe that there is one, and only one, living and true God, an infinite, intelligent Spirit, whose name is Jehovah, the Maker and Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth; inexpressibly glorious in holiness, and worthy of all possible honor, confidence, and love; that in the unity of the Godhead there are three persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; equal in every divine perfection, and executing distinct but harmonious offices in the great work of redemption.

## III. OF THE FALL OF MAN.

We believe that man was created in holiness, under the law of his Maker; but by voluntary transgression fell from that holy and happy state; in consequence of which all mankind are now sinners, not by constraint, but choice; being by nature utterly void of that holiness required by the law of God, positively inclined to evil; and therefore under just condemnation to eternal ruin, without defence or excuse.

## IV. OF THE WAY OF SALVATION.

We believe that the salvation of sinners is wholly of grace, through the mediatorial offices of the Son of God, who, by the appointment of the Father,

freely took upon him our nature, yet without sin; honored the divine law by his personal obedience, and by his death made a full atonement for our sins; that, having risen from the dead, he is now enthroned in heaven; and, uniting in his wonderful person the tenderest sympathies with divine perfections, he is every way qualified to be a suitable, a compassionate, and an all-sufficient Saviour.

#### V. OF JUSTIFICATION.

We believe that the great gospel blessing which Christ secures to such as believe in him is Justification; that Justification includes the pardon of sin and the promise of eternal life on principles of righteousness; that it is bestowed, not in consideration of any works of righteousness which we have done, but solely through faith in the Redeemer's blood; by virtue of which faith his perfect righteousness is freely imputed to us of God; that it brings us into a state of most blessed peace and favor with God, and secures every other blessing needful for time and eternity.

#### VI. OF THE FREENESS OF SALVATION.

We believe that the blessings of salvation are made free to all by the Gospel; that it is the immediate duty of all to accept them by a cordial, penitent, and obedient faith: and that nothing prevents the salvation of the greatest sinner on earth but his own inherent depravity and voluntary rejection of the Gospel, which rejection involves him in an aggravated condemnation.

#### VII. OF GRACE IN REGENERATION.

We believe that, in order to be saved, sinners must be regenerated, or born again: that regeneration consists in giving a holy disposition to the mind; that it is effected, in a manner above our comprehension, by the power of the Holy Spirit in connection with divine truth, so as to secure our voluntary obedience to the Gospel; and that its proper evidence appears in the holy fruits of repentance and faith and newness of life.

#### VIII. OF REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

We believe that Repentance and Faith are sacred duties, and also inseparable graces, wrought in our souls by the regenerating Spirit of God; whereby, being deeply convinced of our guilt, danger, and helplessness, and of the way of salvation by Christ, we turn to God with unfeigned contrition, confession, and supplication for mercy: at the same time heartily receiving the Lord Jesus Christ as our Prophet, Priest, and King, and relying on him alone as the only and all-sufficient Saviour.

#### IX. OF GOD'S PURPOSE OF GRACE.

We believe that Election is the eternal purpose of God, according to which he graciously regenerates, sanctifies, and saves sinners: that, being perfectly consistent with the free agency of man, it comprehends all the means in connection with the end: that it is a most glorious display of God's sovereign goodness, being infinitely free, wise, holy, and unchangeable: that it utterly excludes boasting, and promotes humility, love, prayer, praise, trust in God, and active imitation of his free mercy: that it encourages the use of means in the highest degree: that it may be ascertained by its effects in all who truly believe the Gospel; that it is the foundation of Christian assurance; and that to ascertain it with regard to ourselves demands and deserves the utmost diligence.

#### X. OF SANCTIFICATION.

We believe that Sanctification is the process by which, according to the will of God, we are made partakers of his holiness: that it is a progressive work; that it is begun in regeneration; and that it is carried on in the hearts of believers by the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, the Sealer and Comforter, in the continual use of the appointed means—especially the word of God, self-examination, self-denial, watchfulness, and prayer.

**XI. OF THE PERSEVERANCE OF SAINTS.**

We believe that such only are real believers as endure unto the end: that their persevering attachment to Christ is the grand mark which distinguishes them from superficial professors; that a special Providence watches over their welfare: and that they are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

**XII. OF THE HARMONY OF THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.**

We believe that the law of God is the eternal and unchangeable rule of his moral government; that it is holy, just, and good; and that the inability which the Scriptures ascribe to fallen men to fulfill its precepts arises entirely from their love of sin; to deliver them from which, and to restore them through a Mediator to unfeigned obedience to the holy law, is one great end of the Gospel, and of the means of grace connected with the establishment of the visible church.

**XIII. OF A GOSPEL CHURCH.**

We believe that a visible church of Christ is a congregation of baptized believers, associated by covenant in the faith and fellowship of the Gospel; observing the ordinances of Christ; governed by his laws; and exercising the gifts, rights, and privileges invested in them by his word; that its only scriptural officers are Bishops, or Pastors, and Deacons, whose qualifications, claims, and duties are defined in the Epistles to Timothy and Titus.

**XIV. OF BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.**

We believe that Christian Baptism is the immersion in water of a believer, into the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost; to show forth, in a solemn and beautiful emblem, our faith in the crucified, buried, and risen Saviour, with its effect in our death to sin and resurrection to a new life; that it is prerequisite to the privileges of a church relation; and to the Lord's Supper, in which the members of the church, by the sacred use of bread and wine, are to commemorate together the dying love of Christ, preceded always by solemn self-examination.

**XV. OF THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.**

We believe that the first day of the week is the Lord's Day, or Christian Sabbath; and is to be kept sacred to religious purposes, by abstaining from all secular labor and sinful recreations; by the devout observance of all the means of grace, both private and public and by preparation for that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

**XVI. OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.**

We believe that civil government is of divine appointment, for the interests and good order of human society; and that magistrates are to be prayed for, conscientiously honored, and obeyed; except only in things opposed to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the only Lord of the conscience, and the Prince of the kings of the earth.

**XVII. OF THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED.**

We believe that there is a radical and essential difference between the righteous and the wicked; that such only as through faith are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and sanctified by the Spirit of our God, are truly righteous in his esteem; while all such as continue in impenitence and unbelief are in his sight wicked and under the curse; and this distinction holds among men both in and after death.

**XVIII. OF THE WORLD TO COME.**

We believe that the end of the world is approaching; that at the last day Christ will descend from heaven, and raise the dead from the grave to final retribution; that a solemn separation will then take place; that the wicked

will be adjudged to endless punishment and the righteous to endless joy, and that this judgment will fix forever the final state of men in heaven or hell, on principles of righteousness.

With no other extra-biblical anchor to hold them to their moorings in orthodoxy than such a confession as the foregoing,—and hardly with that, since that has no recognized binding force on any Baptist church, and large numbers of Baptist churches, perhaps the majority, know nothing whatever either of that or of any similar creed,—the Baptists of this country have maintained a uniform and general consistency in sound doctrine so striking as to render the following late testimony from an eminent Pædobaptist divine hardly even remarkable :—

“ I suppose there is not a denomination—I speak in no fulsome praise—but literally I think there is not a denomination of evangelical Christians that is throughout as sound theologically as the Baptist denomination. I believe it. After carefully considering it, I believe I speak the truth. Sound as my own denomination is, sound as some others are,—and I do not cast unfriendly reflections upon any particular denomination,—I do say, in my humble judgment there is not an evangelical denomination in America to-day that is as true to the simple, plain Gospel of God, as it is recorded in the Word, as the Baptist denomination.”

Dr. Withrow is not the first among candid and generous Pædobaptists to recognize publicly the fact above pointed out.

The practice of restricted or “close” communion, so-called, I do not reckon as distinctively Baptist, for the reason that it is really identical in principle with the practice of all denominations of Christians. All denominations of Christians, including Baptists, make baptism a prerequisite qualification for partaking of the Lord’s Supper. Baptists do not admit to be baptism anything but immersion, and they do not admit to be proper subjects for baptism any but believers. Communion is with them restricted accordingly. It ought, however, to be said that English Baptists, the most of them, differ from the Christian world in general in not requiring baptism as a condition of participation in the Lord’s Supper. These Baptists therefore consistently practice what is called open communion. British Baptists number about a quarter of a million. There is a considerable and a growing spread of Baptist views on the continent of Europe. Among the countries then (which of course, as a rule, have their state establishments of religion), are already reported nearly seventy thousand Baptists organized into churches. America, however, with England, constitutes as yet the part of Christendom in which the Baptist denomination is most flourishing. Baptists are compara-

tively numerous in heathen countries, notably in Burmah. The African race furnishes a great, a natural, source of recruits for the Baptist denomination. The new state of Congo accordingly seems predestinated to belong by eminence to this body of Christians.

In church polity, Baptists substantially agree with Congregationalists; and the highest individual authority in the latter enlightened Christian communion, the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Dexter, has recently indicated in these pages what, in this respect, the principles of Congregationalism are.

A Baptist church might be described and defined as a community of persons, who, having obeyed Christ in repenting and being baptized, associate themselves according to his will made known in the Bible, for the purpose of frequently and regularly assembling to promote, on their own part and on the part of all men, observance of every commandment of Christ.

It will be seen that this definition does not contemplate any such organization as could properly be called "The Baptist church." No such organization in fact exists. There are many Baptist churches—one general all-embracing Baptist church there is none. To speak, therefore, of "the Baptist church" of the United States, for example, is a violation of the idiom in which the thoroughly educated Baptist always instinctively expresses himself. It is essential to the idea of a Baptist church that its members shall, as a rule—a rule of course admitting occasional exceptions—be locally so situated that they can all meet at frequent regular intervals for the purpose of listening together to the preaching of the Gospel, the purpose of mutual exhortation, and the purpose of social worship. Each particular church is a body independent of every other organization, whatever its kind, in the world. No earthly jurisdiction exists to which any single Baptist church, however obscure or however small, acknowledges its obligation to bow. Every Baptist church is thus, as to human government or human dictation exercised over it from without itself, absolutely sovereign and free. Equally is it sovereign and free as to any human control exercised over it from within itself; for instance, by pastor, by elders, deacons, trustees, or committees. As to men, every Baptist church is a perfectly pure democracy, omnipotent to do whatever it pleases. In another aspect, however, every Baptist church is a



pure example of an absolute unlimited monarchy, with Christ for king. It would be no unapt description of the ideal Baptist church to call it a Society for the Obedience of Christ.

Independence, however, for a Baptist church does not mean isolation for that church. While all Baptist churches are jealously independent, few or none are isolated from one another. Baptist churches so situated as to make this practicable, form "Associations" with one another for purposes of mutual correspondence, advice, sympathy, help. These associations meet annually by dele-



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gates from the churches composing them, each several church voluntarily, in its turn, claiming the privilege of entertaining the representatives of its sister bodies during the term of a meeting, usually occupying two or three days. A Baptist association is a regularly organized body, with its constitution and its by-laws; but, though it sometimes advises or recommends a certain course of action to churches, it never assumes the right to legislate for any person, or any community of persons except itself.

There is usually also an organization more general still, embracing in most cases all the Baptist churches in an entire state or territory. This is called the General Baptist Association or, more commonly, the Baptist State Convention. The object of this larger organization is less that of mutual edification than that of missionary work for the destitute parts of the state or territory to which it belongs.

Once more. The Baptists of the country, either as a whole, or as divided into a North and a South, unite for certain purposes, forming either national or great sectional Baptist societies. These most general Baptist societies have their constituencies in individual Baptists rather than in individual Baptist churches. They are composed jointly, however, on the one hand, of mem-

bers — classified, according to the mode of pecuniary contribution severally adopted, as annual members, life members, and life directors — and, on the other hand, of delegates sent by churches. There are in the North three of these greater Baptist societies: namely, the American Baptist Missionary Union, organized 1814, the American Baptist Publication Society, organized 1824, and the American Baptist Home Mission Society, organized 1832. A Baptist Historical Society is also to be reckoned. Their respective names perhaps sufficiently indicate their respective objects. The history of the origin of the Missionary Union is interesting. There had in 1812 been formed by the Congregationalists a society for foreign missionary work, a society still existing and nobly flourishing under the somewhat cumbrous name of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." This society sent out among its first missionaries the Rev. Adoniram Judson and the Rev. Luther Rice. These two young men were destined for Burmah. In that country they would meet those famous Baptist missionaries from England — Carey, Marshman, and Ward. The Americans prepared themselves for their expected encounter with the Englishmen by devoting time, on the outward voyage, to the study of the subject of baptism. Singularly, or shall we say naturally, the result of their study was to convince them that they themselves were in the wrong on the subject, and that their English brethren were in the right. When they arrived, instead of controverting their English predecessors on the point of baptism, they sought baptism for themselves at those English predecessors' hands. This, of course, had the effect to put them out of their original relation with the society that had equipped them for their work, and they offered themselves as missionaries to the American Baptists. The American Baptists had then no organization for foreign



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missionary work, but this extraordinary spontaneous offer led to the prompt formation of one. The society known as the American Baptist Missionary Union was founded.

Not, however, under that name. The original name was "The Baptist Triennial Convention." This organization at first was national. The North and the South worked together in it. In 1845, the restless subject of slavery so distracted the counsels of the body that a division took place between the two sections, the North succeeding alone to the possession of the original society, whose name presently became the American Baptist Missionary Union, and the South withdrawing to organize the "Southern Baptist Convention." The practical separation still continues, though, since the disappearance of slavery, harmony of feeling is completely restored. The Southern Baptist Convention has for its twofold object the furtherance of missionary work, both at home and abroad. This is accomplished through two different boards appointed by the one convention.

The transition has in the preceding paragraphs almost insensibly been made from considering the individual Baptist church to considering the Baptist denomination, which all the individual Baptist churches taken together make up.

This naturally brings us to the concluding part of our task; namely, the exhibition of some of the more salient facts indicating the present comparative state of the Baptist denomination in the world.

The numbers of the Baptist denomination given at the outset of this paper were exclusive of various sects that practice immersion, but that are not reckoned of the "Regular Baptists," so-called. The aggregate count of Christian bodies in this country that practice immersion reaches a total of more than four millions.

The American Baptist Missionary Union, for the year closing in the spring of 1887, received and applied upwards of \$400,000.

The American Baptist Publication Society the same year received almost \$600,000 — of which sum, however, only a little more than \$134,000 was directly *given* for missionary purposes, the remainder being receipts from sales of publications.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society received the same year a little more than \$380,000.

The Southern Baptist Convention, for home and foreign missionary work, received a little more than \$230,000.

The total reported benevolent contributions, for all objects, of the American Baptist churches for the year ending in the spring of 1887, fell but a little short of \$2,300,000. This does not reckon the current expenses of the churches themselves making the contributions. These would raise the aggregate footing to almost \$8,000,000. The "reported" contributions are contributions *officially* reported. But considerable additional amounts have been contributed that never found their way into official reports. It would perhaps not exaggerate to place the sum raised, during the last financial year, for religious and benevolent purposes, by the Baptists of the United States, as high as \$10,000,000. If necessary, in order to round up this amount, an annual interest might fairly be reckoned of near \$1,000,000 on the value of the property owned and administered by the various educational institutions belonging to the American Baptists, which is reasonably estimated to reach a total value of \$17,000,000. This large sum of money has nearly all of it been given outright by Baptists to further the cause of Christian education.

Five hundred new Baptist churches have been organized in this country within the year preceding the date of the last report.

My statistics I take chiefly from the "American Baptist Year-Book" for 1887.

A comparative study of statistics published in 1876, the centennial year of the nation, under what I suppose to be good authority, reveals the fact that, whereas at the close of the first decade of the present century Baptists bore to the whole population of the country the proportion of one to forty-two, that proportion has now become one to twenty-two. In other words, Baptists have apparently multiplied nearly twice as fast proportionally as the population. The gain seems to have been remarkably more rapid of late than it was formerly. I am not prepared to say what may have been the parallel progress of other Christian denominations; but I should be surprised to learn that anything like equal progress in numerical growth had been maintained by any other considerable denomination, with the sole exception of the Methodists. The advance in point of general culture among ministers in particular, realized by American Baptists, has, I believe, been yet more marked.

A forecast of the future awaiting this body of Christians it would be foolish to attempt. It may, however, safely be said that

their prosperity will be exactly in proportion to the intelligent, the consistent, the loyal, and the loving tenacity with which they grasp in conviction, and then the self-tasking fidelity with which they carry out in practice, their central and all-comprehending principle of obedience in everything to the scripturally revealed will of Christ.

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## **NEW ENGLAND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.**

### **XIII. NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.**

THIS is the only theological school under Baptist control in New England. It was opened in the autumn of 1825, and its work has been continued from that time to the present without interruption, save by regular vacations. The charter was signed by Governor Levi Lincoln, February 22, 1826, and contains the names of Joseph Grafton, Lucius Bolles, Daniel Sharp, Jonathan Going, Bela Jacobs, Ebenezer Nelson, Francis Wayland, Jr., Henry Jackson, clergymen, and of Ensign Lincoln, Jonathan Bacheller, Nathaniel R. Cobb, laymen. Its Board of Trustees now consists of forty-eight members, elected for four years, a class of twelve being elected every year, six by the trustees themselves, and six by the Northern Baptist Education Society.

The origin of the institution may be traced to a numerous meeting of ministers and brethren from various parts of New England, held in May, 1825, at the vestry of the First Baptist Church in Boston. According to a statement of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Baptist Education Society, published in November, 1825, "the regular course [of instruction] is to occupy three years, and embrace the Hebrew language and antiquities, with the Chaldee and Greek of the Scriptures, Ecclesiastical History, Biblical Theology, Pastoral Duties, and, in short, the various studies and exercises appropriate to a theological institution designed to assist those who would understand the Bible clearly, and, as faithful ministers of Christ, inculcate its divine lessons the most usefully." The course of study marked out was pre-eminently biblical, comprising the history, the interpretation, the analysis, the application, and the influence of the

sacred Scriptures. The theology to be taught was characterized as biblical rather than systematic, and it may safely be said that the founders of this school intended to have it give more prominence to the study of "God's Word Written" than was assigned to that study in any theological seminary in existence at that time. On this account, as well as for other reasons, they looked upon the founding of this institution as a duty which they owed to Christ and his truth, and believed that the time to build this part of the Lord's house had fully come.

The charter of the Newton Theological Institution was accepted by the trustees, March 13, 1826, and the Rev. Irah Chase was elected Professor of Biblical Theology. At the meeting on May 30th, Levi Farwell and Nathanael R. Cobb were appointed a Committee on Finance. On September 14th, 1826, Rev. Henry J. Ripley was elected Professor of Biblical Literature and Pastoral Duties, and Rev. B. C. Grafton, of Plymouth, was appointed agent to obtain funds for the support of the professorship of Biblical Theology, while Rev. Henry Jackson and Rev. James D. Knowles were directed to prepare an appeal to the churches for subscriptions in support of the school. Meanwhile the treasurer advanced money for some part of the current expenses until April, 1829, when it was found that between \$5,000 and \$6,000 were due to him, and he was authorized to borrow the former sum. In September following the Massachusetts Baptist Education Society was requested to assume the support of Professor Ripley. At the meeting on April 21, 1830, Rev. Ebenezer Nelson was appointed agent to provide for the professors' salaries by procuring subscriptions for the annual payment of \$50. During five years, and on the 9th of September, it was announced that sixteen shares, enough to support one professor, had been obtained. But the provision was still inadequate, and it was proposed to raise a sinking fund of \$20,000, for the support of two professors twenty years. On April 13th, 1832, the trustees were informed that the whole sum had been subscribed. At the next meeting, September 13th, 1832, Rev. James D. Knowles was elected Professor of Pastoral Duties, that Professor Ripley might give his whole strength to the department of Biblical Literature.

Yet the Institution was still compelled to struggle with embarrassment from insufficient means, and in August, 1849, the treasurer was authorized to sell all the Institution lands, except

the original Peck estate, for the purpose of removing a mortgage on the property, and in October following he was authorized to sell ten shares of the Western Railroad to meet the liabilities of the treasury. Efforts to raise money for the Institution were made by various persons from time to time with indifferent success, until in March, 1852, it was voted by the trustees to raise \$100,000 for a permanent fund. At the same meeting \$35,000 of this sum was subscribed by members of the board, and by a strenuous effort the rest of the proposed endowment was soon procured. But, naturally, this endowment was presently seen to be inadequate, and the working force of the Faculty was reduced to the lowest point consistent with life. This continued for a dozen years. Then, in 1867, it was decided by the trustees that an additional endowment of \$150,000 ought to be raised, and after some delay the Rev. William H. Eaton was appointed soliciting agent. Through his well directed efforts the subscription, already begun, was carried up to \$177,000, in amounts varying from \$1.00 to \$18,000, and then, by the timely co-operation of Messrs. Gardner Colby and J. Warren Merrill, an aggregate of \$210,000 was reached. Thus, during a period of thirty-five years, the Institution was destitute of any suitable financial basis, though its work was never suspended for an hour, and during a large part of the time was performed with success by such eminent teachers as Drs. Chase, Ripley, Sears, Knowles, and Hackett, not to mention the names of other equally faithful instructors.

A word in respect to the buildings will be of interest to the friends of Newton. The estate, including grounds and buildings, especially one long known as the "Mansion House," was purchased for \$4,250. Alterations in the house were made at an expense of \$3,748. Total, \$7,998. The original cost of Farwell Hall, completed in 1829, was \$10,394.12. The cost of Colby Hall was about \$40,000, and that of Sturtevant the same. The former was finished in 1866, the latter in 1873. Improvements have also been made in Farwell Hall at an expense of \$12,000. All these buildings are heated by steam. Two of them contain the private rooms of students, and the third, Colby Hall, the chapel, lecture rooms, library, and reading room. There is also a gymnasium. The books of the library have been selected with reference to the wants of theological students, and are increased



by purchase and gift every year. The fund for the purchase of books amounts to \$22,400. A ride of twenty-five minutes takes a student from Newton Centre to Boston, where he can enjoy the advantage of larger libraries and of lectures by distinguished men.

The presidents of the Board have been: Rev. Joseph Grafton, 1826-'35; Rev. Daniel Sharp, D.D., 1835-'53; Rev. Professor Alexis Caswell, D.D., 1853-'54; Rev. Baron Stow, D.D., 1854-'69; Gardner Colby, 1870-'80; Hon. Warren Merrill, A.M., 1880-'84; Hon. Eustace C. Fitz, 1884. The treasurers have been as follows: Hon. Levi Farwell, eighteen years; Gardner Colby, twenty-four years; Thomas Nickerson, six years; Joseph Sawyer, three years; Freeman A. Smith, since 1885. Under their control, with the aid of a Finance Committee, the pecuniary affairs of the Institution have been conducted with great prudence and success.

There have been two presidents of the Institution, Rev. Barnas Sears, D.D., LL.D., 1839-'48, and Rev. Alvah Hovey, D.D., LL.D., 1868, to the present time. From 1825 to 1839, and again from 1848 to 1868, the Chairman of the Faculty for the time being was the chief executive officer. The early professors were men of sound learning and marked ability. Their conception of what the school ought to be and to do was very clear and just. They planned wisely and spared no effort in carrying their plans into effect. Professor Irah Chase, Henry J. Ripley, Horatio B. Hackett, and Barnas Sears were each of them eminent in his own department, and their labors gave a character to the school which it still retains. Professors James D. Knowles, Robert E. Pattison, Albert N. Arnold, and Arthur S. Train were all possessed of rare qualifications for usefulness, and, though connected with the school for briefer periods, will be remembered with admiration by those who enjoyed the benefit of their tuition and counsel. By his longer service in the Faculty, by his varied attainments, and by his untiring diligence, the late Professor Herman Lincoln is entitled to special notice. A great number of students and ministers cherish his memory with gratitude. It will be sufficient to mention the names of others who are still living and active, as Rev. George D. B. Pepper, D.D., president of Colby University; Rev. Galusha Anderson, D.D., president of Denison University; Rev. Samuel L. Caldwell, D.D., late president of Vassar College; and Rev. Ezra P. Gould, to-



gether with the present members of the Faculty, Alvah Hovey, Oakman S. Stearns, John M. English, Charles R. Brown, Ernest D. Benton, and Jesse B. Thomas. Rev. S. S. Curry is acting professor of Elocution and Rev. James F. Morton, librarian. The words of the Rev. S. F. Smith, at the semi-centennial of the Institution in 1875, fitly express the feeling which is enkindled in many hearts by recalling the work of such men :

“ ’Tis fifty years — the names we knew,  
Clustered with thronging memories, **wake,**  
Fragrant as blossoms pearled wth dew,  
Dear for their own, for Zion’s sake.”

The regular course of study in this seminary has always required three years for its completion. The studies for this course are in part prescribed and in part elective. No student is allowed to attend less than twelve hours a week of lectures or recitations during a single term, while the average for the whole course must be at least thirteen hours a week. Every student must, therefore, in addition to the prescribed studies of any term, select from the elective studies of that term courses enough to make the full amount of twelve or thirteen hours, and may add as many thereto as his health will permit. Those received to the Institution must give evidence of genuine piety and of suitable gifts for the sacred office, presenting at the same time a license to preach or an approval by the churches to which they belong of their purpose to study for the Christian ministry. As in similar schools the number of students varies, but sixty may be considered as not far from the average attendance during the last twenty years. These students come from all parts of the country, unless it be the Gulf States, and from the mountain provinces of Canada, but a majority of them are from New England. The graduates of the school are to be found in nearly every State of the Union, and in the mission fields of India, China, and Japan. Many of them have done creditable work as authors, editors, or teachers, though a great majority of them have given their lives to preaching the Gospel.

## DAVID.

BY MARTHA D. ADAMS.

PRETTY Delight Carver was leaning over the gate, looking idly down the street. Youth and health shone in the pretty face ; the crisp muslin draperies fell around a graceful form ; and the level sun-rays, which shot through overhanging apple boughs, fell upon bright hair, which had an enticing way of curling into little rings around her face—a most attractive little figure, and not wholly unconscious of her becoming *entourage*. So she stood, until a step close by made her start and cry out, with a pretty little shriek of surprise, “Oh, it’s you, David! How you startled me!”

The stalwart young fellow, entering the gate, set down the tray of tools he had been carrying, and leaned back against the slant trunk of the old tree, clasping both arms above his head.

He had not replied to her cry of surprise ; how was she to know that, resting there, he was noticing with delight all the fresh daintiness of her attire, all the familiar beauty of her face? Conscious of a boundless wealth of love for Delight, yet often, as now, he found himself at a loss for the small coin of phrases in which he would have reminded her of it. When, after a minute of silence, he said, “It seems good to be here, Delight. It’s been warm to-day,” it was to her ears only a platitude about the weather. How should a thoughtless girl remember that when our Lord showed himself, transfigured, to a plain man, such as this one who loved her, the words he found to express his wonder and delight were, “It is good to be here.”

Dimly perceiving that something was wrong, and anxious to set it right, David spoke again. “Lem Waters came down with a load of wood to-day, and he says there’s going to be a picnic at home—at the pond, you know—the Fourth. Will you go, Delight? They expect to have a good time.”

No reply. Probably she had not even heard. A grave-faced young man, just passing, had given a quick glance of appreciation at the pretty figure in the gateway, and, with lifted hat and a few low words of greeting, had passed on. David had not noticed his

approach, but now waited in vexed silence till the sound of his footsteps had died away.

“ Well, Delight — if the doctor is gone.”

“ How silly of you, David! What was it you said? I’ll listen now ” — in a charming attitude of penitence and attention.

But when, summoned by the strident voice of the “ help,” they went in to supper, David Kendall’s heart had felt the first pang of anxiety since his employer’s pretty sister confessed that she returned the love he offered.

The festive day arrived, and who so proud, so happy, as the comely young man who drove to the merry-making with Delight by his side? As they stood amid the holiday crowd, to watch the school children march in procession, with flowers and banners; as they rowed about the tranquil pond, pushing into the coves for lilies; or as they sat listening to the oratory of the rural magnates, many an admiring glance followed them, and many a voice proclaimed that each had chosen well.

Still, as the summer weeks wore on, that secret uneasiness often returned to David’s heart. Delight was silent to-day; to-morrow full of hilarious gayety. Again and again the little pleasures he had planned for her were defeated; other friends occupied the time she had been wont to give him. And one night, missing her on his return from work, he was told by the brisk housewife: “ She’s gone to ride with the young doctor that’s ben hangin’ round here all summer; an’ ’f I was you, David, I wouldn’t have her carryin’ on so another day. ’F I was her mother, I’d talk to her; but, bein’ ’s I’m only her sister-in-law, ’f course she won’t hear to *me*. ’N’ *he* ought t’ know better, too, fin’ly.”

Escaping from the unmeant persecution, David sat on the shaded porch, waiting for Delight — sat there until it had grown quite dark. And so, when they came, he heard tender words of parting.

As Delight came up the walk, while the carriage rolled away, he rose and met her. She would have fled past him, but he drew her down to a seat by his side.

Ten minutes afterward he went slowly up the stairs to his room. They did not know — those people in the room below — that he had left out there in the darkness all the joy that he had hoped to find in life, all the dreams he had found happiness in, all the

plans he had looked forward so cheerily to accomplishing. They did not know that he lay, through the long hours, trying to adjust his life anew, and only darkness confronting him.

With the first beams of day he was up, and left the house. Before noon, some of his fellow-workmen brought him under its roof again. "Must 'a' ben a sun-stroke ; it 's ben powerfle hot,"—the spokesman opined ; and the insensible form, borne by hands tender though rough, was laid again in his own room.

The "old doctor" had already been summoned by a breathless lad. How much he may have guessed, who knows ? The doctor of a small community becomes almost omniscient as regards the families whose lives he has watched over from birth. Wise Dr. Miller, whatever suspicions he may have had, gave no hint of them to the by-standers ; but when, after many hours, there was no lifting of the heavy stupor in which his patient lay, he said : "He 'll do better at home, and this is going to be a long job for him." So, with the tenderest care, the journey was made, and David was brought to the humble home from which he had gone out with such high hopes.

For many weeks the death-like stupor lasted, broken only by occasional hours of unintelligible raving. They thought his mind was gone, and the good minister prayed on Sunday for the parents so sorely afflicted. But at last, when months had passed, and hope had left all but those nearest him, a faint improvement was seen, gradually strengthening until the clouded mind was clear again. Great was the rejoicing in the little home ; and, as the news spread among his friends and one and another came to congratulate him, he would say, cheerily, "Oh, yes ; I shall be all right again in the spring."

But as spring came on, in its slow New England fashion, it became plain that David was not gaining. The disease which had left the mind free seemed to have attacked the body ; the once active limbs showed a strange reluctance to obey the dictates of his will. He wondered at it, and would say, eagerly, "I must n't be a tax on father much longer, doctor."

One day, before visiting his patient, the good doctor talked long and earnestly with the old father ; then, as gently as he could, he told the young man, just at the beginning of his life, that he would never again be able to walk ; that the life from which Delight Carver's coquetry had blotted out hope and joy

must be passed as a helpless cripple ; a burden to the parents already growing old, and needing a young hand to smooth their path out of life.

Such agony as David Kendall suffered may not be described. His only solace, then and for many a day afterward, was the presence of his sister. While he lay in suffering too intense for expression, Eunice would sit at his side ; and, as her fingers swiftly plaited the straw braid with which so many maidens earned their wedding finery, she sang. The sweet old hymns, associated with the most peaceful moments of his life, did bring healing to his doubly wounded heart, and he learned to long for her companionship, to count the moments while her household duties kept her from his side ; and a more restful expression would come upon the thin, worn face — so sadly unlike the bright, ruddy countenance of a year ago — when her sweet voice chanted the familiar strains.

Eunice was bearing her cross as well, and, while her voice carried comfort to David's heart, she was herself in no less need of it.

On the very night when Dr. Miller, driving away, left despair behind him, Hiram Maxwell, the honest young farmer who, in country phrase, had "waited on" Eunice at the occasional merry-makings, had come to ask her to be his wife. By what irony of Fate was Eunice offered this gift of a good man's love and protection, just when the inevitable renunciation of it was an added draught of bitterness in her already over-filled cup?

Manfully did Hiram plead his cause, but Eunice answered steadily, "I'm needed here, Hiram. David can't spare me."

"But, Eunice, I'm goin' to buy the Strong place ; I've got every cent of the money a'ready, and I've ben thinkin' how nice it could be fixed up. You should have a new milk-room, or a bay winder, or an'thin' you'd say, Eunice ; and it ain't but a little ways, an' you could sorter see to David still ; and when the old folks is gone, he could stay with us, if he don't get up again." And then, with an unwonted burst of sentiment "An' I guess I need ye, Eunice, 'bout as much as anybody!"

Poor Eunice ! She had the longing every woman knows for a home, a kingdom in which she might rule, herself ruled in turn by the love which should illumine all her life. She had been trained to repress her feelings, however, and Hiram thought her

almost indifferent, as she stood silent, trying to put aside her own desires and think only of her duty. She was not fond of martyrdom, this quiet New England girl; she felt no glow of self-gratulation at her sacrifice; she even asked herself if she might not accept this happiness as a gift of God, and trust that He would guide her in her future way. But just then a voice broke the silence — “Mother!” It was David; but the mother was dull of hearing, and did not respond. To Eunice’s conscientious soul it was a divine message.

“Don’t you see, Hiram? Mother doesn’t hear. I must go.” And she ran hastily up the stairs.

The thin face turned wearily, then lighted with a smile. “You, Eunice? That’s good. Sing, please. I can’t get to sleep. Sing ‘Pleyel.’”

And Eunice, sitting by the bed, sang, with clear and steady voice,—

“‘Come,’ said Jesus’ sacred voice,  
‘Come, and make my paths your choice.’”

She had chosen her path; but not for many a year could she hear the familiar words without a thrill of pain.

Down stairs, Hiram Maxwell was waiting. His slower mind had only comprehended that some trifling errand had called Eunice away; but the tones of the song floated down to him, and he understood that she would not return. With a sharp feeling of resentment, he walked away, Eunice’s sweet voice following him into the night,—

“Balm that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.”

How was he to know that to the singer it seemed that the sharp click of the gate, as he passed out, had closed on her forever the door of happiness, and that the words she sang were keenest mockery?

Some weeks after, David said to his sister, as she sat beside him in the twilight, “Hiram don’t come here much lately, seems to me.”

“I hear he’s going with Mercy Phillips,” was her only answer.

If David knew her sacrifice, he never spoke of it; and, in all the years of their peaceful life together, the brother and sister

rendered to this new bond between them the homage of absolute silence.

Before the slow spring had passed, the news came to the Kendall household, borne by what one of our wise men has called "the mild police" of the little town, that Delight Carver had become the wife of the young doctor. Eunice was sorely tempted then to speak, or at least to take from its place the little photograph which had always hung, in its plain frame, near David's bedside. But she dared not. When another spring had come, they told one another in whispers, with a touch of self-rebuke for their harsh thoughts of her, that the young wife was dead. Then, entering the room softly when she thought her brother sleeping, Eunice tied above the girlish face of the photograph a bit of black ribbon. Turning away hastily, almost guiltily, when it was done, she found David's eyes upon her. One glance showed her that he understood, and, with no word spoken, she hurried away.

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As the years passed, no change had come in the terrible disease that bound hand and foot as with a chain. Never, since he was brought within the door, had his step sounded on the floor. Lying there, he had seen his mother's step grow feebler, her hair whiter, till at last her burden was lifted from her, and she entered into rest. He had seen the old father trying, with dimmed eyes and trembling hands, to keep about the work that his son would so gladly have saved him. And, at last, he had seen the dear, familiar form borne away from his humble home to rest by the side of that other one in the village graveyard. Harder still, he had seen life pressing heavily on his sister, making the sweet face thin and worn, filling every moment with anxious toil — toil only lightened by the love which hushed complaint.

The little red house in which these two lived was like many and many another in the New England farming towns — a tiny, low-roofed building, some few rods of level door yard between it and the road, and guarded by two or three huge trees.

The little front yard, from gate to door-stone, was carpeted with shining myrtle. Out through the fence it pushed, and in spring offered its wealth of blossom to the passing school-children; all summer its glossy greenness formed a shining carpet for the narrow yard and a rest for every passer's eye.



The leafy guardians of this little home were two giant ash trees, which reached down their branches to touch its roof tenderly and protectingly, but exalted their heads far above. At one side, about a more spacious yard, were ranged several outbuildings, which some color-loving soul had painted with the blue of the myrtle blossom. On one, in an attempt at still more elaborate effect, the alternate clapboards had been left unpainted; but years had darkened them, till their weather-beaten hue, barred with the brave blue of aspiration, was a pathetic suggestion of many a rural life.

Whatever kind friends could do to lighten David's suffering had been done. A wheeled chair made it possible for him to be moved about the house, or even, with great care, into the myrtle-covered yard. A book-rest attached to the chair held the volume that was his constant companion, and an ingenious neighbor had contrived a means by which the almost helpless fingers might turn the leaves. Many a passing neighbor stopped at the gate to discuss the weather, to make a friendly inquiry for his health, or to leave a late magazine or paper. The village matrons, coming, work in hand and apron thrown over the head, to sit for a half-hour with Eunice, would repeat the local happenings for his ear. Even the children, at first shy of the invalid, soon discovered that here was a friend never, alas! too busy to tell a story, and glad to make clear a troublesome sum.

But his best friends were his books; for, when lying idle had come to be torture, he turned to them for a partial escape; and, as years went by, he found them more and more a comfort. It was noticeable how his habits of reading had refined his speech and smoothed away the dialect of his people, and how many thoughts had been awakened in his mind that, had his life been as that of other men, with its varied interests and avocations, might have slumbered forever.

In our walks and drives about the shady Ashmead roads, we often passed the little red house, and felt a genuine interest in the patient-faced man and the brisk, kindly-looking woman.

In company with Miss Sabra, the elderly maid servant of an old family of the place, my old schoolmate Kate and myself one day made a call upon the Kendalls. Miss Eunice met us at the door with democratic cordiality for our companion and kindly formality towards us, and we were led directly from the narrow



entry into the invalid's room — a room whose exquisite neatness could not hide its poverty, yet with many a little feature of finish or arrangement that showed a thoughtful love.

David Kendall lay in the reclining chair, his face turned from his book, in expectation of our entrance,— a thin, pale face, thrown into relief by the dark hair. The gaunt hand, lying upon the gay quilt, was not held out to welcome us, but the cordial smile showed how pleasant was a new face. And when Miss Sabra, having delivered the particular delicacy which was the object of this visit, fell into conversation with Eunice, we made the acquaintance of her brother.

The volume he had been reading formed a natural opening for our talk, and we spent a delightful half-hour chatting about favorite books and authors. To our surprise, we found him well acquainted with the thought of the day, and ready to give his recollections and opinions with a clearness that showed a fine mind. While still in the high tide of interest on this fruitful theme, a little wiry woman in black came hurrying through the yard.

"Well, now, Mis' Garritt, I'm glad to see ye;" and Eunice bustled hospitably to the door. "Come in and take off your things and stay a spell."

We had heard of Mrs. Garritt, a competent little body to whom everybody turned when sickness or death entered the household, and we were heartily glad of this meeting.

She came in, greeting us all with a brisk cordiality; and, being introduced to us, welcomed us to Ashmead with a kindness that made her withered face truly that of a friend.

"No, I can't stop a minute," she answered to renewed advances of hospitality. "Jason and me, we're a-goin' over t' Dayton this aft'noon, and I says t' him, s' I, 'While you're a-hitchin' up,' s' I, 'I'm goin' t' run over 'n' see 'f Eunice don't want to send f' somethin',' s' I; and he's a comin' right along, 'f that plaguey colt — how he can stan' it, I don't see 'f the life of me!'"

"Well now, 't was real good of you, Mis' Garritt. There is some things I wanted, and I'm sure I didn't know how I was goin' to get 'em." And opening the lid of the old-fashioned secretary, Eunice proceeded to write out her list.

"An' how be you this summer, David?" depositing herself on the edge of a chair, ready to fly at the first glimpse of Jason and

the "colt." "Seems t' me, y' re lookin' kinder peaked. But then, I've been takin' care o' Mis' Widder Mason, an' watchin' her, an' fussin' over her, t'll ev'rybody looks sick t' me."

"How is Mrs. Mason?" asked Miss Sabra, as Eunice brought her list of errands.

"O, she's failin'," replied the little nurse, cheerfully, diving into the depths of a capacious pocket, from whence she produced a huge wallet, laid the paper in, and entombed it again.

"There! there's Jason! D'y' ever, 'n all y'r life, see such a piece o' foolishness 's f'r him t' drive that ragin', tearin' critter? 'S much 's m' life 's worth t' try to get int' the buggy!" And away she trotted.

Jason Garritt, in all his quiet, straitened life, had found an outlet for his longing for freedom in but one channel—he *would* drive a fast horse. His long, ungainly form, his ruddy face, with its wide mouth and staring blue eyes, framed by curls whose glossy brilliancy betrayed their alien origin,—who, seeing him, in baggy overalls and straw hat, going about his farm, could have thought that under this exterior dwelt a soul full of romance? But to see him driving, ostentatiously giving his whole mind to the frisky colt, urging it on or making a parade of checking it,—then one caught a glimpse of the man's real self. It was a pleasure to David to see the innocent pride that beamed in his jovial face, as he drew up at the gate and shouted a hearty greeting, while his mother, hopping about like a perturbed cricket, made vain attempts to mount.

"Whoa, now! The pesky critter! Jason, why don't ye hold him? Whoa, pony! I d'clare, I never *can* git in. Jason, why can't ye git out an' hold him? No; jist give me y'r hand, an' maybe I can do it. Whoa, sir! Whoa! There, now!—Oh!" With a desperate skip, aided by her son's hand, she had reached the buggy, only to be unceremoniously tumbled on the seat by the sudden starting of the released colt. Her thin voice came back in good-natured reviling, while they spun down the road.

With a pleasant laugh, David turned his face from the window. "Mrs. Garritt does n't seem to wear out a bit, taking care of other people. She's just as quick and just as cheerful as she was ten years ago."

"I wonder what she'll do when she gets to heaven, where there ain't no sick folks?" suggested Eunice, as she settled herself to her straw-sewing.

"Take care of the babies, perhaps," said Kate.

"Well, there will be lots of 'em to bring up," assented Eunice, "an' I should n't wonder if some o' the grown-up folks felt kinder strange at first. She'd be a masterhand to show 'em round and make 'em feel 't home."

"What do you fancy it will be like there?" asked the invalid of Miss Sabra.

"Why, David, there 's the Bible to tell us about it," — with a suggestion of rebuke in the tone.

The little pause that followed was broken by Eunice.

"Well, I dou know, but I never could feel 's if 't would be just like that. Seems to me the children would n't feel 't home in a place all gold an' jewels."

She paused, and took a few vigorous stitches. Nobody spoke, for I think we all wanted her to go on; and in a moment, keeping her head bent over her work, she added: "I always thought 't would be a good deal like this world, after all — houses, some big and roomy, an' some cosy little ones; an' lots of green grass an' shade; an' little brooks runnin' over the stones; an' all the folks livin' in families together, but nobody fussin' an' worryin' over somethin' they haven't got. — like the hymn says, 'With ev'ry longin' satisfied.' There! what would folks say if they knew what queer notions I had?"

And abashed at having revealed her thoughts so fully, she worked with redoubled energy.

"Won't you tell us your idea of it, Mr. Kendall?" asked Kate, seeing her embarrassment.

"Whenever I think of heaven," slowly answered the invalid. "I think of just one word — life. To me, heaven will be life: such life as some people are able to lead here — full, vigorous activity, the development and right use of every power. About the details of the scene I have no fixed idea. But that I shall be able to work and to enjoy — I am sure as I am that God is good. And I hope and trust that in some way I can requite Eunice for her care and love through all these years. In the new powers that I shall have there enable me to watch over and care for her as she has for me. I shall be happy indeed."

"Now, David," began Eunice, protestingly, but her voice quivered. The sudden impulse of emotion as she thought of the life so pitifully cramped here, and of tenderness at this expression

of affection, was too strong to be repressed, and, putting down her work, she hurried from the room, a corner of her apron pressed to her eyes.

Just then, we saw Mr. Story, the village minister, stopping at the gate, and rose to go. His was one of those rarely healthful souls whose presence makes the world seem bright and God seem nigh, and we would not by our presence rob his visit of its fullest cheer.

Of the rest of this day, we heard afterward from Miss Sabra, to whom Eunice told it all with the loving minuteness with which we love to tell of such days.

That evening, after the supper had been cleared away and all was in immaculate order again, Eunice came into the front room, and, finding her brother lying with closed eyes, sat down in the gathering twilight and began to sing. Perhaps it was the talk of the afternoon that brought to her lips the dear old strains,—

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.”

Verse after verse she sang, her voice full and clear as of old in the triumphant cadences; but as the last words fell from her lips,—

“Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more,” —

the tones grew tremulous, and she sat in silence, while the room grew dark and the stars looked in. She thought David was sleeping, till she heard him repeating softly some of the words she had sung, —

“Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.”

Then all was silent again, and Eunice fell into a reverie, which lasted she knew not how long. Suddenly she heard him repeat the words again, but in a new, strange tone that held her motionless in her chair. It was as one who speaks of what he sees. And David said again, “‘Sweet fields — arrayed in living green, — and rivers — and rivers of’ — Why, Delight !”

With the last words, spoken in a tone of surprise and wondering

joy, the invalid had fairly risen from the pillow, with arms uplifted ; but he fell back again, and in the starlight Eunice could see that his face looked white and strange.

There was no answer when she called his name, and with a terrible dread at her heart, she flew for a light and for restoratives. But when she returned, there was no need of them. In those last words, the soul had left the crippled body, to find the free, abundant life he had so longed for. David Kendall's long imprisonment was over.

What that last glad exclamation had meant, who could tell? What scene had been so full of radiant meaning as to bring back the action to limbs motionless through long years? Was it the green pastures and still waters of the heavenly country? Or was it indeed that, to his opening spiritual vision, the love of his youth had truly appeared to give him welcome to the happy land where he should find again the joy of which her thoughtless coquetry had robbed him?

As the hours of the night wore away, while she sat alone,—ah, so sadly alone!—Eunice pondered it much. And at last she came to hope that it might be true that little Delight, grown wise and tender in the years she had already lived in that other home, had indeed met him at the very threshold and led him in.

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### **MUNKACSY'S CHRIST.**

By H. P. KIMBALL.

ONE great idealist against the world!

How firm he stands, between the Jewish mob  
And Roman pedant law! As if there whirled

No human thought within, no human throb  
Convulsed that poor, frail form, where time has wrought

Its work in fretting line and changing hue;  
But though the body thus, that soul all fraught

With Truth has given the great obedience due  
To its own law. What matter then the shame,

The hissing and the scorn, the Roman ban?  
Right still is Right; the Law of Truth the same;  
Salvation in obedience still for man.

As he stands firm before a world alone,

So sits the Law of Truth, God, on his throne.

**NEW ENGLAND RESORTS, EXCURSION ROUTES, ETC.**

The very important work *The New England Magazine* aims to promote — the presentation of History in popular and attractive form — will, in time, certainly meet with the heartiest public approval. This magazine is the pioneer in this field, and to the present day is without a rival, it is believed.

In addition or incidental to the above in general is its special devotion in the way of emphasizing in all proper and seasonable opportunities the wonderful and unrivalled resources in New England for pleasure and recreative resorts in the summer and of the South, particularly in Florida, Georgia, and other States, for the winter. The following article by Mr. Guild seems to be appropriate in the direction indicated.

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**BOSTON TO THE PENOBSCOT.**

BY E. P. GUILD.

The scene along the wharves and in the harbor at Boston on a summer afternoon is a most animated one. All manner of sail under many flags abound, some lying at their moorings, others moving in or out in tow of noisy tugs; coastwise vessels great and small are making ready their departure to points from Newfoundland to the Gulf of Mexico; gay, well-loaded steamers are plying between the hot city and the cool beaches; ferry boats are passing constantly; and yachts of every size are spreading their canvas to the breeze. As the hour of five is passed, a steamship, conspicuous for its size and beauty, is seen slowly moving away from Foster's wharf. It is the "Penobscot"; and in nineteen hours, under fair weather, it will throw out its hawsers at Bangor on the upper waters of the noble river of which this boat is a worthy namesake.

Sturdily pushing its way among the smaller crafts, past Governor's and Castle Islands, this undisputed queen of the harbor turns at Deer Island and swings out through Broad Sound into Massachusetts Bay. For a few hours now, on the long summer evening the delightful resort for the passenger is on the hurricane deck where he may enconce himself, to be fanned, not by a hurricane, but by a gentle zephyr or perhaps a more enlivening breeze. Now sailing to the northeast, the hills and islands, vil-

lages, country seats and great summer hotels of the North Shore form a beautiful panorama, and soon the twin lights of Cape Ann, near the city of Gloucester, are in view, attracting for an hour or two the traveller's gaze.

The steamer is now moving farther out into the open sea and the gentle swell of the waters is becoming somewhat bolder. If the moon is shedding its light on the scene, one may well be tempted to remain on the hurricane deck another hour enjoying the beautiful picture. Otherwise he may choose to spend his time in the grand saloon below, before retiring to his comfortable stateroom for the night. Here he may perhaps fall into agreeable and instructive conversation with a fellow passenger,—a veteran traveller—who perhaps had been on the first steamboat that ever went from Bangor to Boston. This was the "Bangor," of 400 tons burden, whose steam was made from wood fires, about twenty five cords of wood used in a trip. The "Bangor" ran on this route for several years, after which it had a romantic career, finally becoming part of the navy of the Sultan of Turkey. From that time various steamers were built for service between Boston and Bangor, until the incorporation of the "Sanford Steamship Co." in 1875, which became the "Boston and Bangor Steamship Co." in 1882, and now possesses the fleet composed of the "Penobscot," the "Lewiston" and the "Katahdin" in service on this route, and the "Mt. Desert" and "Rockland" on the branch route between the city of Rockland and Bar Harbor, and other points on the coast and river.

Across the Gulf of Maine the staunch steamship keeps its way; passing Monhegan Island at early daylight, and about sunrise rounding Owl's Head, and sailing into Rockland Harbor. At the wharf of this lively town for the next hour there is a most business-like atmosphere. There is a rush of many passengers, who change here to the trim steamer "Mt. Desert," bound to the island of the same name, and of many new passengers coming on the "Penobscot" for Bangor, and intermediate points on the river. There is a rattling of trucks about the wharf and over the gang plank; while yachts, dories and little steamboats with large whistles are on every hand; and the morning sunshine itself is dancing in a most animated manner over the rippling water.

The traveller from here in either direction has a glorious prospect before him. From Rockland to Bar Harbor the route lies for about fifty miles along the rocky coast, and beautiful picturesque islands of the coast of Maine. The "Penobscot," after hauling off, moves grandly up through Penobscot Bay, skirted by mountains and islands—green with verdure, or gray with mossy rocks—until we run into Camden, under the lofty peaks of Megunticook. During the months of July and

August, a stop is made at Northport, where camp meetings are held on a grand old fashioned scale. Now keeping its way among the thronging islands across a lake-like inner harbor, the city of Belfast is reached, where a considerable interchange of passengers and freight is effected. The course is next mostly eastward to Searsport, near the head of the Bay, and across from which to the south-east may be seen the high promontory and interesting town of Castine. Further on, Fort Point, with its rounded bluff and attractive hotel detains the steamer for a brief time; then before us the irregular expanse of the bay narrows up to a broad but winding river, where we can easily imagine the Indian canoe hurrying to shelter, alarmed by the great steamer's hoarse cry resounding through the bordering forests.

Bucksport, the next point touched, is a fine old town, the seat of a famous Methodist seminary. A railroad conveniently connects the village with Bangor. On the opposite shore are the heavy batteries and massive walls of Fort Knox, so situated that it easily holds the key to the river above. The head of winter navigation is reached at Winterport, some five miles above, and then the great river contracts its banks, making many turns and puzzling the passenger as he looks ahead, and can see no possible outlet, until the steamer makes another bold turn, and without pause pushes onward. Hampden, the next and last stopping-place before reaching Bangor, had a part in the 1812 war, when the British took possession of the town for a time.

About noon, the steamer makes fast to its pier in the city of Bangor, the great lumber mart of Maine, and the limit for ocean steamers on this river. The traveller unbegrimed with dust, but fresh and invigorated from his voyage of two hundred and fifty miles, might be loth to leave the comfortable decks of the "Penobscot" were it not that the purposes of the trip cause him to hasten away from the craft which had brought him so securely and happily hither.

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### **TREMONT TEMPLE.**

BY REV. W. S. MCKENZIE, D. D.

The building known as Tremont Temple\* is intimately and inseparably linked with the name and the memory of the late and revered Deacon Timothy Gilbert. Other large-hearted Baptist

\* This sketch of Tremont Temple is by design the merest outline, as it would require far more space than a magazine article for the history in detail.



laymen in his day, and since his day, have also done much to make the Temple what it has been and now is. But that noble, earnest, and philanthropic man initiated the enterprise, and for a long time managed its financial interests. Through his zeal, benevolence and persistence, it finally became a great centre of religious activity and influence. Deacon Gilbert's first, simple and sole aim was to provide a place, centrally located, for religious services, with free seats, where all who might desire it could have an opportunity to hear the messages of salvation from the lips of some devout and earnest preacher. Deacon Gilbert and his associates had especially in view the poor in Boston, and the young strangers flocking to the city from rural homes in search of employment, and whose means would not permit them to hire seats in other churches, where pew rents ran high, and where wealth and fashion obtained the preference, and stood in conspicuous contrast with poverty and plain costume.

Early in the year 1843 the old "*Tremont Theatre*" was offered for sale. That building occupied the site of the present Temple. Deacon Gilbert secured the co-operation and assistance of Mr. S. G. Shipley, Mr. Thomas Gould and Mr. W. S. Damrell, and they together provided the funds required to purchase the Theatre. The purchase was made in June, 1843. The estate contained about 13,000 feet of land, and the whole property was bought for \$55,000. The building needed considerable reconstruction to render it suitable for religious purposes. Those men who had made the purchase made it on their own personal responsibility, and on their own responsibility proceeded to remodel the interior of the old Theatre, and to adapt it to the uses for which they purchased it. This work cost them an additional sum of nearly \$25,000, making a total outlay of nearly \$80,000. The building, in the main audience room when refitted, would comfortably seat 2000 people. On the 7th of December, 1843, the reconstructed Theatre was dedicated as a Temple for the worship of God and for the Christian work of a church. Large congregations were gathered, and under the powerful ministry of the late Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Colver, the wise manager and the dauntless preacher, the interests of the "*Tremont Street Baptist Church*" went forward prosperously for about ten years, until the 31st of March, 1852. On that day, in the early hours of the morning, the Temple was

burnt to ashes. The men who had purchased the building, and had been holding it as trustees for the church, nothing daunted, at once resolved to rebuild. Two months after the fire had demolished the old building the foundation for a new and much improved structure was laid, and in December, 1853, the work was completed, and the first meeting in the main hall was held—a meeting of dedication and rejoicing. The new Temple, including the furnishings and the organ, cost nearly \$125,000. The financial burden incurred by the rebuilding soon became too heavy for



REV. E. J. HAYNES.

the shoulders of the trustees. In 1855 it was proposed to shift that burden on others. An arrangement was effected by which the property was placed in the custody of a Society, comprising some thirty leading and wealthy Baptist laymen, and called "*The Evangelical Baptist Benevolent and Missionary Society.*"

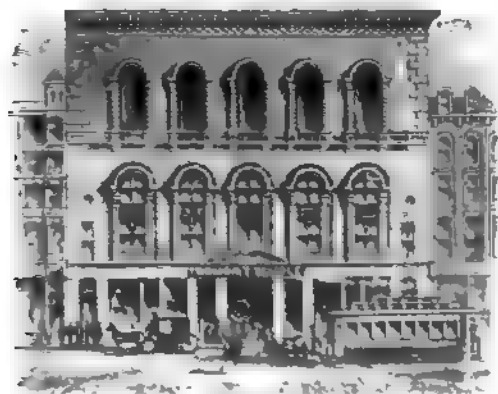
In accordance with that new arrangement the property was conveyed to Thomas Richardson, Frederick Gould, J. W. Converse, George W. Chipman, and J. W. Merrill, as trustees of the Society above named, and the sum of \$36,711.03 over and above the outstanding liabilities was paid therefor. The Society obtained an act of incorporation in 1857. But the Society was not duly organized until May, 1858, when the estate was transferred to the trustees of that society by a suitable deed of conveyance. In 1859 a lease was executed, granting the "Tremont Street Baptist Church" the use of the main hall, with the organ and furniture, during the day time on Sundays, also the basements for Sunday School and other purposes, the church agreeing to maintain worship on the Sabbath with free seats, and to support a suitable pastor. Other conditions were embraced in the lease

In 1863 the "Tremont Street Baptist Church" and the "Union Baptist Church" were united, forming the present "Union Temple Baptist Church," with Rev. J. D. Fulton as pastor. On the night of August 14, 1879, the Temple was again destroyed by fire. The board of directors resolved at once to rebuild with many improvements. The new Temple was opened on Sunday, Oct. 17, 1880. The main hall is 122 feet long, 72 feet wide, and 66 feet high. It has two galleries, lower and upper, which, with the main floor, will seat 2,500 people. The Meionaon, or small hall, has seats for 800. and is in frequent use, as well as the large hall, for a great variety of public gatherings, religious and secular. The expense of rebuilding and refitting, including the organ, was about \$169,000.

In case of the sale of this property, the lease given to the Union Temple Church lapses ; and the amount realized from the sale of the estate, after paying the cost of the same to the corporation that owns and controls it, together with interest, charges and expenses, is to be paid over to the Union Temple Church, to be held in trust by the deacons for the purpose of building a new place of worship, or to be appropriated to some religious or charitable object by said church.

The Temple is now everywhere known as the head-quarters of the New England Baptists. Here are the official rooms, six of them, of the "*American Baptist Missionary Union*," the oldest Missionary Society of the Baptists of this country, now in the seventy-third year of its history, conducting large and prosperous missions in the Presidency of Madras, in Assam, in Burmah, in Siam, in China, in Japan, in Africa (the Congo Valley), and in Europe. The annual receipts and disbursements of this Society are now about \$400,000. There are four monthly publications in the interest of foreign missions edited at, and sent out from, the mission rooms. Here, also, is the office of the district secretary for New England of the "*American Baptist Home Mission Society*," whose headquarters are in the city of New York ; also the office of the district secretary for New England of the "*American Baptist Publication Society*," whose head-quarters are in Philadelphia. Here are the office and the editorial rooms, four of them, of "*The Watchman*," the oldest and most influential religious weekly journal of the Baptists of America ; the present editor-in-chief of which sheet, Rev. Dr. J. W. Olmstead, has been in that service over forty years,

and is to-day prosecuting his vast and important work with all the vigor of his manhood's prime. "*The Baptist Social Union*," comprising a membership of over three hundred of the leading laymen from the Baptist churches in Boston and its suburbs, holds its monthly meetings in the Temple. "*The Baptist Ministers' Conference*" meets here every Monday forenoon, and discusses various questions relating to the work of the ministry and the welfare of the churches. In the main hall of the Temple, Mr. Joseph Cook, the renowned lecturer on scientific and religious themes, delivers every year his course of Monday Lectures, drawing many thousands of the most cultivated and learned from far and near to hear him. Almost every day and every night there is some great public assembly in this now famous building, listening to lectures, concerts, sermons, speeches, etc. There is no public building in the city of Boston so central, so constantly in use, and so well known as Tremont Temple. Perhaps there is no Baptist Church in the country so large; and none more active, aggressive and successful than in the church that worships in the Temple. The able and popular pastor, Rev. E. J. Haynes, preaches every Sunday in the Temple to an audience far larger than any other in the city of Boston. There is also worshipping every Sunday in this building a Swedish Mission Church, under the direction of the Temple Church. Besides all these religious, missionary and benevolent institutions conducted under the roof of this building, there are many offices and stores, which yield to the corporation a large income, which in time will liquidate the indebtedness on the Temple, after which all profits will accrue to missionary purposes.



**REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, LL. D.,  
AND HIS WORK.**

By ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

AMONG the most eloquent of American preachers the Rev. Dr. Lorimer, the Baptist divine, stands eminent. He began his ministry in Kentucky, where he achieved considerable distinction as a leader and preacher, and afterwards gained celebrity in Boston, where he regularly addressed large audiences in the old Shawmut Avenue Baptist Church and subsequently in the noted Tremont Temple. He is a native of Scotland, and is now about fifty years of age. His early life was spent in Edinburgh, in whose institutions his education was commenced. He has long been an American citizen. Dr. Lorimer is the author of several works, the last of which, "Studies in Social Life," was republished by Sampson, Low and Company, London, and has been highly commended to students of economic subjects. The press very generally has favorably received his contributions to current literature.

Dr. Lorimer left Boston for his new field in the West nine years ago, with such an adieu from clergy and laity as is rarely accorded to a minister. Whenever he returns to preach in Boston the services are attended by multitudes.

At the time of his removal to Chicago, owing to the fire and other causes, the Baptist denomination of that city was heavily in debt. The First Church, whose call he accepted, was mortgaged for a large sum, and was in a very precarious condition, with small congregations and limited income. A revival very soon set in, pews were rented, and money became abundant. Part of the debt was early provided for, and within two and a half years four hundred and fifty communicants were added to the church.

With the rebuilding of the city, after the fire, came also a large growth. A large section, equal in size and social importance to Boston Back Bay, had no Baptist church; and soon the opportunity to form one would be lost. It became of the first importance to the development of Baptist interests that a new church of that denomination should be formed, and a building reared in the more populous part of the city. With the reluctant consent of his own

people, and with their co-operation, the Doctor, six years ago, stepped out to begin his work anew. With some two hundred and thirty members he formed the Immanuel Baptist Church. An elegant house was built, costing, with the land, \$170,000. The edifice afforded sittings for two thousand people, and is one of the most commanding ecclesiastical structures in the country. Over the doors of the main entrance is the inscription "The rich and poor meet together, the Lord is the Maker of them all."

The church membership is now over one thousand. Several very wealthy families have pews, but there is no church in which people of moderate means do more of the giving, and in which the poor more cheerfully lay their mites upon the altar.

The Sunday School of this church is quite an institution. At its head is the famous Mr. B. F. Jacobs. The primary department is under direction of Mrs. J. N. Crouse, president of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society. It is a model department, where kindergarten methods are applied.

The church is represented on nearly all of the great charities, has its various missions, and is a very representative and aggressive body. Its finances are under the skilful direction of a large-hearted layman of exceptional ability, Mr. Norman T. Gassette; and its deacons are presided over by a prominent railroad superintendent, Mr. O. S. Lyford, a well-known New Englander. These leaders are ably seconded by gentlemen associated with them. It is Dr. Lorimer's theory that every department of a church should be thoroughly organized, and be able to maintain itself independent of the pastor.

Dr. Lorimer is a preacher whom we always mentally associate with a great people's church, like Tremont Temple in Boston; and we should not wonder if in a smaller audience-room he felt cramped and unable to show his powers at their best. Would it not be wise for some of the wealthy Baptists of Chicago to provide for him a free church such as the Temple in Boston, where the masses could be gathered, and where the gospel could be preached to all who desire to hear, whether they rent pews or not? He may not feel drawn to undertake such a work again; but surely there is none more deserving the endeavors of earnest men, and none where success is more difficult.

## A LITTLE LEAVEN

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL, FOUNDED FOR THE PURPOSE OF  
GETTING AT THE ROOT AND SHOOT OF THINGS.

## CHAPTER II.

## ADAM, THE GARDEN OF EDEN, EVE.

The First Day or Age of Creation in the commencement and progressive development  
of human consciousness.

Adam not the name of an individual, but of a *species*, and descriptive of the dual nature of man, also of the method of his gradual creation from a lower to a higher state.—The supposed perfection of the first man a prophecy of what was realized in Christ, and is to be in all mankind.—The Garden of Eden, representative of the prepared animal soul and form, with all its faculties, functions, and members, in association with which the soul of man was placed as a higher germ of existence.—The allegorical account of the making of woman from the rib of man describes a new state reached in his unfoldment.—Eve, Woman, Female, Help-Meet, Wife, different terms used to designate and personify the *receptive* state of the soul of man, which makes it possible for him to be Overshadowed by a Higher Power, and through which all increase in mentality has come.—Marriage as a sacrament; why its highest ideal, as typified in Adam and Eve, has not been realized, and how it is to be.

1. *What was the leading point brought out in the first lesson concerning God?*

A glimpse was given of the sublime process of gradual preparation by which a dwelling-place was formed for man upon the earth. The sowing of the seed of the planet in a prepared ethereal womb was shown as the initial act of the Creative Power made known in the name ELOHIM.

2. *What followed the planting of the seed or life principle of the earth?*

The orderly succession of changes through which the planet passed while in a gaseous and an igneous state, up to the forming of its crust, the deposition of soil, and the establishment of proper atmospheric conditions for the sustenance of life, manifested the different stages in its period of gestation preparatory to the reception of germs of vegetation. From the first appearance of the sea-plant to the birth of the polyp, and from the amœba to man, the serially ascending orders of life proclaimed the action of the power of Elohim going forth in germs of a higher and still higher nature.

3. *Does this place involution before evolution?*

It shows involution to be the cause of evolution, for no change ever

took place in the external form and functions of an order or species until after a new power had been imparted to the life principle by the overshadowing act of an unseen creative order, working in conjunction with the natural process of exsemination or propagation.

4. *What organic elements then entered in to form a higher type?*

Each succeeding order carried within it the essential components and characteristics of all tribes that had preceded it, plus the overshadowed germ power that enabled it to present a discrete form and assume more complex functions.

5. *How does this accord with the doctrine of natural selection and the survival of the fittest?*

It gives to it its only rational interpretation. The words nature and natural are from the Latin *natus*, that which is brought forth, from *nasci*, to be born. That which is born must first have been begotten. Hence every kingdom and order in the world of form and phenomena bespeaks the action of that Fatherhood defined by the word ELOHIM. Those species fitted by innate power and organic structure to survive persisted in the struggle for existence, and carried up the chain of life from link to link in perfect continuity.

6. *How has this been shown to apply to man?*

The soul of man was placed as a higher seed of existence in conjunction with the soul, brain structure, nerve centers, and prepared body of the animal most nearly resembling the human. So that instead of coming up from the brute creation, man went down into it to carry it up.

7. *What was the first estate, the primitive condition of the duality formed by the union of the human and animal souls?*

After man's physiological union with this lower nature and form, he could see with its eyes, hear with its ears, and make use of its bodily members and organs to provide for and express the wants and wishes of the lowest domain of mentality. The secretive instincts and constructive ability of the lower tribes of life, the predatory habits, violence, stealth, and rapacity of birds and beasts of prey, all were made known with an added degree of power by those primitive races of men who dwelt in caves, prepared their food with implements of stone, and fought the wild beasts with weapons of flint.

8. *Why could not primitive man make known the higher capabilities of the soul?*

Because there existed no organic brain structure or localized cerebral convolutions of higher quality and form, as a body for the human soul through which expression could be given to that intellectual and moral power which in after ages it was to declare. It was placed in its little world with the power plenipotentary of a creator; but it had to make use of those materials which its environments afforded. Its asso-



ciation with all the appetites, desires, and propensities of the brute creation was physiological and organic. Its affiliation with this nature was as inevitable as it was for vegetation to have its root in the earth.

9. *The real meaning of what theological doctrine does this throw light upon?*

The consummation of the union of the human, rational principle of life with the prepared animal nature was in obedience to a biological process which has been set forth symbolically in the dogmas of theology as the Fall of Man.

10. *What was the purpose to be effected by placing man in these material relations?*

It was the destined end that, when the soul of man should rise to its divine estate, it should bear with it all things beneath, regenerated and made new. It was the office of the human soul to change and humanize the animal soul and form with which it was united, that the new species might be established in its order in obedience to the same law by which every preceding tribe of life had been perfected.

11. *What was the meaning of the sovereignty promised man over all other creatures?*

The dominion promised man over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth, did not, in its highest sense, refer to the outward brute creation, but to that inward animal nature to which man's soul was joined. It was a prophecy that was to require ages for its fulfillment. Only in Jesus Christ did the higher have complete rule over the lower. In Him alone were all the forces and appetites of the earth controlled, all antagonism and ignorance subdued and enlightened, as a type of perfect man.

12. *From this standpoint how is the record of creation given in the Hebrew Scriptures to be interpreted?*

It is not denied that the different eras of the Creative Week, as described in the first chapter of Genesis, have an outward reference to distinct ages or cycles in the formation of the material universe. This aspect of the literal Word has been plainly discerned and ably presented by many honest thinkers. It is claimed, however, that there is an inner, higher signification to the Genesal narrative, which shows it to have been prophetically descriptive of different stages or degrees of evolution, or progressive up-building, through which the soul of man must pass before it can reach its destined perfection.

13. *Where do we find a typical corroboration of this?*

In the gradual fashioning of the soul to its completion, which took place in the line from Adam to Christ, finishing in one individual the days or ages of creative labor, and making known the Plan by which man universally is to be made in the image, according to the likeness of his Creator.

14. *But is this process stated in the radical meaning of the words of Genesis?*

It is, most clearly. And in our interpretation of those words, each day or age will first be represented by the name of some prominent person in the line from Adam to Jesus; and the degree reached of soul growth and brain structure, of which he was the personified sign, will be made known from the name and typical character of the individual and its correspondence with the definite labor assigned to his era in the account of creation. This will be demonstrated from the root meanings of the original Hebrew in which the record is written, after a statement has been given of what is known to have occurred in these distinct periods of human history. Thus the six days of labor will be shown to be typified successively by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Moses, David,—and the Sabbath Day by Christ.

15. *What is the meaning of Adam?*

The Hebrew word AHDHAM, Adam, is not merely the appellation of a person; but, like the Greek *anthropos* and the Latin *homo*, it is the class name of a genus, whose real nature it portrays. It has three principal significations: 1. TO BE RED;—2. THE EARTH, THE GROUND;—3. TO LIKEN, TO COMPARE, TO IMAGINE, TO THINK, TO REASON.

16. *How do these etymologies apply?*

The first and basic meaning of the word Adam, that of REDNESS, describes that nature in the composite being, man, which was to cause him to BLOOM and UNFOLD, to develop through the ages, and finally yield the perfected fruits of his order. From the same root is derived the word used as the name of BLOOD, which affords such a manifest type of life and power; there being no better symbolization of a soul vivified by the divine spirit than is given by the change wrought upon the blood by its contact with the air in the lungs, which transforms it from purple to scarlet, and fits it to bear nutrition to the uttermost parts of the system. The very name of the DUST, out of which it is said that man was formed, also carries within it the meaning TO BE RED.

17. *But is there not a still deeper import in this sense of REDNESS in the Hebrew name of man?*

Yes. The seven colors of the rainbow, in their order,—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red,—represent the seven days or ages of growth through which each form of life must pass ere it attains its ultimate perfection. Each different colored ray of light the prism reveals stands for a distinct creative power possessed by the sun, and typifies an attribute divine of the great Central Sun or Source of all existence. The seven-fold order of unfoldment is taught by Geology in reference to the formation of the planet itself. Botany declares it to be

equally true of the vegetable kingdom. The classes of animal life respond exactly to the same division. The life of man, studied from the time of his conception, reiterates the law of progressive development. The human fœtus passes through every grade of animal life, its heart and brain corresponding successively to that of the fish, the reptile, the bird, and the beast, finally assuming the form and function of the order Man. After birth each individual who lives the allotted time passes through seven distinct stages of growth. What is true of man as a unit is also true of man as a race. The seven-fold cycle must be run before the goal is gained.

Thus the meaning of REDNESS in the name Adam was prophetic of the seventh and last day or age of the soul's creation, which was consummated in Christ and is to be in all humanity. This is beautifully confirmed by the etymology of the name Messiah, the Anointed One. To anoint is TO LAY ON COLORS. Hence the Messiah represents a soul that has passed through all the different processes of gradual creation represented by the seven primordial rays. He it is who has come up from Edom (redness) with dyed garments from Bozrah. All the colors — creative powers, spiritual attributes — being blended, from such a soul shines forth, in resplendent purity, the white light of wisdom, love, and truth.

*18. What is the force of the second meaning of the Hebrew name of man?*

In the next signification of Adam — THE EARTH, THE GROUND, that which is to be tilled and cultivated — the lower, animal nature is described, to which the higher, human soul was joined to form the dual being, man, in whom heaven and earth were thus united. The prepared animal soul and form was the earth, the ground, that was to be developed and carried up by the soul of man. It was the Garden that the Lord God planted eastward in Eden, in which he put the man whom he had formed.

*19. What is the radical meaning of the words "garden planted eastward in Eden?"*

The Hebrew word used for garden, GAN, denotes that which has been COVERED, PROTECTED, HEDGED IN, that fruit may be raised. TO PLANT, NAHTA, is TO SET, TO FIX UPRIGHT, TO MAKE ERECT. EASTWARD, MIK-KEDHEM, signifies GOING BEFORE, PRIORITY, TO PRECEDE. EDEN, ADHEN, denotes PLEASURE, DELIGHT; indicating every enjoyable sensation, and symbolizing the Overshadowing, begetting power of Elohim. Thus in the primitive meaning of the words, this verse declares the Orderly Method of God in Creation. It simply affirms that by PLANTING, PUTTING IN GERMS AND GRAFTS (which existed before they were in the earth and before they grew — Gen. ii. 5), the Divine Power had gone

forth in the ages PRECEDING the advent of man upon the earth, and had PREPARED, MADE UPRIGHT and ERECT, the animal soul and form that was to afford a dwelling-place for the soul of man.

20. *What is the significance of the statement: "And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil"?*

Every tree pleasant to the sight and good for food,—stands for every product of sensation and perception springing from the earth or ground, the prepared animal nature into which, as the breath of life, came that rational principle which caused man to become a living soul. The tree of life in the midst of the garden, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, will be fully explained when we consider the subject of Evil, its origin, nature, and purpose.

21. *What is the meaning of the words: "And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads"?*

It follows that, if the Garden of Eden stands for the physical system controlled by the soul of man, all that is related of it must describe different parts and functions of the human body. This is most beautifully demonstrated by the etymology of the words. NAHHAR, river, signifies TO FLOW, TO MOVE, TO CAUSE TO SHINE. Like all other forms of water mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures, it denotes activity, energy, motion, a formative action being carried on, by which all forms of life are sustained and beautified; or, as the word literally signifies, caused to shine. Thus the river of Eden stands for the stream of vital power, nervous energy, which governs the performance of the organic functions of the body. This river has its rise in the nerve centers of the brain, and from thence it is parted and becomes into four heads; that is, it distributes power to the four fundamental departments of the animal economy—Circulation, Respiration, Digestion, Generation.

22. *If that be its true meaning, it must be shown positively by the verses which follow. What, then, is the interpretation of: "The name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good; there is bdellium and the onyx stone"?*

The word FIRST, EHHADH, signifies JOINED TOGETHER, MANY PARTS UNITED INTO ONE; the auricles, ventricles, valves, and arteries composing the unitized center of Circulation, the heart. PISON denotes TO OVERFLOW, TO SCATTER ABROAD, TO DIFFUSE, TO GIVE, TO DISPENSE; also CONTINUALLY TO RECEIVE, FOREVER IN MOTION WITH BEATING AND THROBBING. HAVILAH is TO CREATE, REFORM, SUPPLY STRENGTH. The other words, bdellium, onyx, gold, and good, describe more fully the

action of circulation as performed by the heart and its tributaries, unceasingly imparting vigor and life, renewing devitalized tissues, shutting out and excluding impurities, constructing, reërecting, and restoring the action, form, and function of each cell and gland, and maintaining goodness and beauty in the physical body.

23. *What is the meaning of the next verse: "And the name of the second river is Gihon, the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia"?*

SHANI, second, is that which is DOUBLE, DUPLICATE, TWOFOLD, TO ALTER, REPEAT, DO OVER AGAIN; which is eminently characteristic of the basic organs of Respiration, the lungs, twofold in structure, continually repeating the process of inhalation and exhalation, and, by bringing the blood in contact with the air, constantly altering and changing it, fitting it to supply life and nutrition. GIHON is that which BURSTS FORTH INTO INSTANT ACTIVITY, which so particularly applies to the function of breathing as the mark of life at birth, and the sure indicator of its presence, its cessation being the sign of death. Gihon also denotes THE DIAPHRAGM, THE CHEST, which expands and contracts in the process of respiration. The land of ETHIOPIA, the home of the most primitive tribes, in this verse denotes that the function symbolized by Gihon is an organic power of the simplest, most rudimentary forms of life, as all natural history shows.

24. *What function is next described in the words: "And the name of the third river is Hiddekel; that is it which goeth toward the east of Assyria"?*

SHELISHI, third, is TO RULE, TO DIRECT, TO DETERMINE, TO CHOOSE. It describes the office of Digestion and Nutrition, which presides over and supervises, compares, decides, rejects, or approves, concerning the quality and quantity of the ingredients needed by each of the bodily parts for their continued vigor and sustenance. HIDDEKEL is that which is ACTIVE and CONSTANTLY MOVING. It describes the process of formation and organization, re-formation and re-organization, which this function is constantly maintaining in the universe of cells, corpuscles, and tissues. EAST indicates PRIORITY, that which GOES BEFORE. ASSYRIA signifies SUCCESS, PROSPERITY, GROWTH, ADVANCEMENT, PROGRESSION. Thus these words show that the vital process represented by the third river, or stream of power, is that which GOES BEFORE, and is the cause of the maintenance of physical health and increase of strength; all of which is manifestly true of the function of digestion and assimilation.

25. *"And the fourth river is Euphrates." What does it signify?*

REBHII, fourth, is the emblem of the Creative Power; it denotes GENERATION. EUPHRATES signifies TO ENLARGE, TO COMMINGLE, TO WEAVE TOGETHER; also, SWEETNESS, PLEASURE, DELIGHT. It defines

that fundamental power and function by which a species is carried on and propagated.

26. *Combining these interpretations of the allegory of Genesis concerning Eden, what do we find?*

Thus, in brief, we find in the description of the Garden of Eden a further corroboration of what the second meaning of Adam declares — that THE EARTH, THE GROUND, is a part of man. The rocky ribs of the planet are represented in his bony structure. His circulatory system re-pictures the ebb and flow, the constant flux of that watery element which covers so large a portion of the globe, and without which the earth would be a desert waste, unproductive of life. The human form of flesh is made and sustained by the same orderly process of cell-growth which rules supreme throughout nature. Its chemical constituents are the same as those of the tribes of life beneath man. As the highest of the vertebrates, physical man presents the perfection of that class in beauty of outline, harmony of proportion, and adjustment of parts. But in its fullest sense the meaning of EARTH in the name Adam, and the declaration that of the dust of the ground the Lord God formed man and breathed into him that Spirit which caused him to become a living soul, refers to the union of the human, rational principle with the animal nature, the essence of all earthliness, its instincts, appetites, desires, and propensities. This it was that was given to man to till and cultivate, to subdue and humanize; the performance of which labor was prophetically attributed to the first man, Adam, and was finally fulfilled in Christ, in whom the kingdom of heaven had come, and the will of God was done in EARTH.

27. *What is the third meaning of the word Adam, and what does it describe?*

The third and final signification of the generic name for man, AHDHAM, is from the root DAHMAH, TO LIKEN, TO IMAGINE, TO FORM A SIMILITUDE, TO COMPARE, TO REFLECT, TO COMBINE, TO THINK. It defines THE REASON, that attribute divine whose power made known in language is the distinguishing characteristic between man and brute. It tells the method by which the human mind is to be built through the ages, until it shall give expression to all the innate powers of the soul. It shows that man was constituted to be developed mentally by the imagery of truth.

28. *How has this been made known?*

In the conflict, centuries old, between instinct and intuition, sense and sentiment, natural inclination and moral duty, the animal and the human, no victory has been gained by the higher over the lower only as an orderly process of THOUGHT has been performed and the resulting judgment carried out.



29. *What eminent typical illustration have we of the working of this law of thought?*

The first state of man, in Adam, corresponded to that of a newly born infant, and the manhood of humanity has never been attained but in Christ. The march of the soul in its travail to perfection, as marked by the history of the genealogical line of Jesus, is typical of the way of the universal advancement of mankind to maturity. Forms, correspondences, symbols, and signs were the ordained means, acting in conjunction with the Overshadowing Power of God, by which his stock was so developed that, as its legitimate and final product, the Christ came forth with the organic ability to perceive spiritual things, to declare them, and to live them; the imagery of his words and deeds becoming a creative power for the rest of humanity.

30. *Is this true only of the Christ?*

In different order and degree it has been so with every teacher and leader, priest and prophet, poet and philosopher, who has exercised a power for good among his fellow-men. The effect produced has always been according to the stimulus given to that part of man's nature which the third meaning of Adam defines.

31. *How does this power of thought originate?*

The ability to think comes from the incarnation of that divine Reason, Logos, or Word, which in the beginning was with God, and was God, and which commenced to become flesh in the primitive man, and was fully embodied in Christ. Throughout all time its light has shone in darkness; but now its comprehended rays are broadening continually the horizon of the world of truth.

32. *How shall we summarize the meaning of the Hebrew word AHDHAM?*

What has heretofore been understood as the title of an individual now appears as the definition of the characteristics of a species. And in the threefold etymology of the word Adam — REDNESS, THE GROUND, TO-THINK — we see clearly defined the trinity in man — SOUL, BODY, MIND, — soul, the essential seed or principle of life; body, the power of that life principle made known through physical organism; mind, the power of that life principle manifested through mental faculties.

33. *From what did this word, ADAM, derive its comprehensive significance?*

It becomes apparent that the same Omniscient Power that organized the complex being, man, gave to him his name through instrumentalities prepared; and through the changes of ages, the devastations of time, the rise of empires, and the fall of nations its wonderful inner meaning has been preserved.

34. *Is not this true of all the words employed in the Hebrew Scriptures?*

It is. And in its highest sense the Bible never refers to individuals or personalities, but always to laws and principles at work in the development of the soul from lower to higher conditions. Every event recorded marks a point reached in the process of man's gradual creation, or evolution.

35. *How does that principle apply to the record given in Genesis of the first creation of woman?*

The account of the building, or making, of woman from the rib of man describes a new state reached in the unfoldment of the human soul. TSALAH, rib, denotes A SIDE, AN EXTENSION. NEQABHAH, female, is that which has been HOLLOWED OUT, A RECEPTACLE PREPARED, AS THE SOCKET FOR A GEM. ISHSHAH, woman, signifies LIFE, BEING, EXISTENCE. AHZAR, helpmeet, TO GIRD, TO SURROUND, TO DEFEND. HHAVAH, Eve, TO BREATHE, TO BRING FORTH AND MANIFEST LIFE. "Male and female created he them," is the literal declaration made concerning man; and the whole Bible is the history of the unfoldment of this dual nature. The words just defined refer to conditions of the human soul, and not to distinctions of sex.

36. *What stage of soul growth is personified by Eve?*

The account of the creation of Eve from the side of Adam, allegorically represents the extension or development of the soul of man into a RECEPTIVE state, a preparation to inspire and manifest the breath or spirit of a higher life. In order for the human soul to be gradually and progressively fashioned by the Overshadowing Power of God, there must be within it a womb or matrix for the reception of the divine seed. As through woman outwardly the race has been propagated and increased from generation to generation, so through the female, receptive condition within the soul, has all mental growth been brought about.

37. *How has this been manifested in human history?*

At each step of progress mankind has ever taken, individuals have been impregnated with a life from above, and it has been born. The receptacle for these higher germs that have borne fruit all down the ages has been the woman within man, the state of his soul negative to a positive creating power in every order and degree of its action.

38. *What was symbolized by the union of Adam and Eve?*

The perfect unity of man and wife, typified in Adam and Eve, was prophetic of what is to be established in the social relations of mankind universally in the coming age. But until the male and female conditions within each soul have been harmoniously developed, rounded out, and perfected in oneness of action, no true external marriage can take place.



39. *What results from the lack of such attainment?*

Because of the imperfect development of the woman within man, that receptive state through which the spiritualization of the soul is to be accomplished, we behold to-day the awful picture of inharmony, wretchedness and woe presented by so many who have entered the married state. Man and woman will find cause to seek divorce from wife and husband so long as separation and lack of unity exist between the male and female principles within their own souls. So long as the motives moving to marriage have their source in the selfish and animal nature, so long will it result in suffering and dissolution, and so long will perversity and crime have an organic basis; for it is impossible for a child to make known any lower attribute that was not dormant or active in father or mother.

40. *How is this deplorable condition to be rectified?*

Man must first learn to know and love and cherish the negative, female condition within his own soul, and be ever ready to listen to the truth it receives and impresses upon his conscience, and willing to obey its admonitions, before he can truly honor and protect its outward representation in the opposite sex. Whereas, woman must have developed within her the positive, masculine power of reason and orderly thought, and submit her life to its control, refusing longer to be a mere creature of emotion, before she can be a true helpmeet to man. When the God-given right of every soul to have its highest faculties unfolded shall have been secured, the rights of man, woman's rights, and those of the child will follow as a corollary. That absolute oneness of affection, thought, and purpose, which should exist between husband and wife, cannot be brought about by human legislation. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, might, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself—written in the hearts of men—is the only statute that will avail in the settlement of the social questions that are perplexing the world to-day.

41. *What must flow from such an embodiment of the divine law?*

Marriage must become a sacrament in the true sense of the word, and be observed more devotedly than ever the dogmas of sign and form have taught. Individual souls must be married and consecrated to the Spirit of God, through his highest Overshadowing, which is to regenerate and heal mind and body, before they can be organically united one with another. Until this has been accomplished, the product of marriage will continue to show the imperfect, sinful condition of those who have sought to be made one; and disease, deformity, and death will still claim the larger proportion of children born into the world, before they have gained individuality and understanding even in an earthly existence. The marriage that is to last as long as

time shall be must have for its foundation a unity of understanding and desire concerning the laws and principles of a higher life. The twain that are thus made one in flesh and spirit, by laws human and by laws divine, will bring forth fruit to the glory of God, and assist in the commencement of that new order of existence, in which sin and sickness, death and separation, shall have no part.

42. *Is the principle of receptivity personified as Eve a universal one?*

Yes. The method of God in creation has been the same with man as with the planet. Every form of life the earth has brought forth and sustained has come from the sowing of seed. Every change of form or species has been the product of a graft or shoot inserted into the life principle. So with the soul of man, every advance it has made has been because its God has been with it as a seed-sowing, graft-inserting Power.

43. *Was this receptive state expressed at first?*

As the infant possesses innately the attributes of manhood, and yet cannot make them known till after many years, so was there in the history of primitive man a long process of growth and extension before the condition of Eve was made known in the bringing forth and manifestation of a higher mental life.

44. *How can we trace the rise and typical development of this female or receptive state of the soul?*

As every masculine type — patriarch, priest, and prophet, elder, judge, and king — was fulfilled in Christ, so the female principle, first foreshadowed in Eve, and afterward repeated in a multiplicity of forms, was finally perfected in the Virgin Mary, whose name and nature indicate that SPIRITUAL RECEPTIVITY to which men universally must attain before the Christ can be begotten and brought forth in human consciousness.

**EDITOR'S TABLE.**

THE social condition of woman in India has become a theme of increasing interest in our western world in consequence of the presence among us of a native Hindoo woman, Pundita Ramabai, who just now is a resident of Philadelphia. A member herself of the oppressed and despised class and a person of rare intelligence, she has written a book in English on the condition and usages of the high-caste Hindoo woman, which furnished the occasion to Max Müller for adding his now illuminating testimony to its portrayal of the subject and proffering his valuable aid to the movement which it powerfully incites. The women of the United States, however, have manifested a much deeper interest in the matter than their English sisters. "Ramabai Circles" are forming here, in which are included many of the most distinguished men and women of our country. Among them may be named Lyman Abbott, Edward Everett Hale, Phillips Brooks, Frances E. Willard, Elizabeth Thompson, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, and Rachel E. Bodley. The purpose which these circles have in view is the education of Hindoo women, by which they may most effectually be helped to secure their freedom and their elevation.

The Hindoo woman is betrothed to her future husband when a mere infant. Parents exercise absolute authority in the matter, and poor families are anxious to get rid of their daughters at the earliest day. Ancient custom makes it a matter of pride on the father's part to marry them off as fast as they become marriageable. Thus it has become a regular trade with certain Brahmins, who are recompensed by the family for their services. Mere infants are wedded to men of an age to be their grandfathers, and, on the death of their husbands, become child-widows. In 1881, according to the census, there were nearly twenty-one million such in India.

Pundita Ramabai says in her description that widowhood in India is regarded as the punishment for horrible crimes committed by the woman in her former existence. The widow-mother of girls is treated with indifference and oftentimes with special hatred. She is called bad names by her husband's relatives, and cursed by them as being the cause of their friend's death. She is a social Pariah, and the alternative before her is suicide or a life of infamy. Max Müller advises that no present attempt be made to change the marriage code of India, but

to apply education to the case. Ramabai and her supporters are seeking to establish a home and a school, either at Bombay or Calcutta, for child-widows. Twenty thousand dollars are needed to make the first experiment, and the schools are expected to be self-supporting in ten years.

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THE Andover heresy case took a new turn recently, Professor Smyth becoming the appellant to one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for the presentation of the case in a correct and legal form for the final decision by the full bench of the court. The claim of Professor Smyth was that a part of the record and evidence essential to the proper understanding of his case was left out and suppressed, and he desired that such excluded portions shall appear before the court. The appellant further took exceptions to the exclusion of his argument and statement of facts from the record, claiming that it all should be admitted in evidence before the court. The appellant's counsel also contended that the Board of Visitors had no judicial authority to pass upon the question of what was legal evidence or what should be admitted or excluded from the record.

The appellant's counsel also claimed that Professor Smyth's book, "Progressive Orthodoxy," and his writings in the *Andover Review*, were not properly before the Board of Visitors, and that there was no legal evidence to warrant the finding of the board in expelling him on account of his alleged erroneous religious views. In his statement to the court, Professor Smyth denied that, as professor of ecclesiastical history at the Phillips Institution, he had ever taught any erroneous religious doctrines or any in opposition to the constitution of that institution.

The appeal was brought for what is technically called a diminution of the record, that is, that it has been diminished; and the whole record is prayed for with which to go before the Supreme Court. The partial and imperfect record is set forth in thirteen particulars. As to the exclusion of what the appellant addressed to the Board of Visitors, on the ground that it was argument merely, his counsel contended that it is both argument and testimony, the whole being a statement as respondent to the charges brought against him; the nature of the case being one of doctrine, of faith, it was necessary for him in his statement to give his reasons for construing the seminary creed, and all he said ought, therefore, to go into the record. The visitors, it was contended, had no right to judge and decree that only part of the record is evidence. The appellant's counsel read from the decision of the court in another case, to show that the records and evidence, as it was presented

before the visitors, should go up to the court, in order that it may examine the case as it was actually presented at the trial.

The same visitors who were the judges at the trial of Professor Smyth and condemned him, are now themselves before a higher tribunal, and compelled to look on the reverse side of things; while still more recent occurrences show that the control in regard to the matters in controversy has passed practically to the liberalists.

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THE true Mohammedan doctrine, given in a letter from the chief authority of the Moslem church to a German convert asking to be received into the heart of the Mussulman religion, is translated from the Turkish by Dr. Washburn, president of Robert College, near Constantinople. Islamism, says the Sheik-ul-Islam, Ahmed Esaad, does not admit of any intermediary, like the clergy, between God and his servants. Consequently conversion to Islamism demands no religious formality and depends upon the authorization of no one. It is sufficient to believe and to proclaim one's belief. Islamism has for its basis faith in the unity of God and in the mission of his dearest servant Mohammed, expressed by the phrase, "There is only one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." He who makes this profession of faith becomes a Mussulman without having need of the consent or approbation of any one.

The Koran is pronounced the book of God, which descended last from heaven. The first of the prophets was Adam, and the last was Mohammed. Between these two many others have lived. All the prophets have threatened their followers with the day of the last judgment. As an article of the Moslem faith it is also necessary to attribute all good and all evil to the providence of God. Besides the profession of faith, a good Mussulman ought to pray five times a day, distribute to the poor a fortieth part of his goods every year, fast during the month of Ramazan, and once in his life make a pilgrimage to Mecca.

When a Christian child is born, to make part of society, he must be baptised by a priest. When he grows up, he needs a priest to marry him. If he would pray, he must go to a church and find a priest. To obtain forgiveness of his sins, he must confess them to a priest. And he must have a priest to bury him. In the Mussulman religion there is no clergy, and such obligations have no place. The infant is born a Mussulman, and his father gives him a name. The man and the woman contract marriage in presence of two witnesses, and others cannot intervene or take part.

A Mussulman prays all alone in any place which suits his con-

venience. To merit the remission of his sins, he goes directly to God. He does not confess them to others, and Islamism holds that he should not do so. At his death the Mussulman inhabitants of the town are obliged to bury him. Any Mussulman can do this; the presence of a religious chief is not necessary. In all religious acts there is no intermediary between God and his servants. It is especially enjoined on every Mussulman to be attentive to righteousness in character. Vices, such as pride, presumption, egotism, and obstinacy, do not become a Mussulman. To revere the great and to compassionate the insignificant are precepts of Islamism.

\* \* \*

ASSURANCES are given which carry the weight of authority with them that, in spite of the admitted fact that the French are making ready for another gigantic struggle with Germany and other European powers, only because they see no way of avoiding it, they really entertain a repulsion for it that amounts to a horror, knowing too well into what depths of mourning it is sure to plunge every family. It is set down as a rank error to believe that the French regard the impending strife with a spirit of exultation. Whereas not a great many years ago they would have scouted the proposal to accept any sort of a compromise in the settlement of their difference with Germany, their temper is now of a wholly changed character, and they would hail the assurances of permanent peace with unqualified rejoicings. Their sympathy for the emperor in his prolonged sufferings, who was so conspicuous in the war which ended in the thorough humiliation of France, is a signal proof of the change in public sentiment. They have believed that, if he had lived long as the successor to his father, he would have been the author of some reasonable plan for the permanent burial of the feud between the two countries and thus have made them peaceful neighbors forever. But with the death of Frederic these hopes of a peaceful and equitable division of Alsace-Lorraine according to the nationality of its people have suffered a sad collapse.

\* \* \*

THE issue now fairly raised between electricity and the rope for executing criminals condemned for capital crime, is an interesting one at least, and may be divided into two heads: that of humanity, by taking all pain out of an act which is otherwise chargeable with revengefulness; and, on the other hand, that of the essential importance of making the dread penalty as impressive as possible in the act of its infliction. It is a question whether an entirely painless death would carry with it the lesson contained in the deprivation of life to the criminal with known attendant suffering. And yet again, it is not yet ascertained, if indeed

it ever can be, whether death by an electric stroke is as entirely destitute of pain as it appears to be. A number of the best known citizens of Massachusetts have recently been persuaded to give their present views on the substitution of electricity for the rope, and the outcome is an almost unanimous opinion in favor of the proposal. The men whose duties have habitually brought them into contact with condemned criminals and gallows experiences, seem to be the most positive for a change in the existing method of legally taking human life. A concerted movement for the use of electricity has been made in the Legislature, following its adoption in New York, the result of which is, however, hardly liable to establish any change just at present. But the subject is a good one to agitate.

The main inquiry remains, whether, in the interest of the widest humanity, means cannot be devised for the greatest security possible to a community where evil dispositions exist, without taking the natural life of the offender. Nay, more, are we not already advanced to that state of development which abhors the crime of taking the life of a human being, whether by so-called authority of the body politic, or otherwise? In real truth, is capital punishment right?

\* \* \*

A GENUINE product of New England departed from earth when Mr. A. Bronson Alcott died. He might in no just sense be described as a philosopher, yet his whole life, prolonged far beyond the usual term, was made strictly obedient to philosophic thought and precept. Early in his manhood he chose for himself the ways of wisdom to walk in, from which his feet never strayed in pursuit of any of the transitory enticements which the passing time always thrusts upon the attention. The sage experience he slowly gathered was freely distributed among other aspiring souls that sought for a master and counsellor to show them the way in which to follow. We think that labor owes a lasting debt of gratitude to Mr. Alcott for the quiet and unannounced example he held up for an illustration of its real dignity and worth. Teacher and sage though he was, he did not hesitate to earn his subsistence in the very midday of his life by hiring out as a common farm laborer; and forever after, the taskwork of the hired man on a farm is become as honorable and exalted as the labor of the immortal artist who raised into the sky the dome of St. Peter's. We have few or no such men left among us as Mr. Alcott was once rated with the Orphic tribe; but the times would be wonderfully mended if the example of his pure and lofty life wrought an active influence upon those who witnessed it.



THE death of Emperor William of Germany entailed no marked changes of public policy for the great central empire of Europe. The emperor had lived to a great age, and both witnessed and participated in vast changes in governmental history. He came to the post of sovereignty after he was sixty years old, when there could be few inducements that would lead astray even a born enthusiast, which he never was. It was therefore long after he had passed the grand climacteric of human life, which is the same for rulers that it is for ordinary people, that he called into his service such masters in statesmanship and war as Bismarck and Von Moltke, and through their powerful aid welded together with "blood and iron" the loose aggregation of states known as Germany into an irresistible military empire, having crowded down Austria, robbed little Naboth of Denmark of its coveted vineyard, and beaten everything but the undying native spirit out of deceived and desperate France. Having thus created a nation out of disjointed fragments, the remaining task, left for his successors, is to develop and combine within it those ideas and sentiments which it is the profoundest folly to think of suppressing by the fleeting agency of organized outward force.

On the contrary, the death of the good old emperor's son and immediate successor is likely to be followed at a not remote day by a disturbance of the peace of Europe, if accounts of the disposition of the new emperor, William II, are to be trusted. What changes may come among the yet insecurely cohesive parts of the empire, and what will be the results to adjoining countries when swords grow hot along the west bank of the Rhine, are beyond the ability to predicate by any other than the closest student of European affairs.

\* \* \*

THE new fisheries treaty has not yet been ratified, but must be considered as still under fire of public discussion. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain says the dispute has been settled on a basis far more satisfactory than he had expected. He thought that those who oppose the different provisions of the treaty would be found to be opponents of the respective governments concerned. A just compromise was the ruling principle in the treatment of the negotiations. It was not to be expected that a treaty giving an unqualified advantage to one side would be either acceptable or fair to the other. It was a good sign, however, when there was grumbling on both sides over the result, as that showed that each had made sacrifices to achieve a satisfactory result.

Three things, according to Mr. Chamberlain, had been denied under the treaty to the fishermen of the United States in Canadian waters they are not allowed to fish in the territorial waters of Canada; they are



excluded from the privilege of obtaining supplies essentially intended for the prosecution of the fishing industry ; and they are forbidden to ship crews and transship their catch. Fishing in Canadian waters , says Mr. Chamberlain, we have over and over again declared to be of no value to us ; and the question is a fair one, whether these forbidden privileges, which are a part of the geographical advantages of Canada, should be conferred upon American fishermen without an equivalent of any kind.

\* \*

A PARIS letter to the Boston *Transcript*, speaking of the facility with which people from one country modify, change, and give up their ideas after going to reside in another one, says : " It is quite a psychological study to observe how inevitably the ideas of the Anglo-Saxon become identified by residence in France. It shakes one's faith in the value of ideas altogether, and makes one ask if any of the opinions which we call our own really belong to us. Americans more readily fall into French ways of living, and adopt French notions on such subjects as food, dress, and manners, than the English, who leave their country with the strongest prejudices against everything foreign. But these prejudices cannot resist the grindstone of continental influence ; and, after a few years' residence here, we find English ladies, who would not have touched a piano on Sunday without some misgiving of conscience, hurrying through an early lunch on Sunday morning in order to be in time for a *matinée* at one of the theatres, and imitating the Frenchwoman—for whom they used to have some very hard words—in their talk, their walks, their dress,—in everything."

\* \*

THE question of parochial *versus* public schools was before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature during the recent session, on the proposition that the State shall have the direct supervision of all private schools within its limits. The discussion at times became warm, revealing a state of feeling that is generally called religious, but is merely and purely partisan. The hearing naturally gravitated to the parochial school issue, made such by the open threat of ecclesiastical penalty for parents who continue to send their children to the public schools instead. The next step, as everybody can see, is to be a call from the same quarter for a division of the school appropriations, since, as it now stands, the man who employs the parochial school for whatever reason is obliged to support that and the public school beside.

The question having been put, whether the legislation proposed would not take away from the parent the right to educate his child as he deemed best, it was answered that that right may fairly be said to have been taken away already by legislation. Regret was expressed

by the chairman of the committee reporting the bill that the question had become a sectarian one, while he thought that every parent should yield to the State in all cases where the judgment of the two differed on educational matters.

\* \*

MR. ALONZO W. BARNES, who is still living at North Conway, N. H., is believed to be the only remaining survivor of the party that went from North Conway and Bartlett to the Willey House after the memorable disaster that occurred on the 28th of August, 1826, and assisted in recovering the body of Mr. Willey.

\* \*

THE published letter from Emperor Frederick to Prince Bismarck is of special current interest. In parts its expressions appear somewhat clouded with verbiage, but that may be due to the work of translation. The son and successor of the late Emperor William scrupulously avoids all reference to Germany's reliance on her own strength, much more all implied menace to other powers. He makes open promises of reform in general terms, and gives no hint whatever of the existence of a desire to enlarge the powers of the Reichsrath and the Landtag. He does intimate that the protection policy of the government has been overworked, and discourages the idea of State socialism. He declares open favor for race and religious equality; and is taken to mean by it the preservation of peace, not only with Rome, but with the Jews. He regards the education of youth as closely bound up with the social question, and he expresses a wish to see the economical prosperity of all classes. So far as the new emperor may be expected to carry out the views of his father this letter is still of value as an indication of German policy.

\* \*

THE controversy now existing in Boston concerning the teaching of a certain passage of history in the public schools, suggests the enquiry, why should we seek to obliterate the milestones of human progress and development? American communities, including most of the clergy, persecuted and executed alleged witches, upheld slavery, and denounced and mobbed William Lloyd Garrison right here in Boston. Does any one attempt to have these, and other disgraceful occurrences of New England history, erased from the records?

The greatest value in history lies in the lessons furnished as guides for the future. What mischievous folly it is, then, to falsify history by suppression or otherwise!

## HISTORICAL RECORD.

**THE** biography of Herbert Spencer is not to appear until after his decease. It is to be edited by Beatrice Potter, who is constantly receiving autobiographical notes and suggestions from the distinguished philosopher.

\* \*

A GATHERING representing all the peoples of India last spring assembled at Madras, being composed of seven hundred delegates. Two conventions of a similar character have previously been held, from which the Mohammedans kept aloof; but they participated in this congress, a Mohammedan occupying the chair of president. The proceedings and speeches were wholly in the English tongue, to avoid confusion. All classes, from rajahs to ryots, were represented. It was regarded as a most important event by the Anglo-Indian authorities. The petition that went to the viceroy is regarded as one of the most important ever forwarded to that functionary. As a whole, it is a plea, almost in the form of a demand, for home rule for India. In every important town in India there is now a newspaper and a political association.

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**THE** blizzard of the 12th and 13th of March last is something to be remembered as long as he lives by every one who shared in its unparalleled experiences. The only remnant of consolatory reflection it left behind was that it occurred in the middle of March, instead of the middle of January. With the style of weather that made fully three-fourths of the latter month so unpleasantly memorable, there would have been no hopes of clearing up the country for inter-communication until after the bulk of the people had died of cold and starvation. Boston itself was not a severe sufferer by this terrible aerial visitor. It was the country around, — north, east, and west, — whose experiences filled all minds with astonishment, and almost appalled one with apprehensions of the wilfulness of the elements. New York's case, however, was wholly exceptional and anomalous. It was as much cut off from the continent as if it had for the time been towed out into the middle of the Atlantic. Nothing but time, aided by an elevating temperature, was equal to the serious task of effecting its release. The blizzard covered, in its whirl of wind and rain and snow, the entire territory of the eastern United States, and waltzed off into the stormy Atlantic, to hide itself, after the mischief it had done, in the cave of Æolus. The storms since the warm season commenced, also, have been somewhat uncommon in the extent of electrical disturbance.

THE executive committee of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, in their recent annual report, present a list of the public library benefactions throughout the United States during the year 1887. Massachusetts naturally keeps the lead. She was the recipient of the following benefactions during the year: A beautiful library building was given to Northfield by James Talcott; a site was given by the heirs of the Carey estate, and Col. W. A. P. Tower has promised to erect a library building on it, at Lexington; Mr. B. F. Emerson is erecting a \$10,000 building for a public library at Middleton; an unknown benefactor has offered \$10,000 to the town of Littleton for the purchase of books, provided the town will erect a building costing not less than \$10,000, and maintain the library,—which it has agreed to do; T. Jefferson Coolidge gave a \$25,000 memorial hall and library to Manchester by-the-Sea; the late W. Merrick left \$30,000 to Springfield for a free library; the late Jubal Howe left \$30,000 to Shrewsbury for a free library; Jonas G. Clark gave nearly \$2,000,000 to the founding of Clark University at Worcester, \$100,000 being devoted to a university library as an endowment fund; and F. H. Rindge offered to Cambridge a site of the value of \$50,000, and a library building to cost \$75,000. There have been gifts and bequests beside to educational institutions, making an aggregate large enough to controvert the frequent taunts heard respecting the selfishness of the wealthy. The State that fares any better than Massachusetts at the hands of her own citizens is to be envied indeed.

\* \* \*

DARWIN says in his letters that he opened his first note-book in July, 1837, and worked on true Baconian principles, collecting facts on a wholesale scale without any theory. He says he distributed printed inquiries, conversed with skilful breeders and gardeners, and read extensively. He confessed himself to have been afterwards surprised at his own industry. He soon perceived that selection was the keystone of success in making useful races of animals and plants. The mystery to him for a long while was how selection could be applied to organisms living in a state of nature. More than a year after thus beginning his systematic inquiry he happened to read for amusement "Malthus on Population," and in consequence of his previous observations it struck him at once that, appreciating the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on, under these circumstances favorable variations would have a tendency to be preserved, and unfavorable ones to be destroyed. The result would be the formation of a new species.

\* \* \*

THE great Standish monument, on the hill at Duxbury, that overlooks Plymouth harbor, is to be completed during the present season. It has

already reached an altitude of 72 feet, and will be constructed to one of 110 feet. It stands 290 feet above the sea level, and will be visible twenty miles at sea. The expenditure upon it thus far has been \$27,000, and \$10,000 more are needed to finish it. Captain Miles Standish will have, when this monument is completed, some worthy visible commemoration of his life and services.

\* \*

SAYS the Boston *Transcript*, in commenting on the current movement for the enlargement of the State House: "Should the Commonwealth immediately acquire the Reservoir lot and the estates on Mt. Vernon street in the rear of the State House, it does not follow that the work of enlargement must begin at once. That might wait several years without harm. There is more to be feared in haste than delay. When the enlarged State House is completed, it should come as near perfection as it is possible for architecture to reach, and its several appointments should be mapped out with a view to the accommodation of larger demands later on. \* \* \* We must have the future in mind when we build, and make each room as big as it should be, not as big as it can be. \* \* \* And not only is the future site of the State House settled, but the feeling of insecurity among owners of real estate on Beacon Hill is removed. Those who have been fearing that their property would be taken need not fear any longer, and they and all who are so fortunate as to own real estate in the vicinity have the assurance that with the new Court House and a rejuvenated and enlarged State House, property all about must appreciate greatly, whether the hill shall continue a residential locality or shall be given up to professional and business purposes."

It was in May, 1795, that the town of Boston conveyed to the Commonwealth, in consideration of five shillings, the land on which the present State House stands.

\* \*

THE British Museum has received as a gift a number of relics from the bone caves in France, among which are sketches etched on bone and ivory by men who were contemporary with the mammoths, who lived before the glacial period. That time is computed in hundreds of thousands of years. These sketches have the freedom of a Landseer, and are jotted down here and there on the stones, as Raphael jotted down hasty studies. They are described as being as far removed from other savage art as is the art of Leech. The very implements of this astonishing preglacial people are said to have a Greek refinement and delicacy of curve and tapering outline. The question is, Did they migrate south, before the advancing ice, and become the ancestors of the Greeks?

NINETY years before the Declaration of Independence, Rev. John Wise, of Ipswich, Mass., openly advised the men of that town to resist the tax of a penny on a pound, which was laid by Sir Edmund Andros, the new colonial governor. "Let us not pay the tax," said he, "because it has not been imposed by our representatives." And the town unanimously adopted a declaration to that effect. This vote of Ipswich, drawn up by John Wise, was the first Declaration of Rights in America, made before Dr. Franklin, Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry were born.

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NECROLOGY.

EX-GOVERNOR HORACE FAIRBANKS, of Vermont, died in New York. His death was the result of a cold contracted from exposure during the severe storm of snow and wind in that city and over the whole eastern section of the country. He was the second son of Erastus Fairbanks, the founder of the famous Fairbanks scale manufactory. He had spent his whole life in St. Johnsbury, where he was prized for his public spirit and his philanthropy. He was elected governor of Vermont in 1876, and served one year, retiring from politics altogether.

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WILLIAM P. ENDICOTT, of Salem, Mass., father of the secretary of war, died at his home at the age of eighty-five years. He was a direct descendant of Governor John Endicott, who came over with the charter in 1628. He was a graduate of Harvard College.

\* \* \*

THE widow of Barry Cornwall died in England. She was a daughter of the famous Basil Montague and a person of rarest qualities.

\* \* \*

MRS. SUSAN POLLARD died at Dedham, Mass., at the age of one hundred and six years. She retained full possession of her sight, never having used glasses.

\* \* \*

ALFRED C. HERSEY, a distinguished citizen of Hingham, Mass., and for many years an active shipping merchant of Boston, died at Hingham at the age of eighty-four. He was part owner at one time in forty different vessels. He built the South Shore Railroad, now a part of the Old Colony system between Braintree and Cohasset, and was one

AN admirable publication is the historical and genealogical quarterly\* published by Mr. Watson of the Portland (Me.) Public Library. The contents possess the usual value of such works and more than the usual attractiveness from its typographical and editorial excellence, and the adornment of a portrait or other frontispiece. It provides also a complete index of the contents with each number,—an addition whose value will be appreciated by all who know the use of books.

\* The Maine Historical and Genealogical Recorder. Vol. I. to Vol. IV., 2. 1884-1887. Portland, Me.: S. M. Watson, Publisher. 4to. Price, \$3.00 per annum.



**BOOKS RECEIVED.**

**CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY.** Edited by Prof. Henry Morley. Paper covers. Issued weekly at \$5.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents. Vol. III.: No. 108, Prometheus Unbound, with Adonais, The Cloud, Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, and an Exhortation, by Percy Bysshe Shelley. No. 109, The Republic of the Future, by Anna Bowman Dodd. No. 110, King Lear, by William Shakspeare. No. 111, Seven Discourses on Art, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. No. 112, A History of the Early Part of the Reign of James the Second, by Charles James Fox. No. 113, The Diary of Samuel Pepys, from October, 1667, to March, 1668. No. 114, London in 1731, by Don Manoel Gonzales. No. 115, The Apology of the Church of England, by John Jewel. No. 116, Much Ado About Nothing, by William Shakspeare. No. 117, Sketches of Persia, Vol. I, by Sir John Malcolm. No. 118, The Shepherd's Calender, by Edmund Spenser. No. 119, The Black Death and the Dancing Mania, by J. F. C. Hecker. No. 120, Sketches of Persia, Vol. II, by Sir John Malcolm. No. 121, The Diary of Samuel Pepys from March, to December, 1668. No. 122, Coriolanus, by William Shakspeare. No. 123, Areopagitica, Letter on Education, Sonnets, and Psalms, by John Milton. No. 124, Essays on Goethe, by Thomas Carlyle. No. 125, King Richard II., by William Shakspeare. No. 126, Plato's Crito and Phædro.

**A HARTFORD AND NEW HAVEN PIONEER**, being a Historical Address at the First Munson Family Reunion, held in the City of New Haven, Aug. 17, 1887, by Rev. Myron A. Munson, 28 Worcester St., Boston.

**ESSENTIALS OF MENTAL HEALING**, by L. M. Marston, M. D. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Cloth, 12 mo; pp. 122. Price, \$1.00.

**ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY AND MENTAL THERAPEUTICS**, by Dr. W. F. Evans. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Cloth, 12 mo; pp. 174. Price, \$1.50.

**REPLY TO A MISINFORMED CLERGYMAN**, giving the Basic Principles of Christian Science, by Mary A. Hunt. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Paper, 12mo; 14 pp. Price, 25 cents.

**FIFTH LESSON IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND SIXTH do.**; from the Private Lessons of Emma Hopkins. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Paper, 12mo; pp. 30 and 35. Price, 25 cents.

**TWELVE SIMPLE LESSONS IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE**, by Nina B. Hughes. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Paper, 12 mo; pp. 67. Price, 50 cents.

**SOUL HELP**, for Invalids, by Mary E. Robbins. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Paper, 16mo.; pp. 43. Price, 25 cents.

**WHO CARRY THE SIGNS?** by Emma Hopkins. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Paper, 16mo; pp. 27. Price, 25 cents.

**THOUGHTS OF HEALING**, by Lydia Bell. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Paper, 16mo, square; pp. 11. Price, 25 cents.

**MIND CURE: A NEW HEALING ART**, by E. W. Baldwin. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Paper, 24mo, square; pp. 46. Price, 25 cents.

**CONDENSED THOUGHTS ABOUT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE**, by Dr. Wm. H. Holcombe. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co. Paper, 12mo, square; pp. 53.

**FIRST LESSONS IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE**, by Emma Curtis Hopkins. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co., 1888. Paper, 12mo; pp. 19.



JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY STUDIES: Fifth Series. XII. European Schools of History and Politics, by Andrew D. White. Baltimore, December, 1887. Paper, 8vo; pp. 89. Price, 25 cents.

A MODEL FACTORY IN A MODEL CITY. A Social Study. (American Waltham Watch Company in Waltham, Mass.) Illustrated. Paper, 4to; 16pp. 1887. Published by the company.

LA TERRE (The Soil), by Emile Zola; Translated by George D. Cox. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper, 12mo, square; pp. 421. Price, 75 cents.

AMERICAN PUBLIC HEALTH ASSOCIATION LOMB PRIZE ESSAY: No. 1, Healthy Homes and Food for the Working Classes, by Victor C. Vaughan, M.D., Ph.D. No. 2, The Sanitary Conditions and Necessities of School-Houses and School-Life, by D. F. Lincoln, M. D. No. 3, Disinfection and Individual Prophylaxis against Infectious Diseases, by George M. Sternberg, M. D. No. 4, The Preventible Causes of Disease, Injury and Death in American Manufactories and Workshops, and the Best Means and Appliances for Preventing and Avoiding Them, by George H. Ireland. Printed at Concord, N. H., 1886.

THE ANOINTED SERAPH. "The Last Made First," by G. H. Pollock. Vol. I. Washington: John F. Sherry, 1888.

CASSELL'S SUNSHINE SERIES OF CHOICE FICTION. Paper covers, 12mo. Issued weekly at \$25.00 a year; 50 cents a number. Vol. I., No. 1, The Veiled Beyond; pp. 276. For sale by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. No. 2, Orion, The Gold Beater, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. No. 4, Two Men, by Elizabeth Stoddard. No. 5, The Brown Stone Boy, by William Henry Bishop.

SOCIETY RAPIDS: A Story of High Life in Washington, Saratoga and Bar Harbor. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Cloth, 12mo; pp. 249. Price, 75 cents.

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## PUBLISHER'S EDITORIAL NOTES.

### THE AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

It has already been noted that the Benevolent Department of this Society has its room at 14 Tremont Temple, and that Rev. C. H. Spalding is the New England secretary. But special attention should be called to the Branch House of this Society, which was established in 1870 and located in Tremont Temple, occupying Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 9, which were thrown together, making a large and commodious store, and where it remained until the fire in August, 1879.

The rebuilding and remodelling of the Temple was such that the required room for this branch house could not be obtained, so a temporary move was made to Beacon Street, and from there to 256 Washington Street, opposite the Herald Building, the present location, where is carried the largest stock of Church and Sunday-school publications to be found in New England, and, in addition, the best and latest books of the leading publishers. All the excellent periodicals of the American Baptist Publication Society in the line of graded lesson-helps of the highest order are obtainable here. The store has a frontage of 30 feet on Washington Street, and runs through to Devonshire Street.

Mr. Geo. H. Springer, who was with the Philadelphia house four years, commencing with the business department there soon after leaving school, has been the manager for fifteen years, and has won the esteem of all by his courteous manner and diligent devotion to the business.

This Branch House was the fourth established by the Society, whose headquarters are located in Philadelphia, in a fine building dedicated in 1876, and costing about \$260,000. There are also branch houses in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Atlanta.







*Mr. Hubert*

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**LITERARY SYMPOSIUM ON CINCINNATI.**

**I.**

**PREHISTORIC CINCINNATI.**

By HON. M. F. FORCE.

THE history of Cincinnati begins with the year 1788; but long before that date the site was inhabited by one of the tribes of Indians that are now called by the general name "mound-builders."

When the plateau extending from the river bluff (which corresponded nearly with the present line of Third Street) back to the hills was examined in the year 1791 by Gen. Harrison, and in the year 1793 by Gens. Harrison and Wayne, the surface of the ground "was literally covered with low lines of embankments." "The number and variety of figures in which these lines were drawn was almost endless, and almost covered the plain." A large portion of these were already nearly obliterated, while some remained distinct for many years before they were levelled by the progressive growth of the

city. Among the more prominent were the great elliptical embankment extending from Race to Walnut Street, and from Fifth to below Fourth ; a low embankment running from the entrance way at this east end of this ellipse, south nearly to the edge of the bluff, and thence parallel with the bluff to Third Street ; an embankment, the segment of a curve, extending between Sycamore Street and Broadway, from Sixth Street to the river bluff ; an embankment between the canal and Twelfth Street and Elm and Vine Streets, in the shape of a long rectangle, resembling the chunk-yards of the Creek Indians ; a large mound on the edge of the bluff at the intersection of Third and Main Streets, looking up the valley of the Licking ; the great mound at the intersection of Fifth and Mound Streets, which, if mounds were really used as watch-towers and beacons, communicated by means of a system of such, not only with the little valley of Duck Creek, lying behind the Walnut Hills, but also with the valleys of both the Miami Rivers ; and, finally, two smaller mounds, about two hundred and four hundred yards respectively northwardly of the great mound.

The articles found in these works were not numerous, but some were interesting. In the mound at the intersection of Third and Main Streets, were found five of those plummet-shaped objects, most often found made of hematite, and to which various uses have been conjecturally ascribed. Of these five, only one was of hematite ; one of transparent crystal, the others of granite, jasper, and porphyry ; two hollow circles or rings, one of argillaceous stone, and one of cannel coal ; a finely carved eagle's head ; some specimens of native copper, — a small thin sheet, a sheet rolled into a tube, and several articles, each consisting of two sets of concavo-convex plates, the interior of each set connected with the other by a hollow axis around which had been wound a quantity of lint ; a mass of galena ; a quantity of mica ; a number of bone beads, and some utensils cut from shells. In the great mound was found the incised stone known to all archæologists as "the Cincinnati tablet."

There were, in the year 1794, stumps of oak-trees seven feet in diameter on the mound at the corner of Third and Main Streets ; showing that that mound was then more than four hundred years old. The number, variety, and magnitude of the works in these valleys indicate a considerable population. The mystery which enveloped the builders of these and similar works is now largely dispelled, and it is generally accepted that they were tribes of Indians, differing little from the sedentary and fortified tribes which inhabited the country of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes in the time of Cartier and Champlain, or from the tribes which now inhabit the pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona. Subsequently the site of Cincinnati was temporarily occupied by bands of the Miami confederacy.

## II.

## CINCINNATI, HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

By W. H. VENABLE, LL.D.



R. DANIEL DRAKE, in his "Picture of Cincinnati," published three-quarters of a century ago, called Cincinnati the "metropolis of the Miami Country," and prophesied that it would become the emporium of the Ohio Valley. Founded in 1788, and incorporated as a city in 1814, the town opposite the mouth of the Licking, and first named Losantiville, has grown until it more than fulfils Drake's prophecy. Its importance as a trade-centre was such in 1824 that merchants distinguished it as the "Tyre of the West." The unclassic name "Porkopolis" clung to the place for many years, but has been dropped since Chicago surpassed all rivals in the pork business, leaving Cincinnati second. The poetical appellation "Queen City" was worn proudly by this Ohio-Valley metropolis, long before the first of American poets, celebrating the "dulcet, delicious, and dreamy" Catawba wine of Longworth's vineyards, dedicated his praiseful song

"To the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dressed,  
On the banks of the Beautiful River."

A recent fashion of designating Cincinnati the "Paris of America," grew from the reputation the city has gained as a resort of pleasure and a seat of the polite arts. These several names, whether applied seriously, or in the American spirit of extravagant jest, are significant; and each suggests something of the real character of a composite city, which has passed through many phases of development, and is still in process of evolution.

A majority of the early settlers of Cincinnati came from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, and brought habits of thrift. They were a property-getting people, steady-going conservatives, who believed in safe laws and prudent maxims. They were patriotic and moral; their religion, while not so aggressive as that of the Puritans, was quite as austere; their

mind-your-own-business policy, while it made them rich and independent, was somewhat selfish, and drew upon them the uncomplimentary name of "old hunkers."

John Cleves Symmes, on whose "Miami Purchase" Cincinnati was located, in the same year that saw Marietta settled, was a New-Jersey

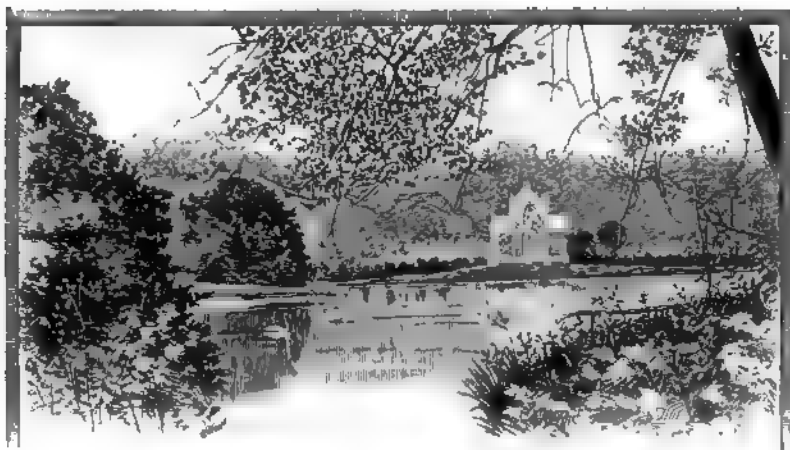


MAIN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH FROM FOURTH.

Congressman and soldier. Matthias Denman, the original proprietor of the town plat, was also from New Jersey; and John Filson, who named the town Losantiville, was born on the bank of the Brandywine. The first colonists of the "Miami Country" were naturally the neighbors and acquaintances of the proprietors. The shaping influences that modelled young Cincinnati were derived from Philadelphia. The Western town was laid out regularly, — its streets like those of its prototype, and similarly

named Walnut, Vine, Sycamore, and so on, from the sylvan catalogue. Dr. Drake, another native of New Jersey, though a Kentucky pioneer, came to Cincinnati in 1800. He completed his medical education in Philadelphia, and brought to the West ideas and experiences which enabled him to organize many social and educational institutions. No other man did so much for early Cincinnati in the intellectual way as did he, though he neglected his material fortunes. His relation to Cincinnati was not unlike that which Dr. Franklin bore to Philadelphia.

The direct influence of the Middle States upon Cincinnati was destined soon to be modified by the two other powerful influences which flowed with it to the Ohio Valley, namely, the New England and the Virginia forces. The history of society presents no chapter more interesting than



SPRING GROVE.

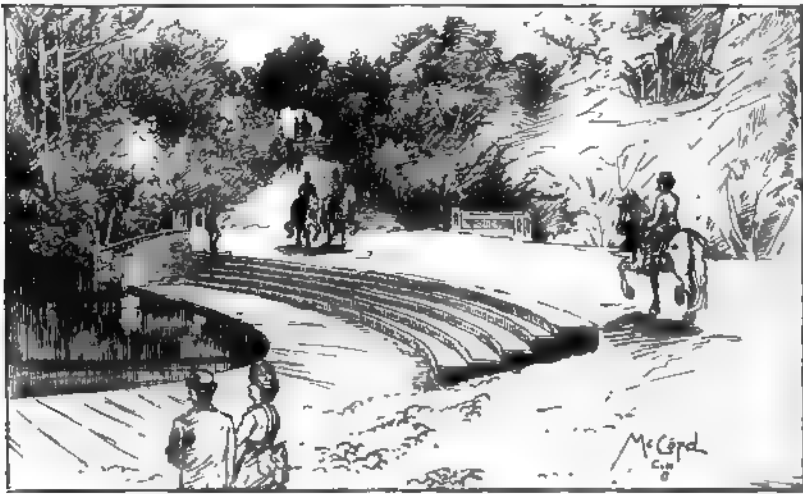
that which describes the interaction of ideas in Cincinnati, from the close of the war of 1812-15 to the end of the Civil War.

The three elements of population,—and I might say of civilization,—Northern, Central, and Southern, met together on the shores of the Ohio; and the mingling gave rise to violent commotions and peculiar products. Cincinnati became a caldron of boiling opinions, a crucible of ignited ideas. There was a time in which the Southern alkali seemed to prevail over the Northern acid, and the aristocratic young city was dominated by cavalier sentiment; but the irrepressible Yankee was ever present, with his propensity to speak out in town-meeting. One of the significant factors of culture was the class that organized the "New England Society," to which belonged Bellamy Storer, Lyman Beecher, Salmon P. Chase, Calvin Stowe, and others. This society still has a legal existence.

All sorts of questions, theological, political, social, came up for radical

discussion under new conditions in early Cincinnati. The foundations were taken up and examined. Every system and every ism had its chance to be heard. Several new religious sects were differentiated. Scepticism, by the powerful voice of Robert Owen, challenged faith as held by Alexander Campbell. Protestantism encountered Romanism in hot debate. Religious controversies became involved with political (for if we dig deep we find the roots of all thought entangled together), and theoretical differences became practical issues at the polls.

When, after the war of 1812-15, the tide of migration was swollen by a foreign flood, an inhospitable opposition was organized in the Ohio Valley. Then began the agitation afterwards known as the "Know-



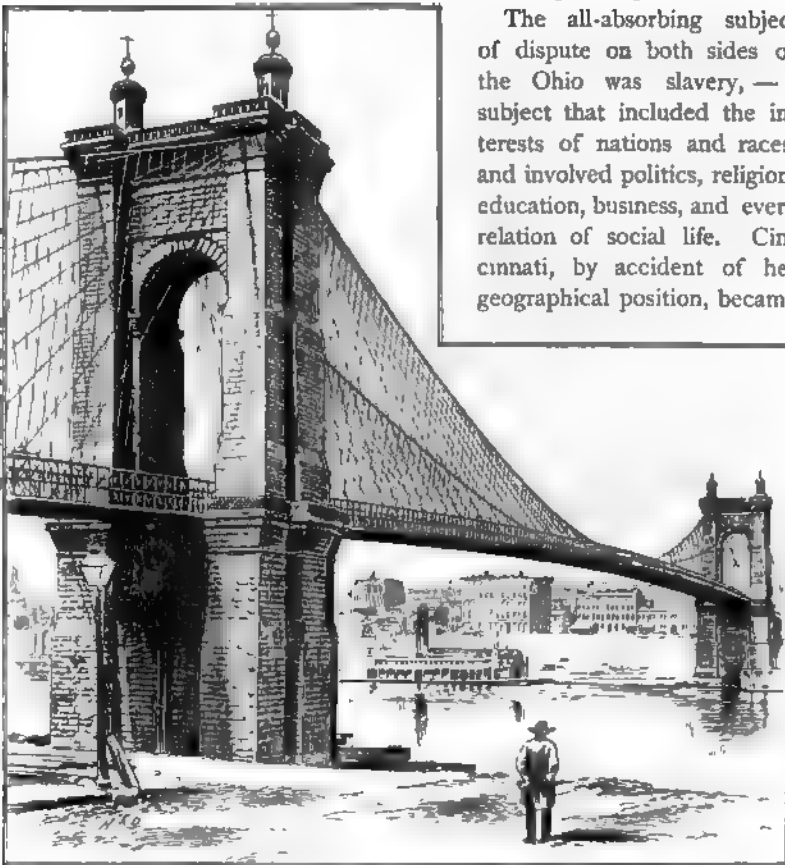
SCENE IN BURNET WOODS.

nothing movement," which was largely directed by certain powerful newspapers in Cincinnati and Louisville. The strenuous discussion of the status of foreigners was radical, and dealt with the primary rights of man and with the most essential functions of government, education, and society. The relations of Church and State were considered.

The influx of German population to Cincinnati, and its constantly increasing power, form a most important element of the municipal character. The city at present contains a German population numerous enough to form a large city by itself, — more than a hundred thousand. That part of the corporation which lies north of the canal is known as "Over the Rhine," and sections of it are entirely German. The German element owns much of the city's wealth, and is distinguished for industry, intelligence, and love of liberty. The Germans are devoted patrons of educa-

tion and the arts, especially music. The German language is taught in the public schools. It would be easy to name scores of individuals among the Germans who have won the admiration and gratitude of Cincinnati by high services in public life, in war, in politics, and in literature. The names of J. B. Stallo, now United States minister to Italy, and of Charles Rumelin, author and thinker, are but a sample. The Irish element in Cincinnati is also large and powerful.

The all-absorbing subject of dispute on both sides of the Ohio was slavery, — a subject that included the interests of nations and races, and involved politics, religion, education, business, and every relation of social life. Cincinnati, by accident of her geographical position, became



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, CROSSING THE OHIO RIVER TO COVINGTON, KY.

the focus of abolitionism, and also of the opposite sentiment. In this city Birney was mobbed; Phillips was egged; colored men were persecuted. In this city "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was planned, and here the Republican party was born. When the war came on, Cincinnati did not waver. All sects and all parties, foreign and native, followed the Union flag.

As soon as the war was over, the citizens resumed their debates and



discussions. The Queen City is the arena of wrestling thoughts. Therefore it has become a city of practical toleration. Extreme radicalism lives amicably side by side with extreme conservatism. Jew and Gentile are at peace. The Israelite can hardly complain that he is at a disadvantage here. Orthodoxy fights heterodoxy, but each concedes the right of the other to exist. There is a theosophical society not far from Catholic St. Peter's. The people like to read Ingersoll and Gladstone. The Prohibitionists have a strong party here, and the drinkers of beer have a hundred gardens on the hills. In politics, Republicans and Democrats are pretty equally divided, and there is a lively class of "scratchers" in each party. All things considered, there seems to be good ground for the



WHARF SCENE.

opinion, often expressed by enthusiastic Cincinnatians, that their city is the freest city on the globe. This is a bold claim, but it would be difficult to name a city in which the rights of the private individual are less interfered with by public restriction than they are in the Queen City.

The tract of land known as the Miami Purchase, located on the north shore of the Ohio River, between the two Miamis, was secured to John C. Symmes, by patent, in 1787, and was first settled the following year, at Columbia and at Cincinnati. The fanciful name Losantiville was bestowed upon the plat of ground opposite the mouth of the Licking River, by John Filson, one of the original proprietors. Before the actual settlement of the town, Filson mysteriously disappeared in the Miami woods; and it is conjectured that Indians killed him, as he was never heard of afterwards. There is in Louisville a "Filson Society," named in honor of this martyr

pioneer, who has the distinction of being the first historian of Kentucky and the original biographer of Daniel Boone. After Filson's disappearance his interest in Losantiville was bestowed on Col. Israel Ludlow, who surveyed and platted the place somewhat after the model of Philadelphia. The first settlement was begun in December, 1788. A company of twenty-six men, most of them from New Jersey, came down the Ohio, and landed at a point called Yeatman's Cove, probably on the twenty-eighth day of the month.

About ten months after this landing, Major Doughty of the United States Army began to build a fort at Losantiville. A bit of romantic tradition



RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE OHIO RIVER

cherishes the story that a gallant young ensign, to whose judgment was intrusted the selection of a suitable site for a military post on the Ohio, chose Losantiville because it was the home of a bright-eyed lady with whom he had fallen in love. He had designed to locate the redoubt at North Bend, for the lady lived there when he saw her first; but she removed to the upper settlement, and therefore the ensign altered his military plans, and changed his base of operations.

The post was begun in September, 1789, and when completed was named Fort Washington, by Gen. Harmar, who occupied it as his headquarters. Gen. Arthur St. Clair, governor of the Northwestern Territory, came to Fort Washington in 1790; and he changed the name Losantiville to Cincinnati.

Miami would have been a better name than Losantiville or Cincinnati, one of which is forced and pedantic, and the other awkward, whether taken as a genitive singular or a nominative plural. St. Clair called the town Cincinnati after the "Society of the Cincinnati," which was named in honor of the citizen soldier and ruler, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus.

Fort Washington was a station of much importance during the Indian wars waged by Harmar, St. Clair, Wilkinson, and Wayne. The post was



MUSIC STAND, PRICE'S HILL.

abandoned in 1804, when its garrison was removed to new barracks in Newport, Kentucky.

It appears from old records that the off-duty life within the wooden walls of Fort Washington was not without gay delights, convivialities, and luxuries. The officers were given to banquets, balls, and hilarity. Elegant dinner-parties were held at the post, to which the beauty, gallantry, and fashion of the village were invited, somewhat to the lowering of the moral standards of the scandalized conservatives of the church-going class. Gen.

Wilkinson and his stylish lady were distinguished for promoting social pleasures, and setting an example of extravagance. The general had a wonderful barge, splendidly furnished and provisioned, which was used to convey himself and friends up and down the Beautiful River on business or recreation. There was a band of music on board; and "every repast was a banquet," we are told.

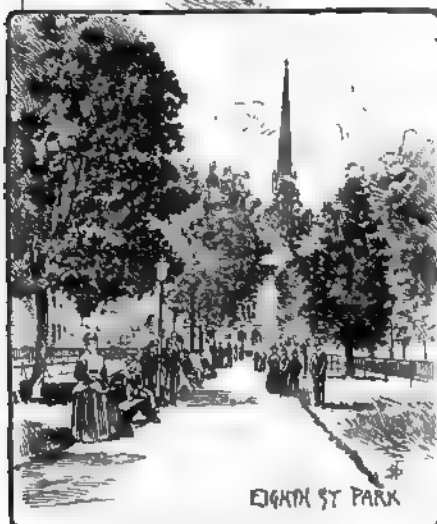
The town in its first decade grew but slowly, the census of 1800 showing a population of only 750. In 1810, this number had increased to over 2,000, and in 1820, to 10,000; exceeding the population of Pittsburg by more than 2,000, but still lacking 17,000 of being as populous as New Orleans. Surrounded by a region of unsurpassed fertility, and located on



WESLEYAN COLLEGE.

a stream which floated the principal commerce of the West, the town naturally and easily took the leading rank. The farm products of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, whether in the form of grain or live-stock, poured into her markets; her merchants "coined" money; her real estate rose in value; manufactures sprung up; pork, whiskey, and flour were transformed into elegant buildings, into comforts and luxuries, and into the useful and the beautiful appliances of highly civilized life. The steamboat interest was vast and far-reaching; and until after the middle of the century, Cincinnati profited greatly, not only by river commerce, but by boat-building. The Miami Canal was opened in 1828, to accommodate the trade flowing from the North. The first railroad to Cincinnati, the Little Miami, was built nearly twenty years later.

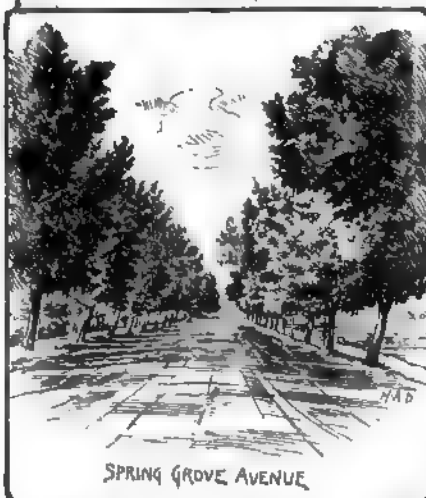
A good-sized volume might be compiled of extracts concerning Cincin-



nati, from the books of tourists who visited the place in the period of its provincial life. Capt. Basil Hall, C. F. Volney, Thomas Ashe, Mrs. Trollope, the Duke of Weimar, Capt. Marryatt, Harriet Martineau, Charles Dickens, and numerous other foreign travellers recorded their impressions of the interesting town, generally in terms of praise, sometimes with censure. Mrs. Trollope, whose criticisms obtained a wide currency and are yet quoted, came to the young city in 1828, sixty years ago; and no doubt her strictures were quite as just at that time as are Matthew Arnold's very recent comments on "Civilization in America."

Mrs. Trollope, with two sons and two daughters, resided in Cincinnati from the year 1828 to the year 1830. She lost some thousands of dollars by investing in what she named "The Bazaar," which came to be known in vulgar parlance, however, as "Trollope's Folly." There is a good deal of romance, poetry, and pathos associated with that same quaint and curious Arabesque, Egyptian, Oriental-Gothic, bizarre Bazaar. Marvellous it rose, hard by the Beautiful River, with balconies towards the Kentucky hills. Surprising it stood on the very slope once enclosed by the palisades of old Fort Washington. It was a large building, with an ele-

gant front of native limestone, a spacious coffee-house and bar in the basement, and a grand ballroom in the third story. The second story was devoted to the sale of useful and fanciful articles of dress, furniture, and ornament. There were to be had jewellery, pottery, statuettes, pictures, vases, and a hundred notions of taste and *vertu* imported from Europe. The room was sixty feet long, adorned by two rows of white columns; and at the rear was a cosey recess in which customers were served with oysters, ices, and sherbets. The ceilings and panels of the bazaar were frescoed with classic designs by the French artist Hervieu. The splendid ballroom was the pride of the Queen City. Long after Mrs. Trollope sold out and sailed homeward across the sea, the beaux and belles of Cincinnati continued to attend gay dancing-parties at "Trollope's Folly." There twinkled, so tradition says, the first gas-lights that ever shone within a Cincinnati edifice. The magic violin of Jose Tosso there dignified the quadrille without degrading classical music. The lights are out; the dancers have danced from the stage of life. The old musician lay down in his last sleep only two or three years ago, — a very aged man, a friend of Lafayette. Another building, "The Lorraine,"



usurps the spot where stood the house of pleasure in which waltzed and whispered the dancers of sixty years ago ; and "Trollope's Folly " has become only a name of historical significance.

The Civil War wrought miracles in the development of Cincinnati, changing it from a sectional provincial town to a self-reliant and commanding metropolis. Though not without its quota of braggers and boom-makers, the prevailing type of its citizens prefers quietude to noise and confusion. The people, as a general thing, do not seem to care so much what Boston or Chicago or St. Louis means to do, as they care to pursue the even tenor of their own way, and work out their own destiny. They are provokingly imperturbable. It cannot be claimed that until quite



RESERVOIR, EDEN PARK.

recently the spirit of public enterprise has actuated the citizens to combined effort to the extent that it should have done. But there has been a general awakening within the last few years, and the results of united capital and effort are seen on every side.

The manufacturing enterprises of the city have extended prodigiously since the war. Property values have multiplied, and large fortunes have been amassed by individuals. The list of millionnaires is quite lengthy. The relations of capital and labor have in the main been friendly, and no violent outbreaks have occurred on account of strikes or lockouts. Facilities for travel and shipping have been provided amply by numerous lines of railroad, in addition to the means of transportation afforded by canal and river. Hundreds of towns and villages hold a very friendly intercourse with the metropolis, contributing and receiving benefits. A population

of fully five hundred thousand dwells within a circle of ten miles radius, whose centre is the heart of the city. The city proper contains three hundred and thirty-five thousand inhabitants. A wide and rich field of traffic and investment has opened in the South, and the Cincinnati Southern Railroad and other lines of communication have established profitable economic and social exchanges between the city and the Southern States. This summer and autumn, the centennial of the settle-



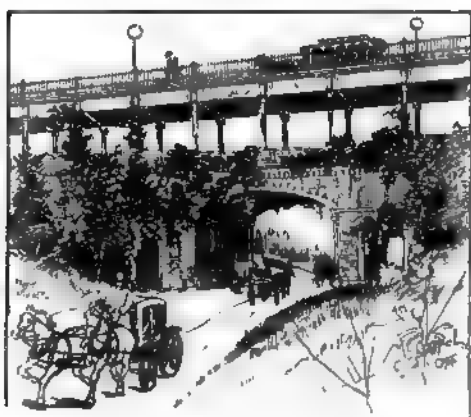
THE NEW CINCINNATI CITY HALL,

FROM DRAWINGS BY THE ARCHITECTS, SAMUEL HANNAFORD & SONS, UNDER WHOSE SUPERVISION THE BUILDING IS NOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

ment of Ohio and the old Northwest, a great industrial exposition is held at Cincinnati. It opened July 4, and will close Oct. 27. Doubtless the number of guests that will attend this within the hundred days of the exhibit will reach two millions. The display will be very extensive throughout, as the preparations for it have been upon an enormous scale, exceeding any thing else of the kind that has yet been attempted on the continent. The Main Exposition Building has sixty-five thousand feet of floor,—nearly nine acres of exhibiting space. The Entertainment Hall, a permanent brick building, is capable of seating eight thousand people.



Cincinnati is a composite city, an aggregation of towns once separate, that have merged in one, which retain, however, distinguishing names and local characteristics. Strangers are confused in the maze. Within the corporate limits we may visit Fulton and Pendleton and Tusculum and Columbia, Walnut Hills, and Mount Auburn and Carrsville. Street-cars will carry you to Mount Adams, to Price's Hill, to Camp Washington, and to half a dozen other defined parts of the city proper. You will hear mention of a locality called "Texas," or of "Bucktown," or "Rat Row," or "Shanty-Boat-Town;" for the city has its miserable quarters. Just outside the city borders lie some charming villages, which, though practically enjoying the benefits of the city, still keep up an independent organization, controlling their own local affairs by a mayor and council. Avondale and



ENTRANCE TO EDEN PARK.

Clifton are examples. Farther away, and in every direction from the city, are delightful suburban towns and villas. Across the Ohio River, on the Kentucky shore, are four places that may be considered as belonging commercially to Cincinnati. These are the cities of Covington and Newport, separated by the Licking River, and the smaller towns Bellevue, Dayton, and Ludlow.

Three bridges connect Cincinnati with the Kentucky side, and a fourth is in process of construction. The most interesting of these structures, and the first built, is the beautiful suspension bridge to Covington, completed in 1866, by the engineer Roebling, at an expense of \$1,800,000. The other three bridges are pier bridges, and accommodate railroads.

Cincinnati extends along the Ohio River, a length of ten or twelve miles, and its width averages about three miles. The streets nearest the river are liable to inundation in the season of floods (about February); for the Ohio is subject to extreme changes of level, the difference between high and low water mark being more than seventy feet. Above the flood-plain, the city is built on terraces, and upon hill-tops which rise to an altitude of three hundred feet. Two principal valleys, Mill Creek and Deer Creek, cut through the hills and the city from the north. Many of the elevations have been removed, for the hills afford excellent quarries of limestone, and many of the hollows have been filled; but the prevailing

aspect of the landscape is still very irregular, with many abrupt steeps, sudden turns, and picturesque outlooks. The canal affords a feature of curious interest, and roughly bounds a quarter long known as "Over the Rhine," because of its large German population. A long section of the canal is utilized in the Exposition to represent a Venetian street, and is supplied with gondolas, etc. The great Music Hall is just over the



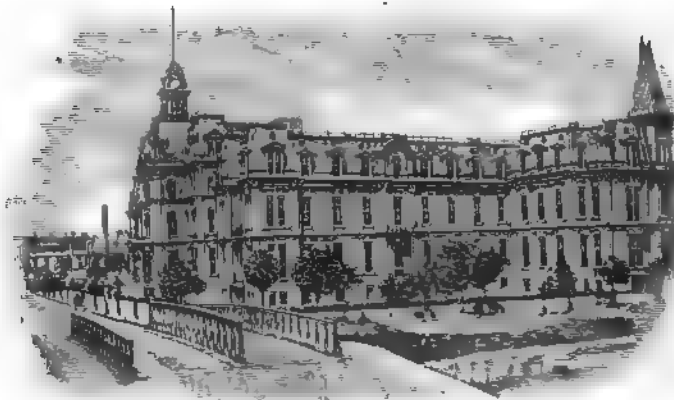
ART MUSEUM, EDEN PARK.

canal, and there are Turner Hall and other noted German resorts. Arbeiter Hall, a building a hundred feet by a hundred and fifty feet, is a place of meeting for thirty different societies. Every shade of opinion may find expression there.

Access to the hill-tops is had by steeply graded roads, and by a series of inclined planes, up which cars are drawn by powerful engines. The city is well supplied with street-railways, with all sorts of horse-cars

and cable-cars ; and some electric lines of railroad are projected. All the principal lines converge at Fountain Square.

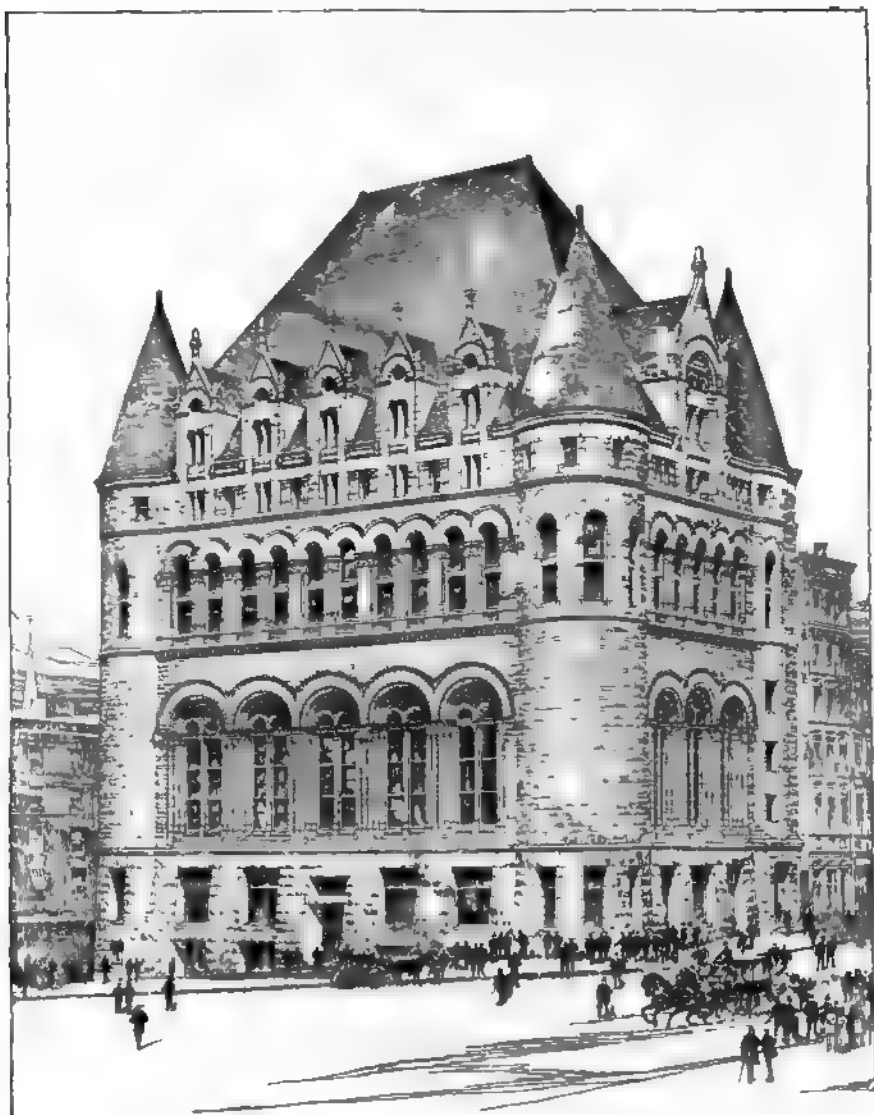
The pavements of Cincinnati are excellent, consisting of granite, asphalt, or small bowlders from the river. The streets are from fifty to a hundred feet wide, and are laid out as regularly as the uneven character of the surface will allow. The sewerage is good, and the sanitary condition of the city admirable. Few cities are so healthy. For, though the business portion, the lower city, is confined by its wall of hills, and is crowded and smoky, the under-drainage is perfect, owing to the substratum of gravel and sand ; and the highlands all around the town form one continuous park. Within the city limits is Eden Park, a pleasure-ground of two hundred and forty acres, in which is located the reservoir which supplies



CINCINNATI HOSPITAL.

the city with water. Burnet Woods, a tract of beautiful forest of a hundred and seventy acres, is near Clifton, and not far from the Zoölogical Garden. Each of the four inclined planes leads to a famous resort. On the east is the Highland House, a place noted for concerts and spectacular shows. On the west is Price Hill House, overlooking Mill Creek Valley, and not far from the "Schutzen Platz." The Lookout House and the Bellevue House crown the hills on the north. Thousands and thousands of people flock to these houses "every day and Sunday too."

Spring Grove Cemetery on Spring Grove Avenue, with its natural slopes, shady ravines, shining streams and ponds of bright water, and wonderful variety and exquisite arrangement of trees and shrubs, is a spot so enchanting that it seems an earthly paradise, rather than a home of the dead. The Cincinnati Crematory in another location is also an object of beauty, — one of the artistic architectural products of Lucian Plympton.



NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Returning to the heart of the city, to Fountain Square and the Esplanade, let us look at the Tyler-Davidson Fountain. This is a work in bronze, consisting of fifteen large figures, of which the most prominent represents a woman from whose outstretched prone hands water is falling in fine spray. She is the Spirit of the Rain. The head of this figure rises forty-five feet

above the level of the street. The fountain was designed and cast in Munich, at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars. The work was presented to Cincinnati in 1871, by one of her public-spirited citizens, Henry Probasco, a patron of arts and literature, whose magnificent residence is one of the palaces of the suburbs.

A few steps from Fountain Square the sight-seer will find the Emery Arcade, a sky-lighted archway, lined on each side with attractive retail shops, dealing in all sorts of fancy goods. The Arcade is decidedly Parisian in character. A walk of a few squares up Race Street brings you to Garfield Place, where, near the Lincoln Club House, is placed Niehaus' colossal statue of President Garfield.

The Broadway of Cincinnati is Fourth Street, running from the aristocratic East End to the railroad-environed West End. Several blocks on



RESTAURANT, ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Fourth Street are of such solid and lofty structure that they remind one of the substantial magnificence of New York. On this fine avenue is located Pike's Opera House, — a hundred and seventy by a hundred and thirty feet, and five stories high. The Chamber of Commerce now occupies rooms in this building, but will presently be accommodated with a new building, now almost completed, on the corner of Fourth and Vine Streets. The new Chamber of Commerce is a striking work of architecture, in Roman Provençal style, — one of the last designs of the celebrated Richardson.

Cincinnati holds a very respectable rank on the score of architectural achievement. Many of her public buildings and churches are of bold and original design and impressive beauty, and on some of the elegant residences the highest praise may be bestowed with justice. The talent of various competitors has been employed by the city and by private citizens in the construction of buildings; but home talent has generally secured the most contracts. The Government Building on Fifth Street, a massive and convenient structure of granite, was designed by Mullet; and though

the edifice has many faults, it is admired by many. Among native architects who have won special recognition for ability, we recall the names of Hannaford, McLaughlin, Anderson, Crapsey, Trowbridge, and Plympton.

The sight-seer interested in architecture will not fail to visit that immense edifice of which Cincinnatians are so proud, Music Hall and the Exposition Building, designed by Hannaford in Italian Gothic style, and



CATHEDRAL.

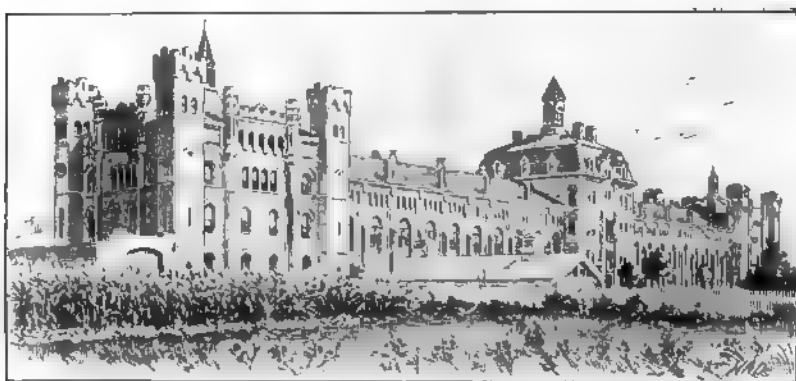
constructed of bright-red brick. The College of Music, of which Theodore Thomas was once president, has its quarters in this beautiful building. Here is the great organ, and here are held the May music festivals. The Odeon, a graceful and attractive hall for concerts and lectures, is near the Music Hall, and under the same management. These noble buildings were, in large part, the gift of a wealthy citizen, Reuben Springer.

Two very admirable buildings of stone stand high upon a hill in Eden Park. They are the Art Museum and the Art Academy, designed by

McLaughlin. The first of these cost nearly four hundred thousand dollars, and the other is correspondingly costly. These buildings and their contents were bestowed upon the city by the munificence of several liberal individuals. Charles W. West gave \$150,000, David Sinton \$75,000, Joseph Longworth \$371,000. Reuben Springer and Julius Dexter also subscribed largely. Over a million dollars have been given to the Museum since 1880, and the Art School is the best endowed of any in the United States.

The County Court House, on Main Street, with its imposing front of stone, is one of the interesting public buildings. Two other remarkably fine structures, both designed by Hannaford, are now in course of erection,—a new City Hall, and a City Armory.

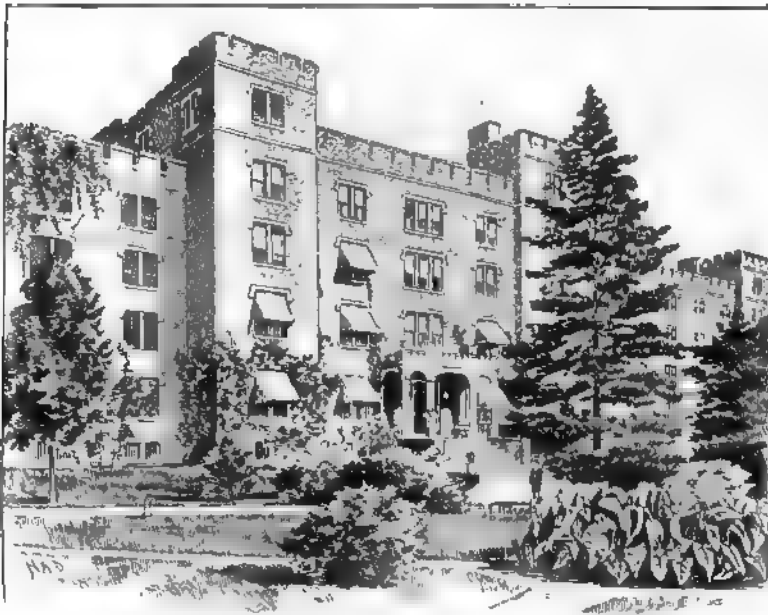
The work of the Hannafords, father and sons, is prominent on almost every street in Cincinnati. In fact, Samuel Hannaford, the senior member



CINCINNATI WORKHOUSE

of the firm, has been identified with the interests of the city in this direction ever since he started business alone here in the year 1856. The styles of the structures already noticed make it clear that this firm is among the foremost in producing artistic attractiveness coupled with grandeur; but its chief success, however, from a purely business standpoint, has been in designing business blocks, where sensible principles of economy have been combined with neatness and stability of structure. The business men seem to appreciate this plan. In their big buildings they do not care for gaudy show nor novel effects, but they demand stability in appearance and carefulness in attention to details. The business blocks of H. & S. Pogue, on Fourth Street between Vine and Race, and H. & G. Feder, on Race Street between Fourth and Fifth, illustrate this. They are both iron buildings, the former six stories high and the latter eight. The Mitchell Building on Fourth Street, and the Blymer Building on Main Street, also indicate what best pleases the practical business men of the city.

In designing residences the Hannafords have shown versatile talent. One of the most admired dwellings is that of Alec McDonald at Clifton. It is a Late Gothic affair, near akin to the Elizabethan in details. George W. McAlpin's Queen Anne house, also at Clifton, and the Modern English residence of Isaac Strauss at Walnut Hill, are also prominently attractive. The Queen City Club has a Frenchy-looking house at the corner of Seventh and L Streets, which has the distinction of being the first pressed-brick building put up in Cincinnati. The brick and the laborers were brought from Baltimore. Some of the best work of the Hannafords has been done



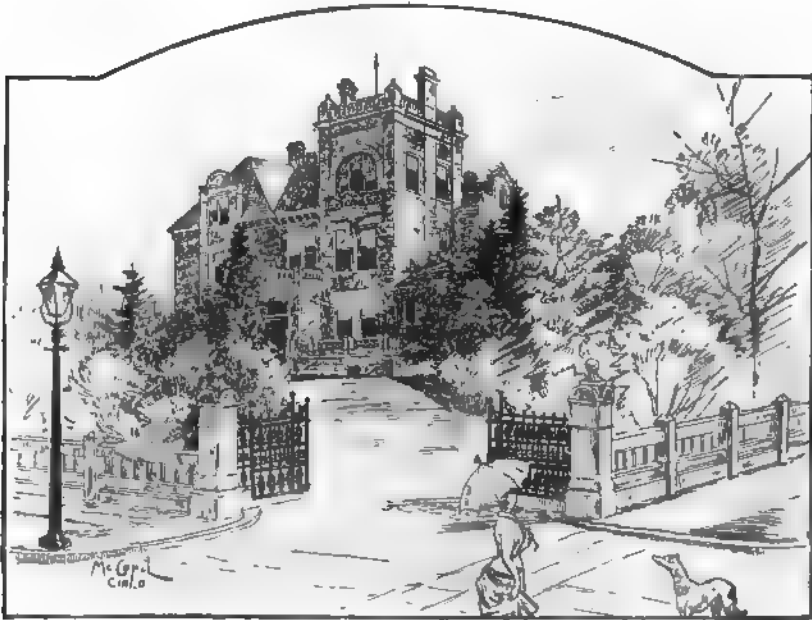
HOUSE OF REFUGE.

outside Cincinnati; such, for example, as the Court House and the Children's Home at Terre Haute, and the residence of J. P. Drouillard at Nashville.

Twenty years ago James Parton wrote as follows: "Behold the Fifth Avenue of Cincinnati! It is not merely the pleasant street of villas and gardens along the brow of the hill, though that is part of it. Mount to the cupola of the Mount Auburn Young Ladies' School, which stands near the highest point, and look out over a sea of beautifully formed umbrageous hills steep enough to be picturesque but not too steep to be convenient, and observe that upon each summit as far as the eye can reach is an elegant cottage or mansion, or a cluster of tasteful villas surrounded by groves, gardens, and lawns. This is



Cincinnati's Fifth Avenue. Here reside the families enriched by the industry of the low smoky town. Here upon these enchanting hills and in these inviting valleys will finally gather the greater part of the population, leaving the city to its smoke and heat when the labors of the day are done. As far as we have seen or read, no inland city in the world surpasses Cincinnati in the beauty of its environs. They present as perfect a combination of the picturesque and the accessible as can anywhere be found. There are still the primeval forests and the virgin soil to favor the plans of the artist in 'capabilities.' The Duke of Newcastle's party, one of whom was the



HAYDOCK RESIDENCE, WALNUT HILLS.

Prince of Wales, were not flattering their entertainers when they pronounced the suburbs of Cincinnati the finest they had anywhere seen."

If Mr. Parton could visit Cincinnati now, he would be surprised at the vastly increased number of elegant suburban residences, and at the heightened charms which the landscape-gardener's art has added to the natural beauty of the scenery.

The commerce of Cincinnati is carried on by a convenient system of railroad, river, and canal transportation. Twenty-four railroad-routes terminate in the city. For the accommodation of these there are five depots, the largest being the Grand Central. Seventeen street-car lines facilitate travel within the city limits. The trade of the city, domestic and foreign, is



EMERY RESIDENCE, WALNUT HILLS.

very extensive for an inland emporium. The amount of taxable property is over \$172,000,000.

The number of manufacturing establishments in the city in the year 1880 was 3,650. Next to Chicago, this is the chief pork-packing place in the world. The brewing of lager beer is an industry that ranks in Cincinnati next to the pork business. Over 20,000,000 gallons of beer are produced annually in these mammoth breweries. Distilling also is carried on largely. Heavy capital is engaged in the manufacture of iron, stone, and wood. Other important lines of manufacture are clothing, food-products, tobacco, and drugs.

Cincinnati has for half a century held a leading rank as a printing, publishing, and lithographing centre. The largest school-book house in the world is located here : that of Van Antwerp, Bragg, & Co, publishers of the Eclectic Series of text-books. The general wholesale and retail book-store of Robert Clarke & Co. is known to the jobbing trade everywhere, and is the literary rendezvous of cultivated people from all parts of the Central States.

Clarke is a publisher of law-books and of the Ohio Valley Historical Series and other books.

The free Public Library and the Young Men's Mercantile Library are the favorite book collections in popular use ; but the city contains a dozen other public or semi-public libraries, to which easy access may be had. The number and value of special private collections speaks well for the culture of the people. A similar remark might be made in reference to private collections of pictures.

Among the educational, literary, and social organizations of Cincinnati, may be mentioned the Literary Club ; the University Club ; the Historical and Philosophical Society ; the Society of Natural History ; the Cuvier Club ; the Queen City Club ; the societies of Odd Fellows, Masons, and Knights of Pythias ; the political clubs, and numerous societies devoted to music and art.



## III.

## NEWSPAPERS AND LITERATURE.

BY GEORGE MORTIMER ROE.



MURAT HALSTEAD'S BIRTHPLACE.

THE newspapers and literature of any community are about as intimately associated together as politics and the public schools. As politicians mix in the management of the public-school system, occasionally suggesting or urging reforms that are not needed, and generally urging them with a zeal inversely proportionate to their public-school experience, so do newspapers

mix in with literature and literary men, criticising the genius of a Dickens or a Thackeray, the facts of a Hume or a Macaulay, the English of an Irving or a Hawthorne. Newspapers are not strictly essential to the existence of literature, — no more than politicians are to the schools; still they may be deemed important as aiders and abettors. They may encourage and to some degree promote growth, as dew encourages and promotes vegetation in time of drought. Politicians had an inning long before the public schools were thought of; but the same cannot be said of the relation between newspapers and literature. The Elizabethan age of literature antedates the birth of the newspaper by many years. The essays of Bacon and the poetry of Milton or Dryden were not reviewed by the daily press, and damned with faint praise. Cincinnati newspapers, however, had been established several decades before any thing of more than an ephemeral interest emanated from a Cincinnati pen.

Nearly a hundred years ago, — as early as Nov. 9, 1793, — the first Cincinnati newspaper made its appearance. It was called "The Sentinel of the North-west Territory," and William Maxwell was its editor and publisher. It was not a very vigilant sentinel, however, in that its appearance was only semi-occasional. Its publisher was often obliged to wait the arrival of printing material, which, by uncertain conveyance, came from the East across the Alleghanies. He was oftener compelled to await the

more uncertain arrival of news; frequently chronicling the beginning of troubles long settled, of wars after a treaty of peace had been signed. "The Sentinel" continued until the year 1796, when it was purchased by Edmund Freeman, and its name changed to "Freeman's Journal." A rival of this sheet was started in the year 1799, and called the "Western Spy and Hamilton Gazette." An idea of the energy and thrift which characterized the newspapers of those days may be gathered from the fact, that, on June 5, 1803, the "Spy" printed President Jefferson's message which was delivered Dec. 15 the year before. This enterprise in gathering news was too much for the rival journal. In modern newspaper parlance, it was "scooped" with a six-months-old message. Its proprietor sold out soon afterward, and his paper ceased to exist.

The "Spy" then had the field all to itself till the year 1804, when the "Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Mercury" was launched upon the uncertain newspaper sea. Its editor was Rev. Mr. Browne, a preacher, publisher, town recorder, bookseller, and a dealer in patent medicines. This "Liberty Hall" was one of the direct ancestors of the present "Commercial Gazette," a newspaper well known throughout the country. About eleven years after it was started, or on July 15, 1815, T. Palmer, a printer, issued the first number of the "Cincinnati Gazette." Six months later the "Gazette" and "Liberty Hall" were married with a hyphen, the only case of the kind then known in the Ohio Valley. This was the first newspaper in the West having column lines to separate its matter. From 1815 to 1820, five new weeklies and one semi-weekly made their appearance; and as early as the year 1826, the promising young city boasted of nine newspapers, among them the "Ohio Chronicle," the only German paper printed west of the Atlantic cities. During this year the first daily newspaper made its appearance in Cincinnati. It was called the "Commercial Register." After six months of fitful life a financial undertaker was called in; but Cincinnati people, having had a taste of the luxury of a daily newspaper, were unwilling to forego it. A committee waited on the publishers of the "Gazette," and urged upon them the necessity of issuing a daily edition; and on July 25, 1827, the proprietors sent forth the first number. The first editor of this daily edition, and the first to establish a personal identity in the community as a newspaper man, was Charles Hammond, whose name is now given to a building in which, for nearly half a century, the "Gazette" made its home. Struggling for three years, the circulation of this daily, in a city of more than twenty thousand people, was boomed up to three hundred. After fifteen years of experience in issuing it, the publishers of the "Gazette and Liberty Hall" boasted of a circulation of nine hundred.

This was in the year 1841. By that time daily newspapers were no longer a rarity in the Queen City. The "Gazette's" daily rivals were the "Chronicle," the "Republican," and the "Advertiser and Journal," —

the latter published by Moses Dawson, who subsequently merged it into the "Enquirer," — the "Times," and the "Public Ledger." Besides these English dailies, the "Volksblatt" and the "Unabhaengige Presse," the "Deutsche im Westen," the "Wahrheits Freund," the "Apologete," and the "Licht Freund," all printed in the German language, had been started. The "Western Christian Advocate," a Methodist publication, with a circulation of fourteen thousand, almost unexampled in those days, had also found a firm footing in the community. The "Catholic Telegraph," edited by the late Archbishop Purcell, and the "Star in the West," the only Universalist publication outside of New York, were among the other religious weeklies. Two monthly magazines, the "Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West," and the "Family Magazine," of more or less literary merit, had been welcomed in the city. The Revs. Charles Elliott and L. L. Hamline, who were the editors of the "Western Christian Advocate," also edited the "Ladies' Repository," while Rev. J. H. Perkins had charge of the "Family Magazine." The total number of publications in Cincinnati at this date, including dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, was twenty-nine. Ten years later there were fifty-three, and at the end of the next decade there had been no increase in that number.

The newspapers of Cincinnati, like the most of those of American cities in ante-bellum days, were intended to amuse rather than instruct. It was possible for their closest readers to be as ignorant of current events as a rock of the palæozoic period. The most careful scrutiny through the pages of one entire volume of a Cincinnati daily of the year 1840 has failed to discover one local item of news. Through the first five years in the history of that particular paper, a description of but one local event could be found, and that was written by the editor concerning a meeting at the court-house. Not a telegraphic despatch, no correspondence, no news of the daily events of a city which then contained forty-seven thousand people, appeared on its pages. A story was invariably found, occasionally a death-notice, a few straggling advertisements, and now and then a marriage announcement. One of this kind, which appeared in the papers of the year 1840, was made conspicuous by the following : —

"On the third page appears a wedding notice of James Cooper and Miss Frances E. Oliver of this city. Accompanying the above notice we received about as fair a lot of cake as ever graced a printing-office, together with a couple of choice bottles of spirits. The hands of the office united in an ardent wish that the happy couple may slide down the voyage of life with spirits as buoyant as air, and that a cloud of care or low spirits may never overshadow the brows of either."

Cincinnati newspapers of those days took an interest in events of other cities in proportion as they ignored news at home. For instance, so insignificant an event as the thrashing of the editor of the "Philadelphia Ledger,"

in the year 1840, because he would not insert a fifty-cent advertisement for half price, was paraded in Cincinnati with all the details ; while the burning of the court-house of Hamilton County was passed over with a line.

The stirring events of the war, however, brought out all the enterprise of Cincinnati publishers that for years had lain dormant, and early in the sixties the city began to enjoy genuine newspapers. The leading dailies then were the "Cincinnati Gazette," — the Liberty Hall appendage had been dropped, — edited by Edmund Babb and Richard Smith ; the "Enquirer," edited by James J. Farran ; the "Times," published by C. W. Starbuck ; the "Commercial," edited and published by M. D. Potter ; the "Penny Press," by C. F. Hall, afterward the famous Arctic explorer ; the "Volksblatt," edited by E. Klauprech ; and the "Volksfreund," published by J. A. Heman. To undertake to develop in these columns the birth, growth, and vicissitudes of these several newspaper properties, and enumerate their second and successive proprietors, would be a task that would involve months of time and volumes of space. With one exception the prominent newspapers just mentioned are still prominent in this city ; and some of the men identified with them, directing their respective policies, are still similarly engaged. The "Press" long ago joined the innumerable caravan of those that came to fill a long-felt want and didn't ; and Capt. Hall, its proprietor, long ago went to the land from whose bourn neither Arctic traveller nor journalist returns. He was succeeded in the ownership by Samuel Rockwell Reed, who for many years after the death of the "Press" was leading editorial writer on the "Gazette," and is now the writer of the editorials which appear in the "Commercial Gazette" over the initials "S. R. R."

About the close of the war, M. D. Potter was gathered to his fathers, and was succeeded in the management of the "Commercial" by a young man who had come to Cincinnati from a little hamlet up in Ohio called Paddy's Run, and who had for some time previous to Mr. Potter's death been a factotum on the "Commercial." His name was Murat Halstead. Probably no man has done more to give Cincinnati journalism a proud place among the newspapers of this country than has this man, who, from being editor-in-chief of the "Commercial," became the editor-in-chief of the two papers, the "Commercial" and the "Gazette," when about six years ago they were united under the name of the "Commercial Gazette." Mr. Halstead has done much to give character to the newspaper fraternity of Cincinnati, to secure the rank and file rights which his own experience when in the ranks had suggested. Democratic to a degree, he is always approachable. Like most veteran newspaper-men, his chirography is any thing but symmetrical. It is said that not long ago, to a private letter addressed to a gentleman in New York, Mr. Halstead added this note : "In case you are unable to decipher this, I would say to you that Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has the key."

Mr. Halstead is a believer in the Napoleonic tactics of whipping the enemy in detail. He is one of a few prominent newspaper-men of America, who ride a hobby, and ride it, till the hobby dies, or until it accomplishes the purposes for which it was mounted. When the question of remonetizing silver was before the country, no paper in America struck harder, longer, or more telling blows in behalf of the "dollar of the daddies," than did the paper which this man edited. It is said of Lincoln, and of his methods before a jury, that he would never scatter himself over any extended area. From the twice fifty questions in the case, which the opposition had discussed, he would select one, and dwell on it; he would hang around it, hold it up, take it apart, and dissect it, and then put it together again, until the jury would be convinced that there was nothing else in the case than this one point which Lincoln discussed, and which the opposition would not undertake to answer. The almost invariable result was, that Lincoln gained his case. This, to a large extent, has been the method employed by Mr. Halstead in his newspaper experience.

During the war, the Western paper that took front rank was the old "Cincinnati Gazette." It was then under the active management of Mr. Richard Smith. Whitelaw Reid, now the proprietor of the "New-York Tribune," was the "Gazette's" war correspondent. Mr. Smith was originally a carpenter; but active work in the Chamber of Commerce excited his interest in market reports, and gradually led him into the newspaper business, until he became one of the principal owners and the principal editor of the "Gazette." He is now the vice-president of the Commercial Gazette Company, and its business manager. His hand is still occasionally recognized on the editorial page of the paper, showing that the duties of the counting-room do not consume all of his time.

The "Cincinnati Times" became wonderfully prosperous during the war. It was then, and had been since its foundation in the year 1840, under the direct management of Calvin W. Starbuck. Through his energies its weekly acquired a circulation of one hundred and twenty-five thousand, a success that up to that time had had no parallel. The newspaper went into almost every post-office in the United States and Canada. The proprietor died in 1870, and the paper then began to experience the vicissitudes of fortune. About the time of the death of Mr. Starbuck, an evening paper called the "Chronicle" was started; and its proprietors soon after bought out the "Times," and for two or three years the "Times-Chronicle" was hawked on the streets of Cincinnati. Then the word "Chronicle" was dropped from the title-head. In the year 1872, a two-cent evening paper called the "Star" was started; and this ran alone until 1880, when the "Star" and the "Times" came together under one management, henceforth to be called the "Times-Star." The original owners of the old "Times" and the old "Star" are



nearly all out now ; many of them are dead. The present manager of this property is Charles P. Taft, the oldest son of ex-United-States-Attorney-Gen. Alphonso Taft. He first went into the newspaper business under the old "Times" régime, and he staid with the newspaper family after the "Times" and the "Star" were consolidated. Under his personal management, the newspaper has acquired a facility for calling a spade a spade, of describing things as they are, rather than as they should be, that has given it an enviable place among the newspapers of the Ohio Valley.

From the hands of the founders the "Enquirer" passed into the control of Farran & Robinson ; and during the war the name of this firm was again changed, Mr. Robinson giving place to Washington McLean. James J. Farran was then the editor ; but along about 1867 or 1868 Mr. Farran vacated the editorial tripod, and John A. Cockerill, now the successful editor of the "New-York World," mounted it. He transformed the paper, and made it one of the best dailies of the West. After ten years of hard work he was succeeded in the editorial management by John R. McLean, son of the junior member of the "Enquirer" firm. Mr. McLean at once introduced into his paper what was then a novelty in the newspaper business. He almost wholly abandoned editorial opinion, and in its place printed news. To his partners who objected to the innovation he said : "I have a certain amount of money to expend on this paper. I can use it in buying news, or in buying opinions. I believe the people would rather have news than opinions, and I am going to give it to them." The fact that the "Enquirer" under his management gained a wider circulation than any other five-cent paper in this country, speaks volumes for his sagacity as a newspaper manager. His patrons certainly approved the innovation. When he was actively engaged in the newspaper business, Mr. McLean was quick, energetic, and among his subordinates genial. He is now for the most part retired from editorial work, and has taken up his permanent home in Washington City.

The "Volksblatt" and the "Volksfreund" still hold a conspicuous place among the Cincinnati German dailies. Their rivals are the "Freie Presse" and the "Anzeiger." Within the last half-dozen years two one-cent dailies have acquired a footing in this community ; first the "Post," and last the "Telegram."

Among the men who figured more or less conspicuously as newspaper men and in literature was E. D. Mansfield, who early in this century became editor of the "Cincinnati Chronicle," a little daily which lived but a few years and perished. Subsequently he became the leading editorial writer on the old "Gazette." He wrote a graphic history of the Mexican War, and a volume of interesting reminiscences. W. D. Howells, formerly the editor of the "Atlantic" and now with "Harper's," was once a resident

of this city and a newspaper-writer. He acquired some local celebrity as a poet, in connection with John J. Piatt, now the United States consul to Dublin. The first book they published was entitled "Poems of Two Friends." Since then Piatt has published "Poems of House and Home," and "Western Windows and other Poems." As early as the year 1846 the two Cincinnati sisters, Alice and Phœbe Cary, began to acquire fame as poets. Their first book was entitled "Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary." This was followed soon after by "Clovernook Papers," "Pictures of Country Life," and many others. Thomas Buchanan Read was a Cincinnati man when he wrote "Sheridan's Ride."

"I am dying, Egypt, dying," a poem that has found its way into many of the school-books of this country, was written during the inspiration of an evening by Gen. Bob Lytle, a Cincinnati gentleman, who subsequently fell while at the head of his command in the bloody battle of Chickamauga. This poem was first timidly sent to the "Cincinnati Enquirer" as a voluntary contribution. W. W. Fosdick was once known as the "Cincinnati Poet Laureate." His fame, however, rests on his fiction. The story of "Malmartie the Toltec," and that of the "Cavaliers of the Cross," had a wide circulation, and still hold a prominent place in all book catalogues of *Americana*. "June on the Miami" was written by W. H. Venable, a Cincinnati teacher. Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton is another prominent contributor to Cincinnati's fame as a literary city. Two of her books of recent publication are the "Sailing of King Olaf" and "What the Wind told to the Tree-Tops." The latter is an exquisite Christmas juvenile. The people of this city will always contend that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a Cincinnati production, — that Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote it when a resident of Lane Seminary, where her father was a professor of theology. Dr. Thomas C. Minor has figured in Cincinnati literature extensively, both as an able writer of fiction and as an abler writer on medical subjects. His work on scarlatina has been recognized as standard among the captious medical men of Great Britain, as have several other books on kindred topics. His "Dr. Athosis," a keen satire on modern methods among medical men, has excited a great deal of merriment among the laity, and a corresponding amount of hostility among the doctors whom the coat is supposed to have fitted. Among other standard medical works sent out to the world by Cincinnati medical men, is Dr. Bartholow's "Practice of Medicine," a book that has been translated into several foreign languages.

There has been a continual stream of law-books flowing from the Cincinnati fountain. "Attachments" was from the pen of Hon. Stanley Matthews, now of the United States Supreme Court; "Criminal Law," from that of Hon. Moses F. Wilson; "Patent Cases," from that of Col. S. S. Fisher; a work on "Pleadings," from Clement Bates; and a book on "Negligence" was from the pen of W. H. Whittaker. Judge

H. D. Peck, another Cincinnati lawyer, has written several books that are recognized as standard.

Only the more conspicuous and the more meritorious books and literary contributions that have come from the pens of Cincinnati writers have been mentioned in this sketch. A thousand and one that were heralded and for a time fostered by the Cincinnati press, and had their day, are necessarily omitted. They all betrayed some literary merit, and they all tell of a literary taste that is encouraging. Cincinnati has not yet had her Elizabethan age in literature, nor yet her golden. Who knows, however, but that in some one of her superior educational institutions a Bacon, a Milton, or a Shakspeare may now be developing? Who knows but that Cincinnati may yet furnish to the world classics that will take rank with those which made the literary age of Greece and of Rome golden?



OLD TREE STANDING BY THE SPRING NEAR THE HOUSE IN WHICH HALSTEAD WAS BORN.

## IV.

**EDUCATION IN CINCINNATI.**

By W. H. VENABLE, LL.D.

THE public-school system as administered in Cincinnati is as nearly complete and perfect as in any city of the world. The organization embraces schools of every grade from kindergarten to university, including night-schools, schools for deaf-mutes, a city normal school, and an annual institute. There are thirty district schools, five intermediate schools, and three high schools. The whole number of pupils in these is 36,405 ; the whole number of teachers 751, of whom 625 are women. The number of pupils enrolled in all classes of the city schools is 53,402.

The schools are celebrated for their general excellence and for several special features of reform. They made a famous exhibit in the Exposition of 1876 at Philadelphia. They set the example, now so widely followed, of celebrating Arbor Day and Author Days. The present superintendent, Dr. E. E. White, has distinguished his administration by doing away with many of the evils of the prevalent methods of examining and grading pupils.

The Public Library, under the management of the Board of Education, is emphatically an institution of popular education. It is located in a spacious and elegant building, and contains 164,000 volumes, having an annual circulation of over 380,000. The present librarian, Mr. A. W. Whelpley, is noted for his public spirit and indefatigable industry. In addition to his duties as librarian he manages the Unity course of Sunday lectures, — a means of valuable popular culture.

The University of Cincinnati is a municipal institution, forming part of the system of public instruction. Students graduating from the high schools are prepared to enter it without examination, and its privileges are free to any pupil living in the city. The University was founded on a bequest of Charles McMicken. The endowment amounts to something over \$750,000. The institution has been in operation thirteen years, and the faculty numbers fifteen professors of national reputation, Hon. J. D. Cox, ex-governor of Ohio, being president. Both sexes are admitted to the University ; and four courses of study are open, leading to the usual college degrees. The Cincinnati Observatory, on Mount Lookout, an institution founded by O. M. Mitchel, belongs to the University. There is also an organic connection between the University and the medical colleges, — the

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Miami and the Ohio,—and also with the College of Dental Surgery and that of Pharmacy. Many of the friends of higher education hope a union may be brought about between the University and Bellevue College, formerly Farmer's College, on College Hill, near the city. The whole number of students in all departments of the University at present is 737.

The opportunities for medical education in Cincinnati are not surpassed in America. Not a few of the surgeons and general or special practitioners of the city are known to the profession the world over. The Medical



E. E. WHITE,  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

College of Ohio was established in 1819, and has ten professors. The Miami Medical College has twelve professors. These are the leading colleges of the "regular" school. The homœopathists have an excellent institution—the Pulte College; and there is an Eclectic College, a Physico-Medical Institute, and other schools. The hospitals of this city are commodious, and admirably conducted.

The Cincinnati Law School, founded in 1833,—J. D. Cox, dean,—is in a most flourishing condition, with an able set of professors, a fine library, and a large attendance.

The Ohio Mechanics' Institute, the Cincinnati Technical School, the Society of Natural History with its museum and lectures, the system of kindergartens, and the Kitchen-Garden are all practical institutions of a high order of excellence and efficiency.

As a centre of musical education the Queen City claims to be without a rival on the continent. The College of Music, with splendid quarters in Music Hall and the Odeon, draws students in all departments of the art, from all parts of the United States. The famous opera festivals and May musical festivals of this city are visited annually by thousands upon thousands of people. The College of Music, however, is by no means the only noted music-school of the city. Miss Clara Baur's conservatory is almost as widely known. There are numerous other music-schools conducted by masters in some special line, especially piano-schools. One of the leading teachers is George Schneider; another, Adolph Carpe; a third, Carl Andre.

The Art Academy of Cincinnati, in its beautiful building adjoining the Art Museum, in Eden Park, is most liberally endowed, and has a faculty of a dozen instructors, with Thomas S. Noble as principal. The academy includes courses of instruction in drawing, oil-painting, decorative design, water-color painting, pen-drawing, sculpture, and carving.

The arts of drawing and design are well taught in the public schools, in the Technical School, and in many private schools, and by special teachers of art in their studios.

Lane Theological Seminary, a famous Presbyterian institution, of which Lyman Beecher was once president, is distinguished alike for the learning of its professors and the excellence of its library.

St. Xavier's College, formerly the Athenæum, founded in the year 1831, is the great Roman-Catholic school of the Ohio Valley. The Catholics maintain a powerful system of parochial schools in connection with their many churches, and have a monastery near the city for the training of priests.

The Jews are numerous and influential in Cincinnati, possessing several synagogues of striking architectural beauty. The "American Israelite," the organ of liberal Judaism, is conducted here by Dr. I. M. Wise, who is also president of the Hebrew Union College, a seat of education for the training of rabbis. It is a flourishing school.

The private schools of Cincinnati are very numerous, and some of them are of the very best kind. Among those for young ladies, the Classical and English School of George K. Bartholomew perhaps takes the lead. Other excellent schools are those of Misses Lupton and Storer, Miss Nourse, Miss Armstrong, Thane Miller, and the Wesleyan Female College. One of the best boys' schools in the West is that conducted by Professor William G. Lord at Covington. It is called the Rugby School, formerly

the Chickering Institute. The Franklin School, Walnut Hills, is well known ; so also is the school of Rix & Wycoff at Mount Auburn.

The educational activity of Cincinnati has been greatly stimulated by the vast book-trade of the place. Here is located the largest school-book publishing-house in the world, that of Van Antwerp, Bragg, & Co. Their Eclectic Series is issued by the million volumes.

Business education is a prominent feature of a city so much devoted to manufacture, commerce, and the professions. Commercial colleges are numerous ; and there are schools of type-writing, telegraphy, and all the graphic arts. In this connection may be mentioned the Cincinnati School of Phonography, located in College Building, and enjoying the hearty recommendation of Mr. Benn Pitman. Miss A. R. Campbell is its successful principal.

Cincinnati has been a centre for short-hand since the year 1849, when the first book on the subject was published by the Longley Brothers. It was a presentation of Isaac Pitman's phonography, a system of short-hand first published by its inventor in England in the year 1838. Benn Pitman came to America in the year 1853, at the request of his brother, the inventor, and settled in Cincinnati, where he established the Phonographic Institute, where he at first sold the books published by his brother in England. In the year 1855, and the years immediately following, he published his "Manual of Phonography," "Phonographic Reader," "Phrase Book," "Teacher," "History of Short-hand," "Reporter's Companion," etc. The first editions of the last-named book were prepared in collaboration with R. B. Prossor, editor of "The American Phonetic Journal." This was a monthly devoted to phonetics, spelling-reform, and phonography, and ran through five volumes, commencing in the year 1854. The series of text-books thus established immediately took first rank as phonographic authority in America, and they have met with uninterrupted success up to the present time.

In 1881 Mr. Pitman associated with himself in the Phonetic Institute Jerome B. Howard, and in collaboration they have issued a thorough revision of the series on an extended and improved plan. Mr. Howard is now the sole proprietor of the Phonetic Institute, and continues to devote himself to the dissemination of the art and to the publication of the "Phonetic Magazine," a monthly of extensive circulation among phonographers and spelling reformers. The wide popularity of the Pitman-Howard series of books may be realized from the statement that up to the present time nearly a quarter of a million copies of the "Manual" have been printed ; and the annual issue of this book alone is over twenty thousand copies.

## V.

## ART AND MUSIC.

By HON. HENRY HOOPER.

IN presenting an *aperçu* of art and music in Cincinnati from the standpoint of a disinterested spectator, relieved from all obligation to indulge in hyperbole or extravagant eulogy of any institution or individual, it must necessarily be general in terms, and sketchy in substance. Art is a late flower. The glorious cluster of roses and lilies which appeared in Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, came only after the long drought and sterility of the dark ages, and, as it were, through an inspiration of Christianity. This is the mechanical epoch, and we lead the world in machinery. Nevertheless, in the pauses of labor we willingly pay tribute to the Muses, mindful of the warning that man cannot live by bread alone.

Let us try to answer the question, "What is being done here in art and music?" without using the microscope or a calcium light. The ancients practised the alphabet of art on their lamps, vases, urns, shields, and coins, and advanced to the ideal presentation of godlike men and hero-like gods. So with us, the art products most native to the soil, and the least indebted to foreign models, are probably the art potteries, such as Rookwood and Kesonta, and then the decorative wood-carving under such intelligent and sympathetic instructors and artists as Messrs. Pitman and Fry.

Coming to painting, and especially to sculpture, we are reminded of what the old Roman writer said, that oratory and sculpture always flourish in a turbulent republic. Without being more turbulent than our neighbors, we certainly have furnished a fair quota of sculptors. We gave Hiram Powers to Italy and the world; and if England possesses his noblest effort, the Greek Slave, we did possess his earliest work, the mechanical terrors of Hades, which were so long an attraction in a museum of this city; and we have at present several of his later and less-renowned productions, and even his last. To-day we have M. Ezekiel, — now in Rome, — who furnished Philadelphia with a statue of Religious Liberty, and the Corcoran Gallery at Washington with several heroic-sized figures; Charles Nechaus, whose statue of President Garfield is a vigorous embodiment of the great statesman; Louis Rabisso, whose portrait statues of Generals McPherson and Harrison have gained him a justly earned distinction; and N. F. Baker, August Mundhenk, Tettweis, and others. Of those that we have lost,



there are Frank Dengler, author of "The Awakening Kiss," a lad of great promise ; John Frankenstein, whose drapery on the bust of Judge McLean is still a model ; Clesinger, and T. D. Jones, of previous reputation. In turning to the painters, one remembers that Jerusalem was hard on her prophets ; and here in the Queen City, it is said that we imitate the sparrows, and push the young out of the nest when the summer approaches, to make more room for the old folks. This, like philanthropy, may make us rich in what we give away.

Henry Mosler, now in Paris, had sufficient merit as an artist to find a patron in the French Government, which purchased one of his charming *genre* pictures, and placed it in the Luxembourg, and gave him this year the medal for merit. Frank Duveneck, whose ability as an etcher and colorist entitles him to rank with Whistler, is or was in Florence, Italy, where he makes a better living than at home. We presented New York and other cities with several well-known artists, such as Whittredge, who kept up the traditions of the Duesseldorf school ; Wyant, who studied under Hans Gude, but has struck out a path of his own ; James Beard, who resembled the great Dürer in personal appearance, but not in genius ; Kenyon Cox, who is doing excellent work as an illustrator ; Alfred Brennan, whose Bohemianism hinders his artistic success ; Dwight Benton, who finds in Rome the daily bread denied him at home ; George Hopkins, who has charge of an art school in Topeka ; and a lot of talented men, such as Twachtman, Blum, Ritter, Sharp, Arter, and Andrews, who have carried their mahlstock and easel to other climes and markets.

In turning to those who, in spite of fortune or the want of it, have remained with us, great caution is necessary ; for the artist is very restive at receiving any qualified admiration at the hands or pen of the layman. That the world and its inhabitants should, when required, pose as models, is in the fitness of things ; but that one of the sitters should rise up, and express his opinion that the picture is a caricature, — that is a very different thing. However, here is an outline. What Audubon did for the birds, Farney is doing for some of the Indians of America, only from a more picturesque standpoint. Eastern journals have already familiarized their readers with Mr. Farney's ability to illustrate in black and white the various phases of Western and Indian life ; and those who possess his paintings can appreciate in a still higher degree his realism, the vigor and firmness of his pencil, his sense of color, and absolute fidelity to nature. T. S. Noble, who has charge of the art school, whose time is consequently absorbed in his academical duties, is a conscientious and progressive artist, whose work rather indicates his ideal than shows its attainment ; but his advancement is very striking, if his last portrait is compared with his early ambitious work the "Slave Auction." Webber is our most successful portrait-painter. He borrows nothing from foreign methods or

models, but vigorously and independently pursues his own conceptions. He has helped Jefferson, the actor, to give a local habitation to the legendary Rip Van Winkle. T. C. Lindsay has for many years familiarized his fellow-citizens with his facile transcripts of the picturesque mountain, hill, dale, and river of Virginia and Pennsylvania; while Grafton, the aquarellist, encloses in arabesques and fancies of his own invention, the portraits of eminent citizens; and a constantly increasing group of younger artists, who have studied in Munich and Paris, are coming to the front. Among the latter may be mentioned Louise McLaughlin and Carrie Lord.

The principal art centres are, of course, the small but handsome structure in Eden Park, the Art Museum and its pendant, the School of Design, where a large number of pupils are gratuitously trained in the academical paths, from copying the plaster cast of the Laocoön to painting from life and designing forms for industrial art. Both institutions, the history of which belongs elsewhere, are the result of long and earnest work on the part of the Women's Art Museum Association, — the successor to the still older Ladies' and Cincinnati Academy of Fine Arts, — aided by munificent gifts of money from Charles H. West, David Sinton, Joseph Longworth, William Groesbeck, Henry Probasco, and other generous citizens.

Here it is proper to say that Greece, according to tradition, was especially favored by the gods. Orpheus with his lyre gave harmony and beauty to a favored city; Minerva often spoke in the councils of peace and war; Mars would descend to the rescue of a hero, and shield him from his opponents by covering him in a cloud; and even Zeus occasionally neglected Juno for the white-armed daughters of Hellas. Now we have no gods to help us into, or out of, our difficulties. The progress of science has destroyed that succor. But we are rather proud of the fact that we have supplied the places of these divine ministers with our own citizens. The imposing and capacious Music Hall and College of Music, the gem-like Art Museum with its treasures, the School of Design, the monumental bronze fountain, and the endowment for free weekly open-air concerts, are all gifts of wealthy citizens who practised the maxim, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The Art Museum was planned on the lines of the South-Kensington Museum of London, and was intended not only as a gallery for paintings and sculpture, but also to serve certain educational purposes by the exhibition of rare, beautiful, and artistic specimens and copies of modern and ancient pottery, jewels, plate, lace, bric-à-brac, and other products of decorative art, to influence and guide the nascent taste for mechanical and industrial work.

In looking at the paintings of the Art Gallery, it will be noticed that the once powerful Duesseldorf school is very largely represented; in fact, the Coryphæus of that romantic band of artists — viz., Carl Friederich Lessing

— is better represented here than in any city in Europe. Joseph Longworth, the donor, was an ardent and appreciative admirer of the works of Lessing, whose predominant poetical moods of nature, the stylistic treatment, the melancholy yet picturesque lines and tones, the mediæval *staffage*, and a certain dramatic feeling presented by forest, hill, river and sky, had an especial charm for him; and many of the artist's most characteristic landscapes, and also smaller replicas of his historical pictures, are here. After the death of Lessing, Mr. Longworth purchased the entire *Nachlass*, or collection of drawings and sketches left by the artist; and the portfolios, with their precious contents, are the property of the Museum. Besides Lessing, the Achenbachs, Hans Gude, L. Knaus, Carl Huebner, sen., Meyer von Bremen, Andreas Mueller, J. W. Schirmer, Steenbrueck, and Vautier, are represented by admirable examples. The most important art work in the gallery is a beautiful marble statue of Eve, by Hiram Powers, the gift of Judge N. Longworth, a monumental and impressive creation, full of vitality, dignity, and majestic grace. The figure, like the famous Apollo, rises *from*, but does not rest *upon*, the earth.

Other contributions to art-knowledge must be mentioned. The print or engraving collector is often a more hospitable and approachable character than the owner of a costly gallery of paintings. His purchases are generally the result of his own taste, and his catholic sympathy includes a saint engraved by Toschi, as well as sheep etched by Jacque; and long and patient investigation has taught him the difference in lines cut by a Morghen, Strange, or a Wille. For many years William Karmann, the druggist, has been an instructive guide to art lovers, by displaying the contents of his portfolios, and aiding in an intelligent conception of the old masters by such interpreters as Loughi, Müller, Desnoyer, and the last of the great engravers, Edward Mandel. And we may add, that he who knows the great Italian painters through these masters of the burin has the clearest and truest conception of what high art really is, or was. The same collector has the most complete collection of the works of Alexander Calame in black and white to be found anywhere, besides aquarelles of J. W. Schirmer and Caspar Scheuren of Duesseldorf. Other engraving collectors are James Le Boutillier, W. H. Davis, M. F. Force, Herman Goepper, and George McLaughlin. Private galleries of paintings have been diminished by the dispersion of Henry Probasco's interesting collection, but notable examples of European art will be found in the homes of William S. Groesbeck, O. J. Wilson, N. F. Baker, Joseph W. Wayne, J. L. Stettinus, and Anthony Bullock.

This brings us to a consideration, equally brief, of our claims to musical taste or culture. The young men and women, who, half a century ago, migrated from the New England States to the Northwest Territory, and settled in and about the "Queen City of the West," brought with them a

knowledge of vocal music, traditions of cantata, oratorio, and church-choir singing; and almost the first manifestation of social life was the weekly meeting at each other's house, and the formation of associations for chorus practice in music.

By the side of this native stream came the tide of German emigrants, with the traditions and love for Saengerbunds, Maennerchors, annual greetings to spring, or May festivals, and singing contests. As the American youths were instructed in mathematics and book-keeping, as the most useful branches of education, so the German youths were taught instrumental music; and the piano, the violin, and the organ became the means of livelihood as well as a source of pleasure. Good seeds were also sown by the virtuosi, either native or foreign, who made a temporary or permanent home in Cincinnati. The memory and influence still linger of such musicians as Knoop, the gifted 'cellist; Henri Appy, the violinist; M. Simon, who first introduced the Vuillaume violins; Edward Dannreuther, the pianist, now in London; the Kunckles, Charles and Jacob, of St. Louis; and for half a century the genial Tosso; and a long list of worthies. Then there are a number of musical directors or conductors, who from Louis Ritter, the present professor at Vassar, Victor Williams, and Carl Barrus, to Otto Singer, Bush Foley, and Theodore Thomas, have year in and year out hammered, lectured, and drilled the native *solis* and chorus into a better sense of rhythm, tone, and tune, and have been equally powerful factors in building the musical edifice.

Until within a few years there has been a certain homogeneity about the citizens and denizens of Cincinnati, brought about by the charmed circle of the hills, within which they lived. The railroads, those levellers and flatteners of all that is peculiar, picturesque, and characteristic of city and country, had not then boxed up the opera troupe on Saturday night in New York, and landed it in a Cincinnati theatre on the following Monday, with a critic attached who told us what we ought to think of the performance. In those halcyon days you were called upon to amuse yourself; and it was not considered "bad form" for a merchant, lawyer, or doctor to be seen on the streets in the evening with a "fiddle" or "cello" under his arm, on his way to a friend's house, to murder a quartet of Beethoven or Papa Haydn. This was before Cincinnati, as the newspapers say, "pooled her amusements," and became a way-station on the route of itinerant troupes, and before the *élite* had discovered that there was more "high-toned" music in Patti's *Ah non Giunge*, than in the efforts of local talent that one could hear every Sunday at church sing the "Creation" or the "Messiah."

German societies like the Cecilia, Orpheus, and Maennerchor, with their various names and aims, gave symphonies, cantatas, oratorios, and even operas. At the same time the American societies, like the Harmonic, and the numerous church choirs, were singing "The Song of the Bell," "The

Seasons," "The Messiah," and "Elijah," out of love for the music itself. A great deal has been written lately under the inspiration of the last May festival, of Cincinnati and its high standard of music; and old journals, newspapers, and periodicals have been dug out to trace its history through a long series of faded programmes. When all is told, it amounts to this: the backbone of musical taste and knowledge has been framed by the old singing societies mentioned, German and American. In short, that Cincinnati has been able, within the last decade or two, to present, on public occasions and musical festivals, a trained chorus of native singers, from three to five hundred, capable of rendering with creditable power, promptness of attack, even balance, and intelligent musical expression, such vocal masterpieces as Bach's Passion Music, Beethoven's Missa Solennis and Choral Symphony, Brahms' German Requiem, Berlioz' Damnation of Faust, and scenes from Wagner's Meistersinger, and Goetter-Daemmerung, arises from the fact that there has always been a large number of young ladies and gentlemen willing to devote their time seriously and earnestly to an assiduous study and drill, for the love of music and for the pleasure of the divine art alone. Up to about ten years ago, the annual and biennial musical festivals were given by the various German vocal societies; and the *Saengerfests* were celebrated with equal quantities of *Wein, Bier, and Gesang*. Then a new departure took place, and the English-speaking musical associations began to imitate the Handel festivals of London and other English cities.

The result of this movement was the foundation of the College of Music, with its large and sombre music-hall, the grand and excellent organ, and stately pile of buildings, the product of the liberality of Reuben Springer and other generous citizens. Coupled with the name of Mr. Springer must be that of George Ward Nichols, who not only guided the stream of the former's generosity into its present channel, but utilized it in the shape of a permanent source of instruction and enjoyment. It started, it is true, in a key too high for the compass of an ordinary throat, and the gallant *fanfare* with which it proclaimed its entry was too loud and bold to be sustained by time. Even with Theodore Thomas as musical director, and a staff of instructors including, besides all the available local talent, such names as Otto Singer, Jacobsohn, Hartdegen Baetens, and Georg Sneider, and with H. E. Krehbiel as professor of musical literature, the intention of being a rival to the conservatories of Leipzig, Berlin, and Paris could not be maintained. The pecuniary possibilities of the Queen City had been drawn upon too largely, and after a gallant start the imperial flights of music were limited for the same reasons that have hitherto prevented the Czars from quartering the Russians permanently in Constantinople, — funds, and the fitness of things; but, as "'tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all," so a chapel built on the foundations of a cathe-

dral is better than a gigantic edifice upon a narrow and limited base. Under the pruning hand of time and experience, the institution, with less pretension, has been and is doing good elementary work. Under the guidance of its present musical director, Professor Schradieck, who, besides being a very eminent violinist, is also a thoroughly trained, sympathetic and genial musician, the annual series of symphony concerts and classical quartets, rendered by resident talent, reached a higher point of excellence than under any previous instructor. The Cincinnati College of Music meets the same difficulties here as are met by similar institutions elsewhere. The impatience for a large number of golden eggs all at once cuts open the goose. To the mercantile mind, an institute that does not pay dividend in coin seems to lack the *raison d'être*. "If it don't pay, let it die," says the energetic business man who has no nonsense (music) about him. Music, like banking, must be carried on under business principles; and if it cannot stand that, so much the worse for music. "Why, we paid the celebrated X—— five thousand dollars per annum," said a director, "and he did not increase the receipts a fifth part of that sum." That one swan was worth a hundred Shanghai roosters and hens, did not strike a mind in the habit of putting the artist in one scale and the tuition fees in the other.

Among the educational influences, however, the gift of William Groesbeck to the city must be mentioned: viz., a permanent fund, the interest of which is to pay an orchestra for weekly performances in the public parks during the summer season.

It is noticeable of late years, how the young American soprano and contralto singer is entering the lists for the prizes given to the prima donnas of opera and oratorio, and Cincinnati has furnished her quota of contestants. Whether in the future Cincinnati will retain her justly-earned reputation for good musical knowledge and taste, depends upon whether she makes her own music, or pays another city to furnish it to her. She must return to the good old fashion which prevails in Germany and England, and which she has followed in former years. She must re-establish choral societies, like the old Harmonic, unattached to any institute which would assuredly handicap it with a mass of inarticulate and unvocal material, and study under competent instructors the best works of modern and ancient classic compositions, at her own expense, and for the love of the divine art of singing.

One other fact must be mentioned as somewhat peculiar to Cincinnati. Whenever she desires, for the interest and amusement of her citizens, to give a musical or operatic festival, or an exhibition of art and industry, the leading merchants and manufacturers and the busiest of tradesmen are selected from the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade as commissioners; and no one who has had the pleasure of "assisting," as the French say, at these annual and biennial fêtes, in which the whole city



breaks into floral and electric illumination, but has been obliged to confess that the work is not only done, but done well, no matter what the expenditure of time and money may have been. She has certainly led this continent in the rank, novelty, and importance of her musical programmes, and in the general and hearty collaboration of her citizens.

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## VI.

### THE ART MUSEUM AND THE ART ACADEMY.

By HON. A. T. GOSHORN.

THE Art Museum and the Art Academy buildings stand on an eminence overlooking Cincinnati from the east, occupying grounds in Eden Park, of which about twenty acres were set aside by the city for the perpetual use of the Museum Association. Though thus fortunately removed from noise and dirt, the Museum is within fifteen minutes' ride by street-cars of the heart of the city. Both buildings are designed in the Romanesque style. The Museum is built of native limestone and granite, and the Academy of limestone and sandstone, both with red tile roofs.

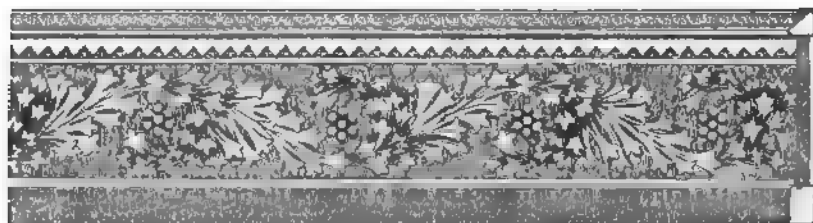
The Cincinnati Museum Association was organized in the year 1880 as a result of the late Charles W. West's offer to give \$150,000 toward establishing an art museum in Cincinnati, on condition that other citizens should give as much more. The subscription within thirty days reached \$166,500. In addition to the money thus provided for the erection of the museum-building, an endowment fund of \$250,000 was secured, toward which Mr. West contributed another \$150,000. This building, dedicated on the seventeenth day of May, 1886, and covering an area of 17,227 square feet of ground surface, was erected at a cost of \$330,000, and composes the centre and west wing of the building designed, of which the east wing remains to be constructed. The Art Academy building, which stands north and west of the Museum, was completed in October, 1887. It is the gift of David Sinton. The Academy has an endowment fund distinct from that of the Museum, amounting to \$397,000, given by the Hon. Nicholas Longworth, in accordance with the wish of his father, the late Joseph Longworth, a warm and active friend of the Museum and Academy, and the first president of the Cincinnati Museum Association. The Academy is the outgrowth of the old School of Design, started in the year 1869 by the trustees of the McMicken University, and afterward continued as a department of the University of Cincinnati until the year 1884, when it was transferred to the Cincinnati Museum Association, the transfer being fol-

lowed by Mr. Longworth's endowment. Twelve instructors are engaged in teaching and lecturing, and during the past year over four hundred students were in attendance. The regular session begins at the end of September, and continues into the following May. There are both day and night classes. The only charge is an enrolment fee of \$10. This year a summer term of ten weeks has been added. The subjects in which instruction is given in the regular course are drawing, from elementary outline drawing to studies from life, painting in oil and water-color, modelling, decorative design, and wood-carving. Lectures are delivered on artistic anatomy, perspective, and occasionally other subjects. The students are admitted free to the Museum, and are encouraged in studying and copying the objects there.

The collections in the Art Museum embrace paintings, statuary, drawings, engravings, etchings, examples of artistic metal-work, arms and armor, textile fabrics, decorated pottery and porcelain, and archæological collections. The paintings include works of the Italian, Dutch, German, English, and French schools; and among the drawings are nine hundred by the great Düsseldorf painter, Carl Friedrich Lessing. The most notable marble in the sculpture gallery is Powers's "Eve Disconsolate," the gift of Hon. Nicholas Longworth. In addition to other works by modern sculptors, there are a number of casts from the antique. In the metal department is an excellent collection of suits of armor, arms, etc., and a large room devoted to the Elkington reproductions of gold and silver work in Russian and other European collections. These reproductions, of which duplicates are in the South Kensington Museum, London, and the Metropolitan Museum, New York, are arranged to illustrate the changes in the goldsmith's art from the time of the Greeks to the present. In the textile-fabric department is a collection of lace from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, a number of fine examples of Japanese embroidery, and some very beautiful old cashmere shawls. In this connection it may be well to speak of the loan collection of J. W. Bookwalter of Springfield, Ohio, of about nine hundred objects of Oriental art. It embraces the metal-work, pottery, and textiles of Persia, India, Arabia, Turkey, Syria, Japan, and China, a few Egyptian antiquities, and some charming Italian wood-carving.

This brief reference to the collections in the Museum will indicate the importance here attached to the decorative arts as well as painting and sculpture. There is, indeed, a recognized need of instruction in decorative art in our general scheme of training practically the native art-sense of our people, in the hope of developing an art natural and original in expression, and not merely imitative or subservient to restrictive traditions of the past.





## VII.

### DECORATIVE ART.

By BENN PITMAN.

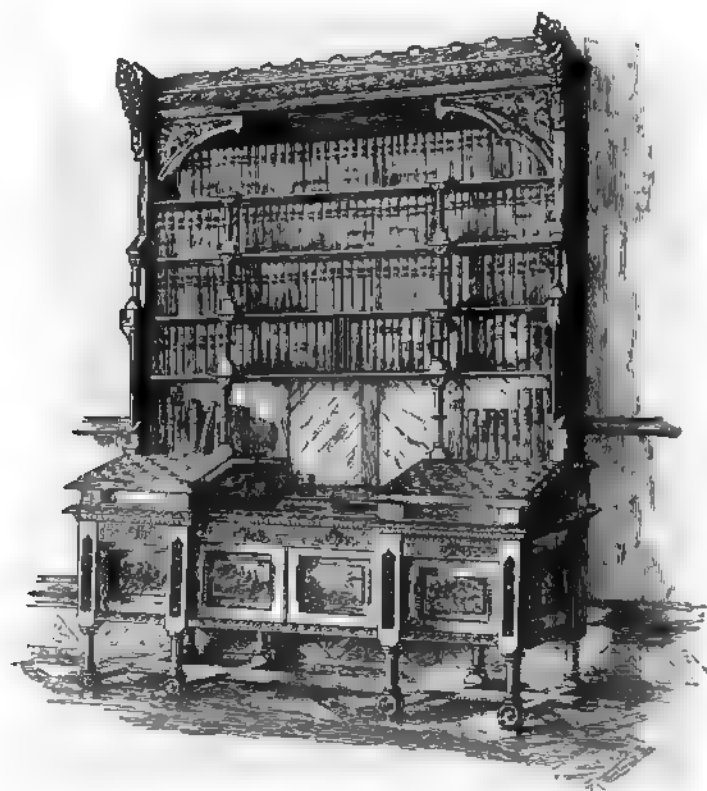
A REPRESENTATIVE of nineteenth-century civilization demands something of light, life, and beauty in his environment, unlike and superior to the conditions which satisfied his eighteenth-century ancestor. His clothing, furniture, house, and temple — allowing the latter to include all that meets the eye and reaches the ear therein — must be expressive of something less crude, ugly, and forbidding, and be more sympathetic, symmetrical, and appropriate, than that which satisfied, because it accorded with, an earlier civilization. To the Germans we are indebted for a word, *æsthetik*, which recognizes and expresses the craving for things of taste, beauty, and refinement, and the appreciation of them. *Æsthetic* culture demands that the useful shall be wedded to the beautiful, that mere utility shall not be accepted if it fails to meet the requirements of a cultured taste.

The enumeration of the arts of civilized life must, in the future, recognize *adornment* as one of the fine arts. Making, doing, and building — constructive arts — lack completion without adornment. As well think of atmosphere without light, nutriment without taste, or landscape without gradations of shade and color. According to our *æsthetic* status, will, of course, be our individual interpretation of what, under given conditions, would be permissible and appropriate adornment; but let it mean what, possibly, was in Jeremy Taylor's thought when he wrote of "stately adornings," "lovely adornings;" let it mean that which would make the useful thing beautiful in the estimate of the man, who, to reading, travel, and experience, adds a special knowledge of all notable adornment of past peoples and periods, and *that*, we claim, should be recognized as belonging to the hitherto unrecognized fine art of decoration. The *æsthetic* faculty, as it is developed, leads to the love, appreciation, and creation of the beautiful in *form*, *color*, and *tone* (with the emotional language, which reaches the soul through the *ear*, we are not here concerned). Assuming



MAHOGANY BEDSTEAD.

what can be readily shown, that decorative art depends for its success upon practice and development upon principles and rules, as certain and definable, within their limits, as are the laws that regulate expression in language or music, it would seem to follow that decoration should be recognized among the fine arts of civilization. Its place, rank, and importance are determined by the simple enumeration of the arts which make civilization and which mark the wide gap between it and barbarism.



MAHOGANY BOOKCASE.

The fine arts may be defined as consisting of certain necessary and desirable things, done in a fine, great, or grand way. We may write, speak, sing, paint, or build, and our work may not be art, — still less, fine art ; but let these things be done in so fine a way that humanity is moved and benefited by them, the achievement is recognized as fine art.

First in rank and importance is language, the written expression of thought in fittest words. Eloquent prose, or words, linked in rhythmic phrase, if clear, precise, appropriate, direct, and melodious, having respec

for etymology, grammar, logic, and the graces of rhetoric, constitute the fine art of written expression, the foremost art of civilization, but for which, strange to say, our language furnishes no name. We call it *language*, from



SITTING-ROOM DOOR AND CASING.

*lingua*; but thoughts may be *written*, and men may read, and be profoundly moved thereby, and no syllable of them ever be uttered aloud.

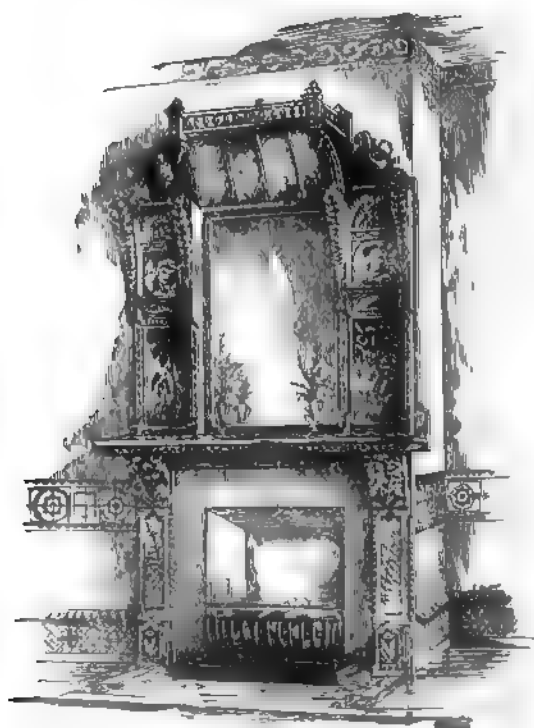
Next in natural sequence comes the fine art of speech, eloquence, the vocal expression of thought. When words, whether written or unwritten, are uttered in so fine a way that those who listen are moved thereby, that is eloquence. Fine art in vocal delivery must show mastery of correct

pronunciation and enunciation, correct time, proper intonation, graceful gesture (if any), and, more than all, effective modulation. When to these essentials the speaker adds dramatic fire and pathos, so that the hearers' deepest emotions are aroused and swayed, it will be an illustration of *eloquence*, — the fine vocal expression of thought.

To express in tone-writing strains which, when interpreted to the ear, inspire us with joyous, pathetic, devotional, patriotic, or melancholy emo-

tions, is the fine art of music, — the artistic written expression of tone-language. When we listen to the fine interpretation, by voice or instrument, of a great master's written tones, — it may be by a Jenny Lind in song, by a violin moved to utterance by Ole Bull, or by a hundred-instrument orchestra directed by Theodore Thomas, — it is an illustration of the fourth fine art, namely, that of *musical rendition*.

Sculpture, the expression of thought and emotion by relief form, is next in order. Sculpture should be classified before painting, because the actual



SITTING-ROOM MANTEL.

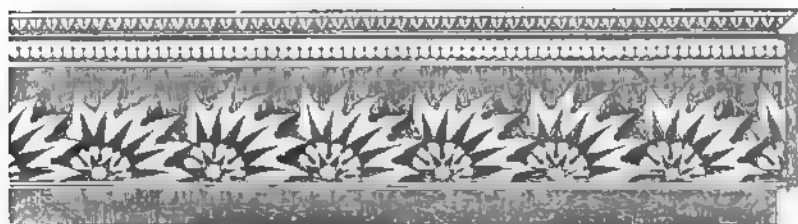
form must precede its surface representation, and because the realization of an ideal in relief — whether in clay, stone, marble, or bronze — is justly regarded as belonging to a higher grade of art (though not necessarily demanding more technical skill) than painting.

Painting is surface expression of form by line, tint, or color. It would be absurd, in our day, to limit the fine art of painting to color-work. The artist of the nineteenth century is not primarily a painter of devotional pictures for churches. Many a true artist caters to the amusement and edification of thousands of spectators, by a weekly or monthly presentation of incident and current history in line-and-point. We cannot but

admire the skill that can portray grades of countenance, from the human bear, hog, or fox, to the most refined facial expression, — and all, not unfrequently, within the diameter of a pea.

At this stage of the classification of man's fine work comes a grand art, and asks for recognition. It is the art that built the Pyramids ; the temples of Egypt, Greece, and Rome ; the baths, amphitheatres, circuses, coliseums, and arches of the Imperial City ; the indescribably beautiful cathedrals of mediæval Europe ; the mighty bridges of our own day, — those arches of stone and steel, the suspended cables, the beams of steel, crossing chasms and reared to heights heretofore undreamed of ; the modern steamship of twenty thousand horse-power ; and, not to be omitted from our enumeration of fine art in construction, the stately pile of Richardson's Norman suggestiveness which we proudly call the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce. The art that designs and rears these structures, which so skillfully and grandly meets the wants of modern civilization, claims recognition and a name among the fine arts as *construction*.

But construction is not all. The æsthetic faculty demands that the useful thing shall be beautiful. Utility is only half achieved if the useful thing be ugly and repellant. A house may be well built, and answer every requirement of shelter, comfort, and convenience, but it is unsatisfactory as a home if it looks unsightly and comfortless. We must beautify good construction, and add adornment to the necessities of life. The future will develop its own decoration. For the present, it is enough if we seek to make our adornment American by making it cosmopolitan, as is our civilization. We may avail ourselves of all suggestive and graceful forms which the skill and ingenuity of the past have created, not only for their beauty, but for their historical associations. We should rigidly eschew forms, however symmetrical, which are meaningless and absurd, as is much of Italian and French Renaissance decoration. Our decorative work must show progress and development as compared with the past, in being more varied and truthful in its interpretation of nature, whose forms are not only infinitely varied in texture, outline, and surface, but infinitely changeful in their sympathetic attitudes from day to day, and in one season as compared with another. In this inexhaustible field the decorative artist will find his work, and day by day may pursue it with increasing skill and an unfailling delight.



## VIII.

## HISTORY OF CINCINNATI EXPOSITIONS.

By MAJOR W. H. CHAMBERLIN.

THE organization and management of industrial expositions is a task of no mean proportions. Cincinnati claims to have not only accomplished it with success, but also to have shown marked individuality in her treatment of the problem. It would be an interesting inquiry to trace the effects upon the city of these exhibitions; but it would be a lengthening labor, as the ramifications are many and complex. Happily there are enough immediate and tangible results to establish the proposition, that, in the matter of expositions, Cincinnati has asserted her individuality. Music Hall, with its twin buildings on either side, forms the most striking monument, alike of its founders, and of that public spirit, that unselfish desire to help humanity, that patriotic impulse to build up the city, which is the legitimate outgrowth of the efforts and policy of Cincinnati in organizing and managing her exhibitions of industrial skill. It cannot be too strongly stated that the primal basis of all the Cincinnati expositions has been the public good. It will appear from the detailed history of these undertakings that there has never been a time when the object has been to earn money for the managers. Not one dollar of receipts has ever been put into the form of a dividend. When there has been a surplus, it has been advanced to the succeeding exposition, or has been put into permanent buildings. That idea of serving the public has always been dominant, and has always operated to entirely overpower all efforts to gain money for any other purpose than paying legitimate expenses or aiding future exhibitions.

Therefore, for as many years as these expositions have been held, all the people of Cincinnati have had before them shining examples of unselfish public spirit and of laudable local patriotism. In this money-getting and money-worshipping age, who shall say that such examples are not salutary? Why, when the permanent exposition buildings were in process of erection, and the leading founder, the beloved Reuben Springer, in his wisdom called on the public for assistance for their completion, the children of the public schools were permitted to give concerts with their massive child-choruses in aid of the enterprise, and thus they were all made to feel that they had a personal interest in the structures which were to be given for all time to public uses. When these children in their day become the Springers, the Longworths, the Sintons, the Probascos, the Groesbecks, or

the Wests of the future Cincinnati, shall they not be moved, as those men were, to found also public aids to humanity, such as Music Hall, the Art School, the Museum, the fountain, the park, or other good work?

Looking for the beginning, it may be fairly said, that, when Cincinnati was but fifty years old, the foundation was laid for her brilliant series of expositions by a devoted body of men organized as the Ohio Mechanics' Institute. The founders, it is true, saw not even an outline of the structure which was to follow their beginnings; yet it is but truth to say, that, but for the little Ohio Mechanics' Institute Fair of fifty years ago, and the wise policy then adopted, the present magnificent Centennial Exposition would have lacked its chief element of strength. "The Fair," as the exhibition of June, 1838, was called, was held in a building only recently demolished, known as Madame Trollope's Bazaar, on the south side of Third Street, east of Broadway. To show how small was the beginning, it may be said that the entire expense of this first fair was \$290.47, and the receipts amounted to \$1,276.27. This result, small as it now seems, was highly satisfactory to the committee of managers, and it served to stimulate the committee in charge of the next year's fair to make known the object of these exhibitions. They declared it to be "to bring before the people specimens of the products of home industry, that both the merchant and the consumer may see at one view the variety and quality of our manufactures." It was true then, as it has been always, that enterprise kept ahead of fame, and that many "products of home industry" were unknown to the masses of home people, and that the fair or the exposition was necessary to give to both producer and consumer that knowledge which was of value to both. That committee of 1839, which seems to have been composed of philosophers, said also in its circular, "By a general union, and a common effort to support domestic labor on fair and liberal principles, we may command the best talent and skill, not only of our own country, but of Europe." So said the wise men of 1839,—men whose memories linger yet among their successors, to whom it has been given to see the proposition of 1839 abundantly demonstrated. The committee of that year consisted of G. C. Miller, George Graham, jun., D. F. Meader, G. Muscroft, and J. Bonsall.

The exhibitions or fairs of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute were kept up with varying success until the year 1859, except that the prevalence of cholera in the year 1849 prevented holding one in that year. Among the notable things first publicly shown in these fairs was the steam fire-engine,—the second engine of the kind ever made. This was shown by the inventor, Mr. A. B. Latta of Cincinnati, in the year 1854.

After the year 1859 the Mechanics' Institute fairs ceased, owing to the excitement and general disturbance of all things caused by the civil war. In 1869, however, the Wool Growers' Association of the North-West gave a



Textile Fabric Exposition in Cincinnati, in a building on Vine Street, built for business purposes. The exhibit was so full, occupying all the floors of the large building, and awakened so much public interest, though it only continued four days, that something of the old feeling was aroused in Cincinnati. So, with the quickened energies of the years following the war, and with broader views based on the idea of the old fairs of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, the beginning of the later and larger expositions was made when, on Sept. 11, 1869, Mr. A. T. Goshorn, in the Board of Trade, offered resolutions favoring annual expositions, the first one to be held in the year 1870. A week later the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce took action on the matter, and shortly afterward appointed a committee to represent that body in an industrial exposition. Mr. Goshorn and his associates proposed to have joint action by the three bodies, — the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Ohio Mechanics' Institute. The last-named body, on Oct. 5, resolved to hold "a grand industrial exhibition during the fall of 1870," and appointed a committee on location. It took formal action for uniting the three bodies named above in the enterprise; and subsequently the three committees held conferences, until, in March, 1870, they resolved to consolidate into one general committee for the purpose of holding "the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of manufactures, products, and arts, in the year 1870."

It may be profitable to dwell for a moment on the plan of this Exposition, which, in its general and distinguishing features, has been followed in all the expositions which have given fame to Cincinnati. The plan marks in strong light the individuality of Cincinnati in managing her expositions. Observe that primal action was taken by three prominent Cincinnati organizations of a public character, none of which were organized to earn money for stockholders. They were the Cincinnati Board of Trade, the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, and the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce. Each body was represented by a committee of five members, chosen for their fitness for the duties of the office, and for their zeal in the accomplishment of the work. The members of these committees received no salary whatever, although a heavy draught was made on their time, and many of them, besides, became personally liable for a share of any losses that might be incurred. In the nature of things, an exposition organized in this way could only be a public trust. There was no private beneficiary; and, no matter how much the receipts exceeded the expenses, there was nobody entitled to dividends. Under this form of organization it was found that the committee-men, or commissioners as they came to be called, put all their energies into this honorable work, and earned their reward in the honor given them for their self-denying labor. To be thought worthy to fill the office of exposition commissioner, became a distinguished honor.

The Exposition of 1870 was understood from the beginning to be on a

scale of magnitude far beyond the fairs of the Institute. It was under the care of three great bodies instead of one, and its scope was to be accordingly enlarged. As a beginning, for a financial basis, each of the three bodies appropriated a thousand dollars for the exhibition fund. Acting upon a suggestion made by a committee of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute in the year 1868, the commissioners solicited subscriptions to a guaranty fund of twenty-four thousand dollars. The form of subscription was a note by the guarantor for the amount of his individual guaranty, payable to the Exposition Commissioners only in case the receipts of the exposition failed to pay the expenses, and then only in proportion to the amount of the deficit. The banks of the city agreed among themselves to advance money to the commissioners on these notes, and thus money was available for expenses before any was received from admission fees or other regular sources.

The National Saengerfest was held in Cincinnati in the year 1870, and a massive wooden building was built for it on the old Orphan Asylum lot on Elm Street, opposite Washington Park. It was the largest hall in the West at the time, being capable of seating ten thousand people. The commissioners contributed five thousand dollars to the expense of the hall; and when the Saengerfest was ended, the hall became city property, and was turned over to the Exposition Commissioners for their use. Large as it was, it was too small for the plans of the commissioners; and they built two additions on the sides of the main hall, until they measured their exhibiting space by the acre. The entire space covered seven acres. The magnitude of their plan was then unequalled, except in great international events; but the space was all filled with interesting exhibits, and the exhibition was kept open from Sept. 21 till Oct. 22. The general price of admission was but twenty-five cents. When the exhibition closed it was found that more than three hundred thousand visitors had passed through the gates; that the receipts were \$53,947.08, and that the balance, after paying all expenses, was \$1,533.22. Not only was the city delighted with the great success, but a wide interest was aroused throughout the country whence visitors by thousands were drawn to the great exposition. There was no question as to the wisdom of a second effort; and, following the same general plan, expositions were held in each of the years 1871 to 1875 inclusive, not always with perfect financial success, but with no assessments on the guarantors. None was held in the year 1876, on account of the great Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia; but it was a high compliment to the Cincinnati plan and management, that as early as the year 1872, the Philadelphia commissioners visited the great Cincinnati Exposition of that year, studied its details carefully, and afterward chose for the important office of director-general of their exhibition A. T. Goshorn of Cincinnati, then the president of the Cincinnati Board of Exposition Commissioners. It was

thus that Cincinnati found her fame appreciated, as it was also fully justified in the eminent success of the Philadelphia Centennial under Mr. Goshorn's management.

Meantime Music Hall had been built as one of the outgrowths of the awakening caused by the expositions, and to it were added two massive wings especially designed for exposition purposes. In the year 1879 was held the most notable exposition of the series, when the exhibitors numbered more than one thousand, the visitors counted four hundred and twenty-three thousand, and the receipts exceeded the expenses by \$20,000. Expositions were held annually after this until the year 1886, which closed the series to give opportunity for preparation for the Centennial Exposition of 1888.

In all the history of these events, there was but one call upon the guarantors. That was in the year 1885, when the deficit reached \$22,000. The assessment was promptly paid; and the next year another guaranty fund was raised, and the Exposition closed with a clear profit of \$6,000.

Though the present Centennial Exposition is national in its scope, it is under Cincinnati management, upon the same general plan of its predecessors. A guaranty fund of 1,050,000 dollars was obtained in Cincinnati, showing the confidence of the people in the success of the enterprise. If its financial outcome proves to be in proportion to its magnitude and its interests, their confidence will not be misplaced.



FOUNTAIN GROUP

## IX.

**CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE.**

By CHARLES THEODORE GREVE.

CINCINNATI is well provided with clubs. The peculiar physical configuration of the site of the city has, perhaps, had its influence on the number and character of the clubs, as well as on the location of the principal club-houses. As is well known, Cincinnati is a collection of suburban towns, gathered together about a central city which is readily accessible to each of the suburbs; the suburbs themselves, however, being comparatively difficult of access one from the other. As a result, all conveniences for the common benefit must be located in the central city, and so it is with the clubs. Furthermore, the fact that the main residence portion of the city is in the suburbs, at a considerable distance from the common centre, has tended to the establishment of clubs for special purposes which bring together the members on regular nights, rather than to the development of the purely social club.

Therefore, while the city has a number of very excellent social clubs which are successful, the literary and scientific clubs have received an unusual degree of attention. It will be impossible, in a sketch of this sort, to mention the long list of political or professional clubs in detail, but in this respect the city is not backward. About all that can be done is to speak of those clubs that are more or less characteristic, without any attempt at special arrangement or sequence.

The object of the Historical and Philosophical Society is indicated by its name. It is very pleasantly located on Garfield Place, in quarters admirably adapted for the purposes of the club. Here can be found a very large collection of volumes and pamphlets on historical subjects, many of which cannot be duplicated. The pamphlets alone number between forty thousand and fifty thousand, and contain a mine of information about the early history of this region, which is full of romance and adventure. Every facility is here present for thorough research; and already we have, as one offering to the society, the very excellent translation of Mr. E. F. Bliss, of the diary of David Zeisberger, a Moravian missionary who travelled throughout this section in the early days, and noted all facts of interest in his journal. There can be no better depository for old manuscripts or family records, throwing light on the history of the neighboring country, than is offered by this society, where every thing is care-

fully arranged and preserved, and in time properly edited if worthy or permanent treatment.

A club of a similar character, but different in its particular scope, is the Natural History Society, located on Broadway. This society has quite an extensive museum, and is doing much to stimulate interest in the natural characteristics of the surrounding country. The society has regular meetings, at which papers of a scientific character are read and discussed. Through the efforts of this organization, much valuable information and many interesting specimens of our fauna, flora, and geological characteristics have been gathered, and here made accessible to the student of natural history. Connected with the club is a section devoted to photographic work, which has made for itself a considerable place in the affections of the people. Regular club excursions in the field, to the various points of beauty and interest about the neighborhood, have resulted in the acquisition of an excellent collection of beautiful views, which, supplemented by plates obtained by exchange with other similar societies, furnish the material for an annual exhibit of remarkable variety and excellent workmanship.

Another feature of the Natural History Society is a regular short course of popular scientific lectures, open to the public at large. It was the intention of the late Dr. Walter Dun, whose recent death was a severe loss to our community, to so enlarge this course as to make it embrace several series of popular scientific lectures on various subjects, that should resemble in their main features the Lowell Institute courses in Boston, and give to the people of this community an opportunity of receiving elementary scientific instruction, such as hardly comes within the ordinary college course. It is to be hoped that this idea will be taken up by some worthy successor of Dr. Dun in the Natural History Society, as that organization is best suited to carry such a scheme to a successful result.

A regular winter course of Sunday-afternoon lectures, open to the public at a nominal fee, is a very successful feature of the Unity Club. At these gatherings, usually held in the Grand Opera House, are heard during the winter some of the best lecturers in the country. The price of admission is put at so low a figure that the hall is always crowded. Through the efforts of Librarian A. W. Whelpley, of the Public Library, the lectures have become a permanent feature of the life of the city. This is but one of the purposes of the Unity Club, which is not confined in its membership to either sex. Throughout the winter, on Wednesday evenings, a regular course of exercises is carried out. One night it is a lecture by one of the members on some literary subject, the next night a debate, the following night an amateur dramatic performance or an opera, and so on throughout the year. The lectures are to some extent so arranged that they form a connected whole on some subject, each member being assigned a particular branch of the topic under study for treatment. The membership of the

club is very large, and its influence far-reaching. A new club that expects to make a strong place for itself in the club-life of the city, is the Engineers' Club, organized in the early part of this year. The club already has over sixty members, although its requirements as to admission are somewhat severe. The principal object of the club, of course, is the advancement of engineering and the promotion of social intercourse among the members. A club that for the present is dormant is the Musical Club. Its activity is suspended, but it is hoped that it will some day awaken to a broader and fuller life. The club had very handsome rooms with all facilities for amusement, such are supposed to be the proper accompaniments of a social club. The great feature was the gathering on Sunday afternoons, and on one evening of the week, of a large number of members, when music was plenty, and was made more palatable to those not so seriously inclined, by the presence of refreshments of a light character. Gentlemen alone used to be entitled to membership ; but in time the custom grew of having regular "socials" at which the sisters, cousins, and aunts were allowed to be present. The distinguishing feature of the club was the opportunity afforded for the exchange of views on the subject in which it was most interested, by a class of men whom it is often difficult to bring together. The club had a very good reason for existence, and can ill be spared.

While on the subject of music, the Women's, or, as I believe it is called, the Ladies' Musical Club, must not be forgotten. As the name indicates, woman alone here reigns supreme, and it is only on the occasion of the annual receptions that rude mankind is admitted to the inner portals. Those who have obtained admission to these receptions, however, will join in giving full meed of praise to the character of entertainment that is offered. Those that heard the performances of the last few years cannot be too enthusiastic in their appreciation of the thorough work that the club has done.

The journalists of the city have recently gathered themselves together into a Press Club, which has been furnished with very handsome quarters in the buildings of the Centennial Exposition. The rooms are arranged with every convenience, and afford the working journalist a private nook of his own in the midst of so much busy life.

The Cuvier Club has its location on Longworth Street. This club is organized for the purpose of protecting the fish and game of the country by procuring the passage of "game-laws," and for the cultivation of whist. The club claims to make the best laws, to catch the best fish and game in season, and to have in its membership the best whist-players, of this section. It is certain that the work of the club has been of great value in keeping before the public and the various legislatures the great danger that arose from the indiscriminate pursuit of game and fish ; and it has been indefatigable in its efforts to procure the enactment and enforce-

ment of suitable laws, so that it is not strange that the fish of the streams about and the birds of the air prefer to fall victims to the cunning hand of some Cuvier member. The building of the club is excellently designed for the purposes to which it is put, with a large room for a museum above, where are trophies of the chase, and social rooms below.

Of purely social clubs, the city has four large ones. The Allemania and the Phoenix are limited entirely to those of Jewish extraction, and are fitted up with every appointment that good taste and comfort can suggest. Card-rooms, billiard-rooms, and dining-rooms are plenty; and each club has a large hall with a stage, which is used for balls and receptions and for entertainments by members of the clubs.

The Queen City Club has the handsomest club building, and here are gathered the men of wealth of the city. It is arranged to answer every demand that can be made on the modern social club. Billiard-rooms, card-rooms, reading-rooms, and reception-rooms are plenty, and the club's table is noted for its excellence. A ladies' department is attached, which is enjoyed by the wives and daughters of members. The club has also apartments for the accommodation of such of its members as wish to lodge within its walls.

A club within the Queen City Club is the Thirteen Club, which seats itself at the thirteenth hour of the thirteenth day of each month, at tables surrounded by thirteen diners, and eats thirteen courses and drinks thirteen wines (I suppose), and pays for its accommodation in multiples of thirteen dollars and cents.

A club that has devoted itself to dining is the Ananias Club. The object of this club is good-fellowship and the promotion of truth. It numbers among its members newspaper-men, artists, doctors, lawyers, and musicians. The club has been in the habit of meeting at somewhat irregular intervals, whenever the occasion seemed to warrant a meeting. It has no constitution, and but one officer, whose business it is to attend to whatever business he can find. At its dinners there rests in the centre of the table the original hatchet used by G. Washington in his famous cherry-tree difficulty, surmounted by the skull of Ananias. The annual meeting is held on Washington's Birthday, whether on account of an admiration for the Father of our Country, or by reason of an implied doubt in the famous episode just referred to, it is unseemingly for any one to suggest.

The Country Club has a very comfortable place near Carthage, with a convenient club-house and large grounds, where can be had tennis, shooting, or any sport that suits the fancy. It is sufficiently far from the city to make a pleasant ride or drive, and the members and their friends are not slow to avail themselves of this opportunity.

The University Club possesses probably the most attractive site in the city proper. The club's home is at the corner of Fourth Street and Broad-



way, at the point where the widening of Broadway gives an uninterrupted view down to the river. The membership is limited to college men, and about all the principal colleges in the country are represented. The various conveniences of a social club are at hand, and an excellent table is set at a very moderate price. As with the Queen City Club, a large number of the members lunch here regularly.

This short sketch must come to an end with a mention of two of the city's most characteristic clubs: the U. C. D. and the Literary Club. The U. C. D. is a club of ladies and gentlemen organized in the year 1866 for the purpose of furnishing regular entertainment of a literary character to the members. It meets at the houses of the members and the entertainment comprises the reading of essays, music, and theatricals, the final meeting of each year being an outing at the house of some member in the country. It is mainly a Mount Auburn club, although its members are drawn from the whole city.

The Literary Club is the oldest club of its kind in the country, its first meeting having been held on Oct. 29, 1849. Among those present at that meeting were the present Justice Stanley Matthews, and A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress. The club was devoted to the discussion, by means of essays and debates, of the leading social, political, and literary topics of the time. Rutherford B. Hayes was elected a member on Feb. 2, 1850; and on March 9 of that year, acting as chairman, he decided in the negative on the merits of the argument of the question, "Has the agitation of the slavery question in the North been of any advantage?" On the merits of the question also, itself, the club voted in the negative. On April 13 and 20 of the same year, the question was, "Are there causes at present existing from which we have reason to fear the dissolution of the Federal Union?" Mr. Hayes, with others, spoke in the negative on this question, which was decided in the negative by both the president and the club. This same year Ralph Waldo Emerson lectured before the club, on "England and her Men of Letters." These are but few of the many questions revealed by a reading of the minutes of the club, which have been carefully kept up to date. Among its members have been, besides those already mentioned, Buchanan Read, Salmon P. Chase, Fred' Hassaurek, O. P. Morton, George B. McClellan, W. F. Poole, Gen. John Pope, Donn Piatt, J. B. Stallo, M. D. Conway, E. F. Noyes, A. Taft, and many others whose names are well known. At the outbreak of the war, the club organized itself into the Burnet Rifles, and for a time the literary exercises were stopped. The exercises at present consist of the reading of papers by the members, the custom of selecting a question for general debate having been abandoned. It has always been the custom to invite visitors to the club; and on the visitors' list is to be found a very interesting collection of autographs of the various distinguished men who have partaken of the hospitalities of the club.



## X.

## POLITICAL REMINISCENCES OF CINCINNATI.

BY HON. JOB E. STEVENSON.

BEFORE the Revolution the Northwest Territory was the most inviting field for emigration. French claims and Indian occupation had kept the pioneers in check until the conquest of Canada and the treaty with France removed the chief obstacle. The Indian resistance would have been easily overcome, had not the war with England given the red men white allies, and taxed the energies of the American people so severely. Yet inveterate pioneers like Boone, who preferred the life in the woods to that of the city or of the field, pressed on over the mountains into Western Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and through Kentucky, reaching the Ohio River.

When the struggle for independence ended, and the "Northwest" was included in the United States, the pioneers entered the "territory" with arms in their hands, and sent back such accounts of its fertility and beauty that the whole country was moved by the descriptions of "the land of promise." The part most accessible was what is now Ohio, bounded by Lake Erie and the Ohio River, and drained and watered by numerous rivers flowing into the lake and into the Ohio, covered with forests, with here and there a small prairie, filled with game, and occupied by a sparse population of Indians enough to give the spice of danger to settlement. The river gave easy entrance on the east and south, and far-seeing men in the States fixed their thoughts upon its course.

A land company was formed in Massachusetts, which selected a tract at the mouth of the Muskingum River. Virginia, in releasing her claim, reserved a large and fertile tract lying in the southern centre, between the Scioto and Little Miami Rivers, then supposed to be the best land in the territory. This left but one eligible tract bordering on the Ohio River, — that between the two Miamis. It is one of the strange accidents of history, that this tract, so left by those who chose first and second, was not only the best part of Ohio, but the best part of the Northwest Territory. When John Cleves Symmes, member of the Continental Congress from New Jersey, prompted by the pioneer Stites, purchased this land, he did not know its value; but the world was not long in finding it out, and the fame of its richness and beauty soon filled the Republic and extended to Europe, so that Ohio was most widely and favorably known as "the Miami Country."

A slight knowledge of Ohio and Kentucky will convince any one that the situation of the Miami Purchase was the more advantageous. The Licking River, opposite the purchase, gave an outlet from Kentucky for two hundred miles; and the dividing ridge called "Dry Ridge," which stretches from Central Kentucky to the Ohio at Covington, formed a natural road without a bridge for fifty miles, and then, crossing a small stream, entered that Eden called "the Blue-Grass Region," of which Lexington was then, as she still is, the capital. This route was then the way from Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and the Carolinas, as it is now the line of our Southern Railroad track.

Between the Miamis, up the valley of Mill Creek, was a corresponding route from the Ohio River northeast, extending to the watershed of the State. Here was the crossing of the river, the thoroughfare north and south, north-east and south-west, at the point of embarkation and debarkation to and from the Ohio. Add the fact of the unrivalled fertility of the Miami Country and of the Blue Grass Region, and we have an assemblage of excellences which have been rarely, if ever, equalled.

The Miami Purchase has a frontage on the Ohio of more than twenty miles. The land at the mouths of the rivers lies very low, and the mouth of Mill Creek is a wide low bottom. For several miles south of Mill Creek the hills approach too near the river; but several miles below they recede, leaving high rolling table-land, which seems admirably adapted for the site of a great city. It was on this plateau that Symmes located his city. Stites took land at the mouth of the Little Miami, and founded Columbia; and it remained for new-comers to settle under them, or take what was left. This was the bench and plain on which Losantiville was located. This was another accident. Symmes's site, though in itself admirable, was too far down the river, miles below the Licking, and the road from Kentucky, and that into Ohio. If he had succeeded in establishing a city there, commerce would have been forced eight or ten miles out of the way, and a high-road along the river, above flood-mark, with a permanent bridge over Mill Creek, would have been a first necessity. Columbia was placed on ground so low that the first flood destroyed her hopes.

Fondness for romance has led local historians to give importance to an anecdote which charges the failure of Symmes's city to the witchery of a woman's eyes. This may have been the charm which enabled an army officer to see clearly the advantages of the situation of Losantiville for a national fort, which with its garrison gave security, and so drew timid immigrants away from other places; but the destiny of the "Queen of the West" was not dependent on such causes. The natural conditions, overlooked by the proprietors, determined the position. It is the first rule of good policy, to make use of natural advantages; and the men who took up

the neglected spot, and projected a city there, were in their day the best politicians in the West. They laid the foundations of their fortunes and power most wisely and well. Yet the fortunate owners of this site did not know the real value of their holding, and proceeded to give away ground as bounty to settlers. There were no wealthy or dignified proprietors, no social or moral lawgivers, no moneyed aristocracy, the first settlers were on a level. Losantiville was the first democracy in the new constitutional republic of the North-West. This is the key to the politics of Cincinnati. In the beginning the settlers became free citizens of a community organized by laws framed under the ordinance of 1787, which provided for republican government without slavery. In leaving their States all comers left behind them their State politics, and in settling in the North-West they accepted and adopted the politics of the Territory. They became Americans, republicans. If they had ever been Tories, or State's-rights partisans, they ceased to be such, and became patriots and Union men. So long as the Territorial Governor and the garrison remained at Fort Washington, there were outside elements of aristocracy, and after these were removed their influence continued to be felt; but this was re-active rather than positive. The arbitrary manners and policy of the governor and military had provoked opposition, and generated the spirit of resistance; so that from a very early day the prevailing sentiment was republican, tending to democracy.

Gov. St. Clair had re-named the city, and called it Cincinnati. Symmes named the county Hamilton. The fort was called Washington. Yet when the governor was gone, and the fort was sold, and Washington was dead, the people turned their hearts to Jefferson. Even while the fort was here, when the officers celebrated the Fourth of July with military pomp, the populace gathered on the landing, fired cannon, and went to the tavern to celebrate the day with a dash of red-republicanism. There was irritation between the people and the military, which broke out in riotous conflicts. The citizens of Cincinnati gave early proof of that characteristic spirit of independence which makes them prone to judge the law, and condemn it if they find it unjust, or on occasion to take the administration of the law in their own hands. This they have done several times, rightly or wrongly, during the century; and will probably do it again, unless they change their character and temper.

The first immigrants were from all sections of the country: New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and the South; and as these States had been settled from different nations of Europe, the later immigrants from abroad did not change the composite character of the city, but only gave more emphasis to its distinctive elements; so that the average and aggregate Cincinnati was a fair sample of the American, who was then, as he still is, an ideal, average, aggregate European, bettered by composition of blood and superior surroundings.

The city soon became what it still is, a cosmopolitan community. An early observer was surprised to hear several languages spoken at the same time in the streets.

Mrs. Trollope says : "There were no large fortunes, — no citizens so rich that they were not obliged to be active to preserve and improve their estates, — and no pauper families." Dr. Drake says that industry was a "characteristic quality." The mass of the people were thrifty mechanics, owning their own property. Yet from the beginning there were people of learning, talent, and genius ; and every liberal profession and every branch of business always had members who would have been noted and distinguished in any part of the world. While the city was not too large for all the citizens to know each other, men of ability and public spirit enjoyed high reputation, and exercised great influence ; and from among such the people chose their officers and leaders. Thus the public men of Cincinnati have, like the city, had more than proportionate weight and power in state and national councils. And the city has never asked the State, the nation, or her neighbors, for any favor which has not been accorded, from the first improved highway to the Southern Railroad.

To call the roll of public servants who have gained distinction by honorable service, would be to recall the history of a century, from St. Clair and Symmes, the Revolutionary patriots and soldiers, to citizens now serving with high honor in exalted stations at home and abroad. Let it suffice to illustrate the movement of the pendulum of public opinion to and fro across this political centre, by recalling some of the winners and losers in the lists of honor, whose names were battle-cries in the successive struggles which have marked a century of progress. A few examples will serve to show how closely and firmly the people of this central city have adhered to the middle line of American policy, the golden mean of public safety. They have always been republican tending towards democracy, or democratic becoming republican (these words are used in their true, philosophic, and not in any temporary partisan sense).

If this view is confined to those who have filled representative offices, it is not for want of material in other lines, but only because one thing must be done at a time. It is well known, that in every stage of the growth of the city there have been able and influential men in both parties who have refused office, yet have been rulers, organizers, and directors. There have been others who held only administrative and judicial positions, and who, doing good service in their places, have exerted great influence in their parties. There have been editors of party journals who were the real rulers. There have been leaders in all professions who have dominated beyond their special callings. There have been citizens, merchants, bankers, business men of all classes, who have gained great popular power, and exercised it for the public weal. All these are worthy subjects of history,

and justice should be done to their memory ; but our view is limited, and from among the representative politicians we can choose only a few. It may be justly said that others not named were more worthy. Let it be hoped, then, that their merits will be duly appreciated.

The first national representative officer of the Territory was William H. Harrison, the first delegate to Congress. He was a gallant young Virginian, who had come West with a soldier's commission from Washington, had served as Territorial Secretary, and was highly qualified to promote the public interests. Congress was well aware of the importance of his trust, the public lands being the most promising source of revenue. The rapid settlement of the West was the best evidence of national vitality : military operations were almost exclusively in that region. The delegate performed his duties well, and rendered great service not only to his constituents, but to the whole country. He promoted the improvement in the land system by which the public lands were surveyed and sold in fractions of sections, so that settlers of limited means could purchase small farms and secure homes. He was afterwards governor of the Indiana Territory ; Indian agent ; and general commanding in the War of 1812, in which he gained the signal victories over the British and Indian forces which immortalized his name ; a member of Congress ; senator from Ohio ; American minister to Colombia ; and, after an interval of retirement, a candidate for the Presidency in the year 1836 ; then clerk of Hamilton County ; and finally, in the year 1840, President-elect. His election was the crowning triumph of a most enthusiastic campaign. His happy inauguration was quickly followed by his sudden death, which ended a career so glorious that it is wonderful, even in America. His popularity survives, and last year we voted him an equestrian statue.

One of the first United-States senators from Ohio was John Smith of Columbia. He was a Democrat (then called Republican), an able man, and is believed to have been faithful ; but he was charged with complicity with Burr. The charge was investigated by the Senate, on a resolution to expel, which failed by one vote ; and he afterward resigned. His enemies regarded him as a heart-broken man ; but, as he lived to be eighty-one years old, we may conclude that he was sustained by a good conscience.

Jacob Burnet was one of the political founders of the Territory and State ; an early settler in Cincinnati ; a member of the Territorial Council, the Constitutional Convention, the State Legislature ; judge of the Supreme Court ; United-States senator, and member of the first Whig convention (which nominated Gen. Harrison for President). He was the most influential man in the convention, and did more than any other member to secure the result. Burnet was a firm national man from the first. When asked his politics, he would smile, and say, "I am a Federalist."

The first member of Congress from Ohio was Jeremiah Morrow, elected

in the year 1802 as a Republican, and re-elected until the year 1812. He was chosen senator, and then governor of Ohio. He was State Canal Commissioner, and succeeded Corwin in Congress in the year 1840. He died in the year 1852, at the ripe age of eighty-two years, after a life of public usefulness which has rarely been equalled. Being a Democrat, yet in favor of public improvements, he was able to promote most efficiently the State system of canals ; and when the railroad era came, he entered heartily into that field.

He was succeeded in Congress by John McLean, elected in the year 1812 as a "war Democrat," over a number of competitors representing the factions into which the opposition was divided. McLean was re-elected in the year 1814, and was afterward judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio. He was appointed postmaster-general by Monroe, and continued under Adams, and when Jackson came in he requested McLean to continue ; on his declining, Jackson offered him the portfolio of war, and then that of the navy, and finally nominated him justice of the Supreme Court. He was a man of strong, earnest character, and filled every position well. He had high ambition, looking to the Presidency, and cherished hopes in that direction even while on the supreme bench.

In the year 1822 James W. Gazley was elected to Congress as a Jackson Free-State man, defeating Gen. Harrison, who was for Adams. But Gazley lost popularity by voting to reduce the allowance of Lafayette ; furnishing an example of a man rising on the popularity of one hero, and falling through the popularity of another. He was succeeded by James Findlay, another Jackson man, who served for several terms.

Among the public men of Cincinnati there were none more brilliant than the Lytles. Robert T. Lytle was elected in the year 1832 as a friend and favorite of Jackson. He was a man of great capacity and high promise, yet before the term was out the tide began to turn against Jackson ; and in the year 1834, after a warm contest, Lytle was defeated by Bellamy Storer by a bare majority of a hundred and four votes. Jackson, who never forsook a friend, appointed Lytle surveyor-general of Ohio.

Bellamy Storer, whose genial presence on the bench is one of the most agreeable memories of the bar, was in his youth a most popular and winning man, toasted by his companions as "gay, witty, humorous, and wild." He matured in sobriety and ripened wisdom, until, presiding in the Superior Court of Cincinnati, where he served for a long series of years, he was the ideal popular judge, a perfect lawyer, yet with enough of the juices of human nature to wish well to what seemed to him the right side of a case on trial ; and with such mental force and magnetic power that it was almost impossible for counsel, however able and adroit, to carry a jury against him.

Storer was succeeded in Congress by Dr. Duncan, a Democrat, elected in the year 1836 with Van Buren, re-elected in the year 1838, and defeated



in the year 1840 in the Harrison campaign by Nathaniel Pendleton, a Whig. Pendleton was an able lawyer, a friend of Corwin, of dark complexion and brilliant eyes and curling hair, genial, eloquent, and popular. He was re-elected in the year 1842, over Haines (independent) and Lewis (who then first appeared as an abolition candidate, and received four hundred and seventy-four votes).

Pendleton was succeeded by Farran, a good Democrat, a business-man, afterwards an owner in the "Cincinnati Enquirer;" and he was followed by David T. Disney, a bright and able lawyer, native of Baltimore, who was elected over Straight and Lewis. Then came Timothy C. Day, J. Scott Harrison, Whigs and men of mark.

The next term was signalized by the services of two remarkable men, Democrats and natives of Cincinnati, — George H. Pendleton and William S. Groesbeck. They are both living, and have gained such distinctions as will entitle them to high eulogy whenever their records may be closed. Groesbeck's Congressional career was ended by his defeat at the next election, but he has continued in the public service both in the city and nation. His report on the currency is a paper of great value, and his argument before the Senate on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson was perhaps the most solid and convincing presentation of that great cause. Pendleton served for several terms, including the period of the war; and, while he had many trying issues presented for his vote, his sagacity and popularity, and his many graceful accomplishments, enabled him to survive all trials, to be nominated by his party for Vice-President, and, though defeated, be elected senator from Ohio, and sent as minister to Germany. He was beaten in his last race for Congress by that political phenomenon, Benjamin Eggleston.

Mr. Groesbeck had beaten, and was in turn beaten by, John A. Gurley, an ardent Republican, a Universalist minister and editor, a man of versatile capacity, genial and popular to the highest degree, well qualified to handle the moral element which then controlled politics — the slavery question. After a short residence in Washington he admitted that he had some doubts about the possibility of universal salvation. Probably these doubts were increased in the year 1862, when he was beaten by Alexander Long. The soldiers in the field were not yet allowed to vote, and the reverses of the war had caused such a re-action at home that the Democracy carried the election.

Alexander Long was a man of such faculties and bearing, that, so far as the contest was personal, he was a full match for Gurley. A good lawyer, tall, handsome, vigorous, genial, and kindly, with sparkling blue eyes, a rosy face, a grand head crowned with such ringlets of auburn hair as Jove might have envied, fine teeth, an irresistible smile, a clear musical voice, he was plausible in statement and persuasively eloquent. There was no

general surprise at Gurley's defeat ; but that gentleman, who had just entered a congenial career, was heart-broken. Mr. Lincoln appointed him governor of Arizona ; but on the way to his post, he died. Mr. Long entered Congress on this victory, — acting, no doubt, with good motives. Believing that the war for the Union was hopeless, he took the hazardous step of offering a resolution recognizing the Southern Confederacy. Instantly he gained world-wide notoriety. A motion to expel him failed only after a long and bitter debate ; and, of course, he was not returned. The face of the war changed ; Lincoln was re-elected ; and Alexander Long, the only disunionate Cincinnati ever elected, was succeeded in Congress by Rutherford B. Hayes, chosen while he was in active duty as a soldier in the field.

At the same election George E. Pugh was beaten by Benjamin Eggleston, a business man, who joined to the sagacity and adaptability essential to mercantile success in a large city, mental capacity to grasp political questions, and present them on the stump with practical force and homely humor ; an exhortative unction of manner and tone which was adapted to convince his hearers that it was their religious duty to support him ; and a hand-shaking power, both muscular and magnetic, comparable only to that of the "magnetic man" himself. These qualities, with a host of friends, enabled "Ben Eggleston" to beat George E. Pugh, one of the ablest and most eloquent lawyers and statesmen of any age, and George H. Pendleton, the perfection of popular public men, and to perform his duties in Congress with unusual success. He was himself beaten by another popular business man, Peter W. Strader, who made a quiet personal canvass "a still hunt." Strader had long been engaged on river steamboats and on railroads, and had hosts of friends, who considered his candidacy capital fun. When called out for a speech on a rainy night, he only said, "Never mind the weather, so the wind don't blow." This old nautical phrase put the people in good humor ; the campaign went off like a joke, and Strader was elected by a small majority. Eggleston contested, and might have succeeded but for an all-powerful personal friend, whom Strader had made by a kind act long before, who fixed the committee for the sitting member. The facts of this episode would be not "too tedious to mention," yet not quite in place in this paper.

Strader served one term, and was succeeded by Aaron F. Perry, a man of rare ability, who made a good record, and would have been a leader had he cared to remain in Congress ; but, perhaps wisely, preferring to keep his law practice, he resigned, and his term was completed by Ozro J. Dodds, a Democrat and a man of qualities somewhat in contrast with those of his predecessor. He was one of the best boon companions who ever went to Washington ; and though his legal and statesmanlike capacity was good, it was little exerted, while his good-fellowship shone forth, and



gained him instant and wide recognition. His non-return was generally regretted, though his successor, Milton Saylor, was in other ways ample compensation ; but we are now among contemporaries, and will return to the other branch of the dual Congressional field. In the year 1867, Gen. Hayes resigned his seat to make the race for governor of Ohio, leaving the greater part of his term unexpired. This vacancy caused an extraordinary contest.

Samuel F. Cary, a man of national reputation as a temperance and political orator, endowed with wonderful gifts of eloquence highly developed by long and varied practice in elocution, of fine presence and a voice of great power and compass, aspired to the nomination, and appeared to have the popular favor ; but the more judicious Republicans preferred the veteran editor, Richard Smith, a man who possessed and had long exercised on the public behalf all the faculties of sound common sense, good judgment, application, industry, perseverance, and thorough trustworthiness, which filled the other half of the sphere of human perfection which Gen. Cary seemed to lack. Smith was nominated ; Cary bolted, and, denouncing the convention, proclaimed himself as an independent Republican and workingman's candidate. The Democrats silently accepted him. This fight was hot and vigorous, and Cary, with the help of a section of the Republicans, was elected. He was jubilant, and the Democrats almost equally so, as they hoped to gain him over when he took his seat and found no place for an independent member. This hope was realized, and next year Cary was beaten ; and in the year 1870 he was beaten again. In the year 1872, the Liberal Republicans nominated Gen. Banning, a Republican soldier. The Democrats voted for him, and so defeated Gen. Hayes.

Gen. Banning was a politician of rare powers in a canvass. He gained the name of "Buttonhole Banning" by his winning way of gaining over voters by personal application and genial persuasion. He was justly proud of his victories over Hayes and Stanley Matthews, whom also he defeated.

The uncertainty of politics is proven by the fact that the defeat of each of these men by Banning was a benefit. If Banning had not defeated Hayes for Congress, Hayes would not have beaten Allen for governor, and without that victory Hayes would not have been President ; and if Banning had not beaten Matthews for Congress, Matthews would not have been chosen senator, and might never have been Justice of the Supreme Court.

Banning was succeeded by Thomas L. Young, a gallant soldier, a true patriot, and a faithful, honest public servant. He was governor of Ohio when the riots occurred, in which so many States called for aid from the National Government. Young was advised to call for aid. He said, "Not until the last man in Ohio is whipped." That bold word stopped the panic. There was no fighting in Ohio.

**"THE OTHER BOARDER."**

By J. K. LUDLUM.

"Tom, dear, do, like a good fellow, direct this ticket for my trunk," called pretty Nell Rivers one morning in early summer, as she sat in the midst of dainty laces and muslins, drawing-materials and novels, her soft brown hair curling in damp little rings around her flushed face.

"Bother the girls!" Tom exclaimed, pushing his hat on the back of his head as he entered the room, — his cravat-bow under one ear, one cuff off, the other wrong side before. "What is it now, Nell?"

"Tom, don't be cross just when I am going to leave you to your own devices for eight long, delightful weeks," Nell said coaxingly. "Also, please take off your hat, pull your cravat around, and — Where is your other cuff?"

"Oh, I don't know! What difference does it make, anyhow? That's the way with girls, they're always pulling us poor fellows to pieces. You can bet your life I'll have a jolly time while you are away!" and Tom began to whistle, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets.

"Of course you shall," Nell said absently, carefully tucking the last bit of lace into a box on her lap, shutting the lid over it with a tender touch, at which Tom laughed teasingly.

"There, that is the trunk, Tom, over beside the dressing-table, and here is the ticket for it. Do be a good boy for once, and hurry. The train leaves at two, and it is now twelve. I must pack and dress, and do every thing, within that time."

Presently she added, as she turned the key in the lock of one trunk, with a sigh of satisfaction, —

"There! after all, I will be ready. Dear, dear! I wish you were going, Tom, in spite of your careless habits."

He shrugged his broad shoulders contemptuously.

"Thanks. You are complimentary, sis. But then, prophets are never honored in their own country, so I'm growing resigned."

Two hours later the sister and brother stood on the station platform, watching the approaching train.

"Don't fail to write me a line at once, Nell," Tom said, making a way for them through the crowd.

"No. Good-by, Tom. Take good care of yourself; don't get poisoned with experimental compounds; and, if you get tired of those horrid books,

just run out to me at Seaview. Will you? Did you check my trunks all right? That's a good fellow. There must be fishing there, Tom. I wish you were going."

Tom laughed.

"Your conversation rambles, my dear. Your invitation is tempting, but I'll stick to the medical books, thank you. Yes, your trunks are all right. Good-by. Have a good time, and come back rosy and well."

"Good-by, Tom. When you see Lil Rodney, tell her" —

But the rest was lost in the shrill whistle of the locomotive.

"Now for a steady settling-down to study," Tom said to himself, as he turned the horses' heads toward home. "I am glad Nell is gone; she was growing thin and pale, but the salt sea air will bring her around all right, and blow away all cobwebs of work from her busy little brain."

Nell and Tom were orphans, their parents having died some three years before, leaving them the charming old homestead and plenty of money for all their needs. But they were independent. Nell, being an excellent musician, opened a class at her home; and Tom studied medicine under an old friend of his father's, who often warned him good-naturedly against his habits of carelessness, at which Tom laughed, declaring he was used to that.

Seaview is a delightful little fishing village. The ocean stretches before it, the white sand at its feet, while the ragged cliffs in the distance rise like towers from the sea. Nell had engaged rooms and board of a widow in a cosy little cottage fronting the water; and as the sea to her was a friend, she did not mind that she was going to the village a stranger.

A gentleman and herself were the only passengers who alighted at the Seaview station; and after giving directions in regard to her trunks, she took the beach walk to the cottage, while the gentleman lit a cigar, and strolled up the white road running nearly parallel with the beach walk. And, as she was but a short distance ahead of him, it was easy for him to watch her.

Her lithe figure was trim and graceful, her step light. She held her head up as though she were drinking in the sunshine and the breath of the sea. She had removed her gloves, and now and again she stooped, and gathered her hands full of the shining sand, letting it sift through her fingers as she walked. Once she stooped and patted it, as though she were caressing the tawny mane of the sea. Then she laughed, and her laughter was sweet and gleeful as a child's.

The watcher smiled involuntarily.

"She is pretty," he said, "and graceful. She is also natural in her movements. There is nothing artificial or superficial about her. And some way her face is familiar to me. The brown eyes with the long drooping lashes, the straight dark brows, the saucy nose, and the dimples, I have somewhere seen though I cannot now recall where or when."

An hour later he was in his room at the cottage where he was to board for the summer, lazily engaged in unpacking his trunks. He had brought two, one with his clothing, the other with his working material—for he was a fair artist, and loved his work.

Suddenly he paused with an exclamation of amazement.

"Hello! what the deuce! These are not my things! I never put in this portfolio of sketches among laces and muslins, nor this volume of Longfellow. And if here isn't—Hurrah, I have it! This is Tom's photograph as true as I'm alive, and the girl who walked up the beach to-day. No wonder her face was familiar! I've seen it dozens of times in those pictures Tom had. And this trunk—nice predicament for me to be in! Let me see. No, that's 'N. Reveres' as plain as can be; but—yes, it's Tom's handwriting, sure enough. He's made a mistake, of course. He was always making mistakes. I'll find out about it at once."

While, in one of the rooms at Waverly Cottage, Nell stood staring blankly at a pair of decidedly masculine slippers she held in her hands.

"For mercy's sake, where did these come from? And—and here are coats and pants, a dressing-gown, a cigar-case, a smoking-cap with a funny tassel. Has Tom—no, he couldn't have done it. He had no chance. I packed my trunks myself. I wonder"—She closed the lid, and read the name on the ticket.

"No, it is 'N. Reveres' as plain! Tom had a fit of airs when he wrote it though. But, I declare, it doesn't look like his handwriting. Could I have gotten some one else's property? Of course I must have, for as these things are not mine, neither are they Tom's. He hasn't such a cap as that to his name, unless Lil gave it to him; and I don't believe she did, because she showed me one she is working for him. And this dressing-gown—I wonder"—She rose with a pretty air of certainty, a sort of inspiration dawning in her eyes.

"There was a gentleman got off here, too. There was only one, and I know. This is a little place, and everybody must know what the other bodies are about. If there is another boarder in Seaview, Mrs. Black will know."

She went down stairs, and tapped at the kitchen door. Mrs. Black was preparing tea. She was dressed in a neat calico, with a big white apron tied around her waist, and a kerchief pinned across her bosom. She was old and wrinkled, but her face and eyes were kindly.

"Come in," she said to Nell's knock; and the girl crossed the threshold with a sudden warm home feeling, and made her errand known.

"Another boarder in the place?" she repeated slowly, resting her hands on the snowy pine table in the centre of the room. "Let me see. We don't seldom have a-many boarders, child; occasional one comes, like you, an' we take 'em in, for the air is good for roses, and the smell is strong."

"They don't know o' the storms in winter, nor the shipwrecks, nor the dead that comes in an' comes in with the black waves. Ah ! alack, alack for the sea an' the sailors that go out an' come back to we watchers never !"

Nell listened in silence, her eyes full of pity for the wrinkled old woman whose sons were sailors, and who waited their coming with the sea's voice in her ears.

"There's Jamie," she said, "an' Willie, as braw lads as ever was seen ; strong, broad-shouldered, an' hearty, with souls as true as their lives. I watches 'em out in their vessel, sailin' an' sailin' away with the sun on their sails, an' the sea as blue as though it were never black. An' I stan' here in the doorway an' watch 'em out o' sight, an' know deep down in my mother's heart that mebbly my laddies — my Jamie an' Will — may never come back no more."

She had forgotten the girl for the moment. Her mind was filled with the strange mystery of life ; the sound of the sea was in her ears.

Presently she turned ; and her face had lost its drawn look, her slow voice its dreary echo of desolation.

"A boarder hereabouts?" she said. "I think, — yes, Mandy Jones was in here yes'day mornin', an' she telled me they was to have a gentleman from the city. They has one up 'most every summer, an' this one is the same they had las'. He was a pleasant gentleman, an' easy. He had no airs, an' eat what was set for him. They liked him, we all liked him. He was one of them that make pictures of the water an' the rocks and folks. I used to watch him sometimes a-sittin' down there on the beach, with the light on his head, an' he was like a picture himself. His hair was like the sunlight, an' his eyes was like the ocean when it's gentle an' blue. His words was pleasant, an' his voice. He used occasional to come up, and get a drink. Our well is cool, an' he would always draw the water himself. An' sometimes I'd give him cookies when I was makin' 'em, an' he eat 'em jes' as Jamie does when he's here. I cannot tell you his name. It is pleasant soundin' like his voice, an' it suits him, but I don't jes' recollect it. Well, he can tell you for himself. He has come. This is the other boarder, Miss Rivers. — Walk right in, sir. She doesn't mind. She has come, like you, for the summer. We was talkin' of you, an' I was tryin' to recollect your name, but it somehow slipped my mind."

The "other boarder" bowed courteously as he entered, stooping his fair head at the low doorway. His voice was pleasant when he spoke, but his blue eyes were merry as they met the steady gaze of the brown eyes opposite.

"I am deeply pleased to meet my neighbor, but I fear my name is already unpleasant to her. If I mistake not, this is the Miss Rivers whose trunks are now in my possession, and mine *vice versa*. Tom is a terrible fellow ! He was just the same at college. But his blunders — bless his

old soul—were always quite harmless. You remember my name, Miss Rivers? Tom and I were chums at college."

Nell held out her hand frankly as she said with a merry laugh,—

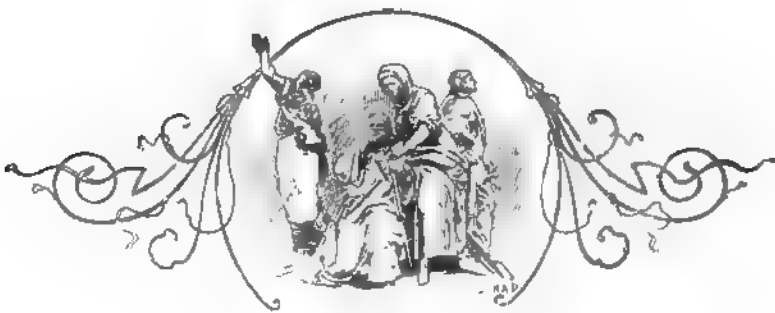
"I know you well through my brother, Mr. Reveres. He directed the tickets, and the blessed fellow forgot his own sister's name in the mysteries of medicine. But—will you forgive me? I—I opened your trunk—only one. Of course I knew right away the things were not mine. Had he written my name in full, it would have been all right; but of course two people in one place, with apparently the same name, could hardly fail to confiscate one another's property. I asked Tom to put down the name of the cottage, but he said it would be needless. Are you ready to forgive me?"

"We are fellow sinners," answered Reveres, with a slight flush on his face. "I opened your trunk, Miss Rivers, and—I knew it was not mine! But I forgive Tom promptly. He has afforded me a pleasure as unexpected as delightful. I shall acquaint him with that fact at once."

Which he accordingly did, receiving a characteristic letter in reply:—

"Neil, old fellow, you were always lucky. Best thing I know! Take care of her, and don't let her get drowned in her effort to get tanned black as an Indian. In case such an accident should happen, just get her right out of the water quick, and go through the treatment we all learned of our swimming master at college. I leave her in your care. Best thing I've heard. Luck in names, you know. I'm studying up smallpox. It's solid. You always were the luckiest fellow.—Tom."

And he reiterated this same statement at their wedding a year later. While now "the other boarder" at the quiet seaport village is poor, unlucky Tom, who is fairly carried out there every summer to make up to the Joneses the boarder that was lost to them. Until "the other boarder" turned to two; and now *two* couples spend their summer in sight of the ocean, with the sound of its voice in their ears.



**BUSINESS LIFE IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND.\***

By REV. ANSON TITUS.

THE settlers of New England were of the best stock of Old England. They not only had large ideas of religious education and culture, but were artisans of no mean repute. They had not the appliances of to-day, but they had skill; and this skill, sharpened by necessity, gave to the Yankee the reputation that he could make anything, and make the tools to make it with. The names that these pioneers bore testify their handiwork: Smith, Carpenter, Miller, Mason, Chandler, Clark (clerk or clergyman), Baker, Currier, Brewer, Fuller, and Farmer.

The early New-Englanders were chivalrous men. Born in the temperate zone, they knew of the changes from heat to cold. They were able to endure. They breathed the best air. With hardy muscle and the acceptance of sublime truths, how could they but be strong in perilous and adventuresome times? Put them anywhere, and they would accomplish things for their welfare and improvement. They had come to the wild shores of a new continent, to gain a larger liberty in religious thought; but, thus coming, they were not ignorant concerning their temporal welfare. Their business insight was apace with their religious fervor. Before the Pilgrim and the Puritan came to these regions, it was widely known that the forests yielded fur, and the sea great supplies of fish, and that the income from these sources was not meagre. The fishery business, before the period of actual settlement, was a flourishing trade. We ought not to think of the fathers and mothers of New England as lamblike and gritless, viewing every thing they thought and did in a high spiritual sense. They were business men, with sharp, keen eyes to the dollar side of a trade. Religious desire impelled them, but it alone would not have driven them to face a distant wilderness, with loss of estate and devastation of property full in view. A characteristic of the hardy race which came hither was sound common sense. The many settlers who came to New England previous to 1642 came with a noble purpose, but they were not blind to every other consideration.

The colonists, in erecting their houses and laying out their lands, looked well to the conveniences of stream and harbor. They located upon the clearings and the trails of the Indian. It is a mere fancy, that a "trail"

\* *Vide* *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, vol. IV. p. 63, for article by the same author, upon *Social Life in Early New England*.

was a hit-and-miss path through the woods. It was a regular and well-beaten way, as firmly established as are the main thoroughfares for us ; in fact, the turnpikes of a century ago, and many of the main ways to-day, are along the lines of the Indian trails. Study the maps of Eastern Massachusetts, note the turnpikes of the fathers connecting the towns in the several parts, and at once it will be seen that the instinct of the Indian laid them out. Further, it will be noted that very many of the later-day surveys for railroads and canals have been almost upon the lines of these early trails. The surveyor's skill has followed close upon the savage instinct.

The colonists occupied the clearings at convenient points. The natives raised a grain which greatly surprised the English in its harvests. Indian corn was a new grain. The clearings were purchased for a trifle, and, the whites once in possession, the Indian retired. Many a jeer is aimed, by those knowing of the fresher virgin soil of the New West, at the soil of New England, no note being taken of the fact that from these fields have been gathered two hundred and fifty harvests. No wonder that the East cannot compete with the West. The hills and valleys of New England were rich and fertile. They abundantly satisfied the settlers' needs and wants ; and not alone this, but they also supplied, in full many a year, demands from other countries.

Every man had his farm, but also his trade. The farm in summer, and the trade in winter, made New England industrious and thrifty. The small reservoirs and streams turned many a wheel. The various trades were carried on with greater skill and profit than we are apt to think. All through our colonies were carpenters, tanners, hatters, shopkeepers, fullers, shipbuilders, mariners, "butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers." These trades were well patronized. New England has ever been famous for its intelligent labor, and her products have been in demand from the first. The Yankee has always had a reputation as a man of ingenuity. He can make his knife, and with his knife his inventions, and can build his ships to carry his manufactures into the harbors of all the world.

The exports of the various colonies from the outset were great. So great were they, that the attention of Parliament was ever upon them, in the fear that our prosperity would be of benefit to other countries more than to the mother-land. Such was the prosperity of the American Colonies through many a year, that Parliament prohibited their trade with other nations except through English agents. Parliament taxed our exports for the support of the colonial governments, and in many ways provokingly tampered with the industries of New England ; and yet for nearly a hundred and fifty years she bore it patiently, such was her reverence and love for the mother-land. When, however, it came to pass that taxes were assessed to meet expenses and fulfil appropriations for the government in England, that was too much. It was the last straw. New England was tenfold able in her



## 22. BUSINESS LIFE IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND

[illegible][illegible]

The "great trade" of the Mississippi valley is a sort of the social life and spirit of these people. The same side was West Indian goods and New England rum. The more the goods the more in this sense, especially of the social relations were broad-based. The little money was in the country. To "trade and drink" became a habit of the people and mechanics exchanged work. Produce of the land and the river was continually being exchanged. Only a remnant of the universal custom is now in vogue. To learn a trade means something. To be appreciated or

“bound out” until a young man was “one-and-twenty,” was the common thing. Their wage-hire, until this time came, belonged to their parents; but when that day of days came, they were given the freedom suit of clothes. To-day there is no learning a trade such as was common at a former time. Few of our young men learn to make an entire boot or carriage, but they learn a particular part. The present work of sixty-four men in making a boot was then performed by the skill of one man. We want all the improvements of these later days, but we are often obliged to consider whether or no the average workmanship will be as high as formerly. “Shoddy” is a new word. The “balloon-frame” is a modern architecture. The “home-made” is thought too prosy. Substance must stand aside for style. The fast and not the strong horse is wanted. To-day we strive to attract other eyes; formerly, to please our own. Full well do we know that the business of to-day could not be transacted by the business methods of even a quarter of a century ago. The new methods in mercantile and commercial dealings are such as we must possess. With the new methods we should retain the good old-fashioned honor; but the note of to-day must be backed up by its value and a half of security, while formerly in dealing with acquaintances the word was as good as the note. The business world of to-day is not godless, but the wide-spread circulation of news of defalcations has caused a lurking distrust in business circles. Honor and integrity are real things to-day, as two centuries ago, and they bind our enterprises together in an ever-strengthening tie. Honest work, goods worth the money, prompt and full pay, the practice of doing business faithfully, are treasures to be gained. They add to our self-stature, and increase our joy and influence in a busy world.

In dwelling upon the various habits, trades, business-dealings, and the manners of industrial life, does there not come to us an inspiration and a brighter hope? The earning of an honest livelihood yields a joy and pleasure which nothing else can give. To fulfil the highest law in daily life, is the great accomplishment of our souls. The idea that religion is of no service except to the sick and the sorrowing is wrong. The busy man of the world can make it of practical value. God pity the man who thinks he can gain the riches of this world by being unfaithful to the Divine laws of righteousness!

The Puritan sought the kingdom; the good things of the world were added. The same can be secured to-day. New England has ever been active in gaining honorable wealth. The pervading life within her business circles is truly grand. From the sturdy fathers have descended the strong tendencies to business thrift, enterprise, industry, and frugality. By catching their spirit, we of to-day, amid our new ways, methods, and living, can live, labor, and leave behind a like honorable career for future inspiration

## THE CAPTAIN'S "HARNT."

A SOUTHERN SKETCH.

By ANNIE WESTON WHITNEY.

"Naw, sir; dey ain't ben a-livin' yere gwine on two year, not sence Mars John die."

"Who does live here, then?"

"Ain't no one a-livin' yere nohow."

The last speaker was a quaint-looking old colored woman, who was sitting in a rush-bottom rocking-chair in front of what was once the kitchen of a large house,—a brick house whose shutters were all closed now, and whose entrance steps were fast falling to decay. Tall trees stretched their gaunt limbs about it on every side, and there was a look of gloom about it that struck a casual passer forcibly. In the moonlight, this gave it a weird, ghostly appearance; for it stood back from the road, and there was such a rank growth of grass and weeds, that it was difficult to tell where there had originally been any kind of pathway. The old woman was the only living being to be seen when the stranger, a tall man of somewhat more than forty summers, approached. Had he not come in the broad light of day, it would not have been surprising had he even mistaken the old woman herself for something uncanny; for, like the witches of old, she had but one front tooth, and her position in her chair left no doubt as to her having a deformity of some kind. The stick protruding from one side of her mouth told a tale of snuff-dipping,—a custom very general among whites of the lower classes, as well as blacks, in the Carolinas. She rested her elbows on her knees as she spoke, and, with hands stretched out almost horizontally, twisted and untwisted a piece of soiled paper.

"Then I would like to enter, and go over the house," said the stranger. "Will you give me the keys, or show me through the house yourself?"

"Naw, sir; yer ain't gwine inside dat place nohow."

"Why not, pray?"

"Kase dem's my orders frum Miss May. I'se neber ter 'low no one ter sot foot inside de do' 'ceptin' yer comes 'ith Mars Hunter, de lyer wat 'tends ter de fambly."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Sense eber I'se bawn inter dis yere worl'. I 'longs ter de fambly."

"But you are free now."

"Naw, sir; I neber is ben free, an' I neber 'tends ter be. Cotch me a-leabin' Miss May, an' gwine off 'ith any o' dem free niggers. Dat ain't Zoe, nohow. What yer tink gwine come ter Miss May an' 'er ma if Zoe gwine ter leabe? Ain't I hilt an' toted Miss May when she's a wee little ting, an' ain't I 'fended 'er in time de war? Who gwine do all dat ef Zoe gwine git free, an' go off de likes o' dat? Naw, sir; dat ain't me. I'se yere ter tends ter de prop'ty now, an' when dey comes back" —

"Then you are the woman who saved Miss Halloway from the soldiers?"

"You're right dar, dat you is," and the old woman emphasized her remark with a vigorous head movement.

"I would like you to tell me all about that time," and the stranger seated himself on an inverted half-barrel, that was evidently used as a washtub.

"Ain't yer neber hearn tell how dey fit dat day? Law, sir, dat de mos' troublesomest time eber I seed; an' when dey come, an' say de Yankees done win, I jes' tink ole missus she gwine die ter wonct, kase yer see she done gut two chillern, Mars' John an' Mars' William, wot's in de war, an' she tinks den they dade sho' nuff. We's a-wokin' ober her, time de Yankees is a-trampin' an' a-trampin' 'long dat road, twell nigh 'bout sun-down. Den dey stop, an' we tinks dey's all gone sho' nuff, an' the dos an' windus is flung open, an' ole missus she jes' gwine ter look like 'ersef, when we hear de clipperty-clip an' de clapperty-clap, an' yere dey is in de gyardan an' all ober it, a-gettin' down from dey hosses, a-singin' an' a-shoutin' like mad. Dat de time I's skart, sho' nuff, an' I runned ober ter de kitchen, an' picked up de baby an' jes' cry ter de Lörd ter sabe me an' de chile, an' I's a-tremblin' like a leaf. Neber was so skeert en all my bawn days; when Miss May, she come a-flyin' 'long, an' kotched holt on me, a-cryin', 'Sabe me, Mammy, sabe me!' Law! Yu kin reckon I warn't skeert arter dat. Naw, sir; I's jes' madder ner wild bull, an' I could a tore ebery livin' soul on 'em ter smithers. Old marster, he comed to de do', an' beg 'em fur de love o' Gawd ter keep dey hans offen he chile; but dey jes' larf, an' fling 'im outen de do'. I knowed den we's all gwine ter be kilt, but I ain't keerin' fur nothin' 'cept Miss May, an' dat de time I flung de flat-irons offen de stove wot had been het fur ter iron out a dress fur Miss May. Yer should a hearn de houlin' den!

"Reckin dey'd a-come fur Miss May agin ef de hossifer ain't come ter de do' den. He's a raa! gemman, sho' yer bawn. I neber did spec' ter see no sich er gemman, a Yankee: naw, sir; an' dem men dey's boun' ter git back on dey hosses, an' ride when he gibs de word. Den he 'splains ter ole marster dat dey ony de tail eend ob de rigiment, an' dey jes' done dug up a bar'l o' whiskey dey done foun' som'ers, an' dey's all drunk. An' den he say he gwine stay in de gyarden all night, ter keep



head ner tail outin it. He scacely kep' still more'n two free times a day, twell Miss May she look like she gwine go de fustest."

The stranger here made some further inquiries about the family, and then asked to be directed to the office of the family lawyer.

"Yer goes down by de pos'-ossif an' den yer turns down by de graded school, an' de nex' lot yer comes ter yer turns to de right an' goes katawampus, an' yer's dar."

Furnished with this information the stranger started off, and, after further inquiry on the way, found the place of which he was in search, — a low, one-story building, whose open door revealed the occupant to be a portly, bald-headed man, with a truly Southern type of face. He was seated before a table, apparently hunting for some particular paper among a heterogeneous mass of written documents of all shapes and sizes.

"I judge I am speaking to Lawyer Hunter," said the stranger, entering the office.

The lawyer looked up, then over his glasses at the new arrival, but before replying turned his head and emitted from his mouth a volume of tobacco-juice, that, taking a graceful downward curve, landed in a spittoon on the opposite side of the room.

"Right you are," he said, turning again to his visitor, and, waving his hand in the direction of a chair whose original seat had been replaced by a piece of rough board, he added, "seat yourself, and rest your hat."

"I am a man of few words, Mr. Hunter," said the stranger, "but I have come to you in the interest of one of your clients, Miss Halloway, and I would be glad if you would furnish me with a few facts concerning her and her whereabouts."

"Yes?" said the lawyer, vigorously sharpening a penknife on the side of his left foot, that had found a resting-place on his right knee.

"You are aware, of course, that she was, at one time, engaged to be married to Captain Harold Carson. Do you know her reason for not marrying him?"

"Died," said the lawyer, proceeding to cut his nails with the newly sharpened knife.

"Did it ever occur to you that there might have been a little mistake about that death business?" asked the other.

This time the lawyer looked up and through his glasses suspiciously.

"And yet," the stranger went on, noting the lawyer's doubt, "when John Halloway told his sister her lover was dead, he was as much alive as you and I are now."

"What proofs can you give me of this?" asked the lawyer eagerly, bending forward, and manifesting for the first time some interest in his visitor.

"Plenty of them later. Let me tell you first the captain's story, that you

may understand my position, and be willing to render me the assistance I desire."

"You are sure he was alive then?"

"Positive."

"Proceed."

"To begin, I will say that the captain was my most intimate friend for many years. Unfortunately, his home was any thing but a happy one. A tyrannical stepmother, with three daughters of her own, had determined to make of him a son-in-law, not on account of the love she bore him, but for the money he had inherited from his mother. How she managed it I hardly know, but he did marry one of the daughters, possibly thinking he would then be left in peace. But no: things grew worse and worse, and when the war broke out he was one of the first to enlist; and I think he welcomed the idea of death in the discharge of a duty to his country. He had not been gone long when he was notified of the death of his wife; and it was after that, of course, that he met and truly loved Miss Holloway. She knew the story of his married life, for he told her more than I have told you. Anxiously and impatiently he looked forward to the time, when, the war over, he could begin life over again; but just when things seemed to point to happiness, he was summoned home, and found, that, instead of having died, his wife had gone off with another man. It was a terrible blow to him, and I do not know what the consequence would have been had not personal feeling been laid aside for the sake of Miss Holloway. It was of her he thought, and he immediately started off to break the news to her through her father, and then to see her personally. There was an interview, however, with the brother, who persuaded him that it would be better for the sister that they should not meet. The brother then, it seems, gave his sister his own story."

"And there are those who believe that John Holloway murdered the captain," said the lawyer, "for there were those who saw him the day John Holloway brought the news of his death. Fortunately for John, the superstition of the negroes was his salvation; for the captain's white, ghastly looks convinced them he was a 'harnt,' and none of them would swear he had been seen in the flesh. The few whites who saw him insisted upon his being alive, but no body was ever found, and there was no direct evidence even of death; and so the whole thing ended in a firm belief everywhere that the place was haunted. John Holloway was never after the same, and after his death, when there were only Miss May and her mother, they left the place; and no one will live there now, for love nor money."

"But will they not come back now, when they hear my story? Captain Carson died last week, and he has made provision in his will for Miss Holloway as long as she lives. That is what has brought me here. The old home can be restored."

"Too late : she's gone !"

"Gone? Where?"

"Gone to meet her lover. She died yesterday."

"And the old home?"

"Like many of our old landmarks, it will be torn down to give place to one of the more modern structures that are crowding out the individuality of Southern homes."

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NATURAL MOODS.

By M. A. LOCHMAN.

SUNSET.

FLAMES of crimson, gold and red  
Now are darting, now are fled.  
Waving banners fill the west ;  
Soon the night shall bring us rest.

From hovering cloud and lowly rill,  
Placid lake and wind-swept hill,  
Fades the glory of the west ;  
Coming night doth bring men rest.

NIGHT.

Hushed are all the forest choirs,  
Sleeping nature scarce suspires, —  
Save the whippoorwill alone,  
He all night doth make his moan.

Now at will o'er cloud and lake  
Rides the moon, — naught else awake.  
Hark ! the whippoorwill alone  
Through the night his love doth moan.



## A LITTLE LEAVEN

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL, FOUNDED FOR THE PURPOSE OF  
GETTING AT THE ROOT AND SHOOT OF THINGS.

## CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST DAY, OR AGE, OF MAN'S CREATION. — *Continued.*

Evil: its Origin, Nature, Purpose, as shown in all Departments of the Universe, and by the Real Significance of the Words of Genesis in Reference to the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the Serpent, and the Temptation and Fall of Man, all of which are shown to refer to Physiological and Psychological Processes and Conditions through which the Human Soul was of Necessity compelled to pass. — The driving of Man from the Garden of Eden, a Process of Evolution from the Primitive Animal Condition. — The Cherubim and the Tree of Life interpreted.

*1. How are primitive conceptions formed?*

In the infancy of its unfoldment, the human mind conceives of the nature and relations of things as they are brought to its consciousness through sensation. Knowing nothing of the existence and action of fixed principles and immutable laws, it attributes to transient forms and fleeting phenomena a power and significance they of themselves in nowise possess.

*2. What ideas of causation are thus engendered?*

To water, air, or fire, a creative nature is assigned, and individual gods are seen in sun and stars, in rivers, mountains, trees, and all that seems benign; while, on the other hand, darkness and cold, the roaring tempest, pealing thunder, blinding storm, with all else that causes fear, are looked upon as the direct manifestation of evil powers and personalities.

*3. Upon what basis do man's first thoughts concerning the universe and its Creator rest?*

All primitive cosmogonies and theologies are based upon or adapted to erroneous judgments drawn from the immediate impressions of sense-perception received from illusory appearances.

*4. How have these erroneous conceptions been modified, and by what knowledge have they been displaced?*

By ages of experience and development, which have served to show, that, throughout the vast domain of Nature, things are not what, upon the surface, they appear to be. The earth is not a flat and stationary body, the sun and stars do not revolve around it, nor is the blue dome of space a solid substance. Modern science proves that so-called matter, once looked upon as the synonym of that which is firm and fixed, is, in all its

forms, in a state of constant and determined motion and transition. The process of decay and death is seen to be a necessary preparation for and accompaniment of transformation to a higher state.

*5. What effect has thus been produced, and what important lesson does it teach?*

In reference to material things, modes of thought and action are being rapidly adjusted to this increase of knowledge; and the day is fast approaching—its dawn is now at hand—when it shall be understood that the very constitution of the human mind is such that it can be led to truth only through likenesses, forms, and types, which are the vehicle and veil that carry and conceal the working of eternal principles and laws.

*6. By what imagery has the human mind been developed?*

The mind of man has been developed thus far by contact with imagery arising from a world every phase of which is the manifestation of the action of opposing forces.

*7. What great truth, written in the nature of things, has it thus been led to apprehend?*

That the regular movements and relative positions of the planets are determined and maintained by the balanced working of antagonistic powers, on the one hand, causing every ultimate particle to tend toward a common centre; on the other hand, seeking to draw it from that centre into space.

*8. How can we further trace, in the inorganic world, the working of this principle of opposition?*

The very earth itself still bears upon its surface, and within its crust, the record of the age-lasting warfare it waged for its place in the order of planets. It yet carries slumbering within it the forces of that protean fire-mist from which it was progressively created. The new chemical combinations which marked the transition from a gaseous to a solid state were attended by convulsions so gigantic and prolonged that space still vibrates with the shock, and time reverberates the echoes.

*9. Does the same law govern the growth of organic forms?*

Yes. Long cycles were required for the principle of *vitality*, with all its processes, to modify and supersede those forces and organic actions which characterized crystallization and the formation of the mineral kingdom. Every germ of a higher nature, outsent from the Creative Power in its overshadowing capacity, found its environments filled with foes to its progress. And the principle of repulsion and resistance pointed out the path of every species in its battle for being.

*10. How does it apply to the animal creation, and to man, as the highest of that kingdom?*

As the spiral line of life mounted through orders higher and still higher, the struggle for existence became more and more intense, and less and less

the number fitted to survive ; until unto the last and highest, MAN, a task so prodigious was given to accomplish, enemies so mighty to be overcome, and a mark so high to be attained, that nothing but a god incarnate could perform the work, win the victory, and achieve the goal.

*11. Do these great physical facts harmonize with the teachings of the Scriptures ?*

Yes ; for when rightly interpreted the Bible presents to us the same record we find written in the universal history of the race, — a description of the different stages of unfoldment through which the soul must pass in its travail to acquire dominion over all that works within it, or moves upon it, which militates against its highest good, and to attain a conscious union with its God, through the understanding of his methods in creation, and conforming thereunto.

*12. For what purpose was the Bible written ?*

The Bible was written for the development of man, to make impressions on his soul such as mere historic or scientific truth could not produce. Its literal narrative in many instances transcends the records and results of human experience and discovery ; while in its inner, higher sense, it depicts states of consciousness of which the masses of mankind have had no realization.

*13. What correspondence is there between the Bible record and that which is written in the book of Nature ?*

Outwardly it presents the same aspect as that other work of the Creative Power — the universe. Things high and low, opposite and contradictory are everywhere apparent. Mountain-peaks of faith and virtue rise from plains and vales of selfishness and deceit. An ocean of inspiration broad as the life of man, and deep as his insights most profound, is begirt with many a barren isle, and bounded by many a rocky and forbidding coast, with treacherous and resounding surf. But from the commencement of Genesis to the close of Revelation, the literal Word is animated by a spirit which when apprehended will indeed give life.

*14. In the commencement of the third chapter of Genesis we read, "Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden ?*

*"And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden :*

*"But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.*

*"And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die :*

*"For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.*

*"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it*

*was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her ; and he did eat.*

*“ And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked.”*

*How is this, which is so evidently an allegory, to be interpreted ?*

In these words of the literal allegorical narrative, a problem is presented for solution, which in all ages has baffled the most profound and penetrating minds. The existence of evil is a postulate fully as self-evident as that of God himself ; but its origin, nature, and purpose can only be determined by studying the Bible as we study all the other works of the Creator, looking through the forms and semblances of things to their reality, and searching the inmost depths of human consciousness for its corroboration.

*15. Can such an explanation of the Scriptures be placed upon a mathematical basis ?*

Yes : for as, in the demonstration of a geometrical proposition, the marks we make as aids to the mind have no place in the ideal figure, whose points and lines require no space, — so with the persons and things described in the Bible ; events are recorded, and characters portrayed, in language best adapted to hold the mind to the demonstration of a great problem in the intricate combination of forces involved in the growth of the soul.

*16. Why is the serpent used to represent the principle of evil ?*

The serpent is selected by Divine prescience as the most fitting symbol of that inherent tendency in mind as well as matter, which ever impels it from its path, and opposes all cohesion and integration. On his belly the serpent crawls his crooked course, it being impossible for him to move in a straight line. So are there, entering into the composite nature of man, those instincts and propensities, carried up from the lower tribes of life, which rise in rebellion against the dictates of truth and righteousness, whose symbol is the straight line, and urge him into tortuous paths of selfishness and sin.

*17. What is the meaning of the name of the serpent, and what does it illustrate ?*

In the original Hebrew name of the serpent, NACHASH, there is found the meaning, TO HISS, TO PEEP, TO MUTTER ; thus giving a most striking emblem of that which has not yet attained to the embodiment and expression of that higher nature, represented in mystical language as the Logos, the Word, the Speak, which it is said in the beginning was with God, and was God, and by it were all things made, and whose becoming flesh, and dwelling with men, was to be the fulfilment of the Divine plan.

*18. What is the root-meaning of Dabhar, the Logos, the Word? and what is the significance of that which is in opposition to it?*

The real meaning of the WORD is the NUMBERING and ORDERING process by which the Creative Power has joined together in combination, and evolves through manifold forms, the great universe, and all that in it is. Every thing perfected in its order, from the tiniest animalcule to the loftiest angel, is a vibration of the voice of God, an utterance of his word. They each and all, with no uncertain sound, declare his glory and his power, his wisdom and his love. On the other hand, any thing in transition from a lower to a higher state, any thing still in the process of gestation, be the period required days, years, or ages, cannot until that time of birth declare what it is destined then to be; and hence it is in some degree a part of that which HISSES, PEEPS, and MUTTERS.

*19. What is the meaning of the statement that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field the Lord God had made?*

The Hebrew word *arum*, rendered "subtile" in the Accepted Version, is put forward as describing the distinguishing characteristic of this dread antagonist confronting man at the very commencement of his earthly career. The basic import of the word is simply TO BE NAKED. And yet in this the keynote is sounded to a principle coeval in its operation with all the cosmogony which the most advanced researches of science have brought within our ken.

*20. How does the principle embodied in the word "nakedness" apply to the formation of the earth?*

Turning back to the time when this planet was first brought forth from the nebulous womb in which it had been carried, we find it a mass of fire and rock and water, NAKED and unadorned, destitute of even the most rudimentary indications of the life which was to clothe it with a god-like garment. But step by step, through the operation of that Law of Laws, which has now been discovered, it was bedecked with the verdure which rose to its highest perfection under the favorable conditions of the carboniferous era.

*21. How does it apply to the progressive creation of the animal kingdom?*

Animal life had its advent in uncovered jelly-like forms; but through the action of the overshadowing power of God, inserting life-principles of a higher nature into each prepared species, the series of orders rose from the fish and reptile, bird and beast, unto the form most nearly resembling the human, clothed with a covering of hair, endowed with instincts necessary for the preservation of its life, and provided with members and means suitable for the accomplishment of all necessary ends; showing that in the purely physical domain of consciousness the work of the Creator was complete, and a preparation made for the commence-

ment of that life of man which was only to terminate in self-conscious union with God.

*22. When man is reached, what change is there in the application of this principle?*

Henceforth the plane of action and advancement is transferred from the objective to the subjective, from the external to the internal, from effects to causes, from changing forms to the permanent reality of a consciousness never to die.

*23. What is the first meaning of nakedness as a symbolic characteristic of evil?*

In one shade of its meaning, NAKEDNESS denotes infancy, immaturity, helplessness. It represents that primitive state, destitute of intellectual or moral power, which finds its visible expression in the simple savage who roams the forest wild.

*24. How is the process of change from evil to good shown in universal history?*

As the soul is clothed upon by those garments, made from the inweaving of a higher nature with its own, through the action of the overshadowing power of God in the insertion of germs, whose product is increased mentality, we are enabled to trace the beginning and rise of the various social arts; and man on the intellectual plane is covered by the action of the Creative Power, although perhaps still unadorned with moral faculties, as witnessed in the very height of Egyptian and Grecian so-called civilization.

*25. How is it exemplified in the life of Christ?*

Who is this comes up from Edom with garments dyed? A soul whose apparel is all virtue, wisdom, power; whose every product in word and deed puts upon itself a form adapted to the necessities of the highest humanity, whose garments are colored in the affliction of ages of growth; whose mental world is studded with resplendent faculties, each one of which sends forth a force divine.

*26. Can we trace it typically in the travail of each soul?*

Yes; for in the life of every individual an epitome is presented of the universal life of the race. Naked and helpless the little one is born into the world, and placed in relations of absolute dependence upon the care and administration of those responsible for its being; then passing through a period of infancy more prolonged than that of any other form of life, childhood, youth, manhood, middle age, maturity, and old age, — stages corresponding in their perfect manifestation, as we shall see, to the seven-fold divisions of growth given in the days of creation and the sabbath day.

*27. In its inner meaning, to what does the Bible always refer?*

In its highest sense the Bible is a record of soul-growth and its causation. It everywhere portrays states and conditions of the human soul, processes of its growth, and the resulting structural organization.

28. *How is this proven in the story of Adam and Eve and the serpent?*

Adam and Eve, as we have seen, represent the positive and negative, creative and receptive, powers of the mind. The serpent is the personification of a state of consciousness, which, appealing to man's RECEPTIVITY, already possessed as an innate endowment, with a prophetic insight into the inevitable result of violated law, says unto the woman state within his soul, "In the day that you eat of this forbidden fruit, your eyes shall be opened, and you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Truer prophet never spake than he who said these words; yet not one jot or tittle was to pass from the truth contained in those other words, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

29. *What is the etymological meaning of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the midst of the garden?*

The tree, ETS, signifies that which is FIXED, FIRM, STRONG. From the same root comes the word used for THE VERTEBRA, or BACKBONE. Knowledge, DAATH, is PERCEPTION in any and all its forms. Good, TOBH, is that which is endowed with the attributes of godlikeness, BEAUTY, PERMANENCE, EXTENSION, and DOMINION. Evil, RA, is that which is in CONFUSION, undergoing DISINTEGRATION, in process of BECOMING something which as yet it is not. In the midst of the garden, BETHOK-HAGGAN, denotes the central, the vital, the real, the subjective; in contradistinction to the external, the objective, the phenomenal.

30. *How do these root-meanings apply to the mind of man?*

Thus, then, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the midst of the garden represents that INTERIOR principle of CONSCIOUSNESS which in all the tribes of life less than human had been organically SET and FIXED, made FIRM and STRONG, to receive sensations only, but which, as a faculty of the soul of man, as a part of the life of the highest of VERTEBRATES, was to have perception of innate ideas and permanent principles, as well as changing forms and passing phenomena, and was to record the impressions of reason and intuition, as well as those of appetite, emotion, and instinct.

31. *What, then, is the force of the mandate, "But of the fruit of the tree in the midst of the garden thou shalt not eat"?*

It is a prophecy of the condition to be reached when the soul of man, having passed through all the stages of its travail toward perfection, shall have reached that state, as shown in Christ, where all the appetites and organic forces of the lower nature have been so changed and re-combined as to render unnecessary any further action in that direction.

32. *What is the meaning of the words, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die"?*

The voice of God speaking through the laws at work in the very constitution of man, proclaimed the decree, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." A day, YOM, is an AGE, or period of time,



of unknown duration, sufficient for the accomplishment of a specific purpose. To eat, AKAL, is TO CUT, TO FASHION, to carry up and transform from one thing into another, as we do with the food of which we partake. To die, MUTH, does not apply merely to the occurrence of physical dissolution, but defines a state of SEPARATION, a failure to respond to one set of environments on being brought into relation with another. In other words, death is the necessary price which must be paid for all transition from a simple to a more complex, a lower to a higher state. "For in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die," signifies, as thus shown by the original meaning of the words, that, in order for man to gain consciousness and understanding in the things of the material world, his soul, which came from the Creative Power itself, and carried within it untold possibilities and potentialities, must of necessity be cut off and separated from consciousness in that life of which it was originally a part.

*33. How was this to be wrought out in human history?*

Throughout the day or period of time in which the soul of man, by sense-perception, was to gain experience through contact with the objective world, responding perfectly to its environments, he was to have no direct apprehension of those creative powers and personalities working within and upon him which make him what he is.

*34. What light does this throw upon the truth veiled in the dogmas concerning the fall of man and his redemption?*

To know things good and evil, things transitory and things eternal, as contrasted one with the other, constituted the FALL of man, his association with forms which fade and pass away, the consciousness of which in itself is not enduring because the very foundation upon which it rests is subject to change. On the other hand, to know God and Christ, which is to have an understanding of the nature of the Creative Power through an apprehension of the orderly method in creation, is pointed out as being in itself ETERNAL LIFE. Thus we see the *sin* of man is one state of knowledge, accompanied by a loss of power to gain it; and his *redemption* is another and a higher state of knowledge, of which power most supreme is an intrinsic part.

*35. To what universal principle does this lead?*

The principle of generation and regeneration, which, understood in all its orders of manifestation, is inclusive of all other truth.

*36. How is this shown in the relation of God to the universe, and as definitive of good and evil?*

God, as we have learned from an analysis of the original meaning of the names of the Deity, and its corroboration throughout the universe, is an Almighty, Seed-sowing Power, whose life outsent at first becomes as nothing that it may set up the motions of its life to perform a work of creation, which is not the making of something out of nothing, but the



re-arrangement and re-combination, the setting in order, of previously existing materials according to a predestined purpose. And it is ordained in the very nature of things, that every germ or life-principle which embodies itself in matter shall make known the power of God *individualized*; and shall find, in all that tends to obstruct its growth, the manifestation of his antagonist.

*37. How is it illustrated in the life of man?*

As with all other forms of life, so with man does this prove true, but in a geometrically greater degree. The energies of the human rational principle, while absorbed in sustaining the functions of physical life, could not at the same time be devoted to the contemplation and actualization of things higher. Hence the fall of man, the descent of his life-power into lower avenues of manifestation, was as inevitable an attendant of his existence as the beating of his heart or the drawing of his breath.

*38. How is the fatherhood of God, in the creation and fall of man, illustrated in the conception and birth of each human being?*

In order to propagate his kind, the earthly parent sends forth the seed of his life. It retains within it nothing of the remembrance or consciousness which it had as a part of his nature. It is separated from him. As to him, it, for the time being, dies. In the darkness of gestation it is carried, putting upon itself a form which is gradually made to resemble the type to which it belongs. At birth the babe is ushered into association with the manifold forces and forms of a world of which it has no knowledge, and can gain none only through suffering and strife. Instinctively it takes advantage of those provisions which the embodied principle of parentage has made for its sustenance, though many years must pass before it can understand it. And all this is but a type of the relation of universal man to the Universal Father, though ages take the place of years.

*39. In the last verse of the second chapter of Genesis, it is stated that the man and his wife were naked, but were not ashamed. What does this signify?*

This is before the account of that which has been construed as the fall of man from a previously perfected condition; and yet the very statement that he was *naked* shows that man was from the very first organically under the dominion of that serpent power whose chief quality is, as we have seen, described as subtilty or *nakedness*. His not being ashamed of his nakedness, of his ignorance, his animalism, his imperfection, his immaturity, was because his soul was so immured in matter, so at one with all the products of Eden, the garden of earthly delight, that he did not and could not discriminate between those pleasures which must pass away, whose penalty is death, and those he was in after-time to know, which always shall endure. His not being ashamed was like the simple ignorance of the new-born child; and for ages he was in this state, as all the records

of our early ancestors plainly show. Not until his eyes were opened by partaking of the fruits of a ripened experience in the different results following from the rule of the opposite natures within him, did he realize his low estate as contrasted with the ideal impressed upon his consciousness by a higher power.

*40. To what occurrences in nature do the experiences of man correspond?*

Light and darkness, heat and cold, day and night, and all the changes of the seasons are but so many likenesses and correspondences of conditions through which the soul passes in its age-lasting development. Revolution and evolution is written in all its travail; and the brief span of existence we witness here is only a small segment of the arc of that circle which commenced in God and in him must have its end.

*41. What is accomplished by the meeting and mastering of opposition? and of what kind are the most powerful forces?*

By overcoming resistance, physical strength is acquired, and without exertion there can be no muscular development. No product of mental power or physical force was ever wrought out until obstacles had been met and overcome. But the whole trend of recent research is to show that the forces greatest in power are those unseen; and that the all-sustaining energies of the material world, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, are the result of the action produced by the resistance which a planet offers to the rays of the sun.

*42. What double symbolism is presented to us in the serpent?*

The serpent stands not only as the personification of an organic lack of unfoldment in man, and the many difficulties besetting his path, as palpably presented in his environments; but its deepest, broadest significance, corroborated by the united testimony of the most highly developed individuals of every age and nation, is that not only is the human mind susceptible through its innate receptivity, personified as Eve, to the overshadowing action of a Power carrying with it greater wisdom than mere experience can gain, and fraught with the incentive of nobler motives and purer purposes; but that there is another kingdom in the unseen universe which also has access to the soul of man, and the offspring of whose generative action was justly styled by Him who knew, "a progeny of vipers."

*43. Trace the correspondence between the orders of the seen and those of the unseen world.*

As here upon our little world the earth, we behold the manifestation of a series of orders of life, from simple to complex, from low to high; and as in the race of man alone we see all the ascending degrees from savagery to civilization, — so is it but a correspondence of what exists in the ethereal world around us whose forms are to our natural sight unseen. As God is personified in symbolic language as the Ruler of a mighty world of intelli-

gence and personality, sending forth angelic ministers to make known his will and do his bidding, whose every impulse and desire is wisdom, goodness, truth, whose every action makes for righteousness and peace ; so is there, on the other hand, another vast domain of individualized intelligence, whose personified ruler is by nature opposed to virtue and to truth, whose instincts and emotions are in organic antagonism to that which is numbered, orderly, and enduring, and who knows no will but to indulge as far as possible every appetite, passion, and lust.

*44. What is the relation of man to these two hierarchies of the invisible universe ? and how did these higher and lower orders originate ?*

As the orders represented by Gabriel, Michael, and the other sons of God have access unto man, through his highest faculties and aspirations, to guide and bless ; so do Satan, Lucifer, the Devil, and all his ambassadors, find open wide the door unto his lower nature. And as the orders celestial, who sang together with joy when earth's foundations were laid, represented a state of soul and mind the product of development in some higher realm of the unseen universe ; so, on the other hand, these partly-formed, half-created, ignorant, emotional, undeveloped orders which have moved upon man in all ages of his history, and are so active at the present time, have never been embodied on this planet, but had their origin and have their home on unseen planets which revolve in close relationship with the earth.

*45. Is progressive creation universal ?*

There is not, in all the broad domain of space, one atom or one soul which is not in its inherent nature tending to progression ; but in the divine economy of the universe, in the almighty conservation of the forces of matter and of mind, it is decreed that the principle of *reciprocity* shall rule in all things.

*46. How is the principle of reciprocity illustrated by the association of men with angels and with demons ?*

By contact with the angels of God, co-operating with his experience, man has been uplifted, and the higher principalities thus given an opportunity to exercise their ministrative nature. So also were there placed in juxtaposition with his soul, unseen orders of life less developed than himself, strong, subtle, cunning, in some limited direction, but having no knowledge of or desire for any thing but the indulgence of their own unbridled impulses until urged forward by man's advancement.

*47. How does man make known that he is still susceptible to those influences represented by the serpent ?*

The serpent's prelude to the woman, and his affirmation, "Thou shalt not surely die," is what is voiced to man by every alluring vice, every seduction to sin. The drunkard who, swine-like, grovels in the gutter, sacrificing, for the sake of gratifying his ruling appetite, all ties of family, position, and honor, makes known not only his own inordinate lust, but that, also, that

lust has made him for the time the legitimate prey of an unseen order lower in the scale of unfoldment than himself. He only presents a phenomenal, strikingly apparent illustration of a working of mind which is universal, but differing in degree as individuals differ one from another. So long as there remains unchanged one iota of natural selfishness and pride, so long is there within the soul an avenue for the inroads of a hungry horde of unseen imperfect forms of life.

*48. What is the significance of the account of the victory of Christ over Satan?*

It was one of the most distinctive marks of the mission of Christ, that, after forty days of fasting and soul-preparation, he was enabled for the first time in human history to meet and overcome the Devil. The record says he did it by replying to all the allurements of the adversary with the statement of a divine law; all of which is but the parabolic presentation of a universal principle, unto the full realization of which all men must eventually attain, when from every fibre of the being, every thought of the mind, every desire of the soul, there shall go forth the expression of an entire conformity to the laws of God.

*49. What faculty is given to man for his uplifting? and what results from its abuse, and what from its right use?*

The WILL of man is the fulcrum over which that creative leverage is exerted which is to lift the soul from out of the depths of ignorance, animalism, and selfishness. As long as his desires are in affinity with every prompting to indulgence, disobedience, and deceit, with which he is imbued, so long is there no direct advancement for him and for the undeveloped orders surrounding him. But that moment, when, through affliction or other agencies conducive to growth, he becomes dissatisfied with such a condition, and desires that which is higher and better, in quick response to his needs, those instrumentalities will environ him that shall ultimately effect a change of character, disposition and habits. And as this change is commenced and carried onward, all undeveloped intelligences whose evil influence has moved upon him in the past must either then and there themselves commence to advance, or leave his soul forever.

*50. What was the purpose in associating man with evil or undeveloped intelligences? and how has that purpose been effected thus far?*

It was for the mutual development of Adam and the serpent — man and Satan — that they were placed in contact one with the other. And as the intellectual development of the race has gone on from age to age, the unseen orders of life surrounding man in varied degrees, according to the status of individual, tribe, and nation, have grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength.

*51. How have these undeveloped orders of life been woven into the fabric of human history? and how do they assert themselves at the present time?*

No institution, social, political, or religious, has ever been established, that these orders did not enter into its observance side by side with man, seeking always to prostitute to selfishness, to passion, and to greed, those things primarily ordained to uplift and to bless. They readily assume the most sacred of family relations, and delight in everywhere exemplifying the truth that whomsoever the Devil has joined no power can keep together; or, if the form of union be preserved, all of its fruits declare that at the centre there is discord and decay, and that each prompting of the lower nature has full rule, at which all imps rejoice and angels weep. In every mart of trade the serpent's trail is seen. Dishonest weights and measures, adulteration in all its forms, and a discrimination in quality and price against the weak and poor, show that the spirit of the precept, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you, and love your neighbor as yourself," has never entered here. In all departments of government, whether under the control of a despotic czar, the sovereign of a limited monarchy, or the president and petty kings of a republic, man's selfishness and pride are universally the ruling powers, and injustice, cruelty, and oppression the legitimate results. So that the gigantic monopolies sanctioned by states and nations only express in outward form that inner rule exercised over the human soul by orders of life still less created than man.

*52. What is the significance of, "When their eyes were opened, and they knew that they were naked"?*

It symbolizes the first commencement of a consciousness of right and wrong, a self-realization by man of the opposite natures united within him, a contrast between an ideal of perfection to be attained, and his actual state of ignorance and imperfection. It is then that the voice of God is heard within, calling through the conscience, and the soul can no longer find refuge in the products of the garden.

*53. What is the meaning of God's cursing man for his disobedience?*

The curse pronounced upon the serpent, the woman, and man, is simply the manifestation of a Creative Power to develop and perfect that which is imperfect and undeveloped. To curse and to bless are, on the part of God, the same. His power goes forth in creation through all ordained instrumentalities, unchanged and unchangeable.

*54. What is the correspondence between the working of the Creative Power in the physical and in the psychical world, as to cursing and blessing?*

As in the material world the same solar energy which causes growth and fruition of forms of life in right relations to it, also produces disintegration and death in other forms in other relations, so are the same effects apparent in the working of the Creative Power in the vast domain of mind. And as the dissolution and decay of any lower form always conduces to the growth of other and higher forms in nature, so in the changing conditions of soul-growth, in the life and death of individuals, and in the rise and fall

of nations, the same law is apparent, and the line of demarkation between the cursing and the blessing can nowhere be distinctly drawn.

55. *What, then, constitutes heaven, and what hell?*

The highest heaven and the lowest hell are subjective states of consciousness, irrespective of relations of time and space. The same law and truth, to understand which and obey it brings never-ending joy and blessedness to one soul, carries condemnation and affliction to another who rebels against it, which will last until that soul has, through repentance, been brought into submission and obedience, here or hereafter.

56. *What is the meaning of the antagonism decreed between man and the serpent?*

The enmity set up between the serpent and the seed of woman indicates the organic opposition and contention between higher and lower states of mind, kingdoms of individuality and power, which was to be the means of the final perfection of man and all orders associated with him.

57. *In what way and sense is God the creator of evil?*

When the literal Word, as in Genesis, affirms that God himself made the serpent; or, as in Isa. xlv. 7, declares, "I form light and create darkness, I make peace and create evil; I the Lord do all these things," — it must be understood in the true original sense of the word CREATE, which is to bring into order and perfect that which is disorderly and imperfect. In this light the statement that God made the serpent, and creates evil, is but an affirmation of what the whole universe continually declares, — that the creative power is fashioning and finishing his creation, in which evil as evil to forever endure is an unthinkable thing.

58. *What is the meaning of the words, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust thou must return"?*

The sorrow and pain, the labor and strife entailed upon man, were the inevitable sequence of the conflict set up between his higher and lower natures, which made his soul a battle-field where angels and demons should meet and struggle for victory. Out of all the elements of the earth and its kingdoms his lower nature was formed; and until they each and all have been transmuted and humanized by the turning and re-turning, the revolution and evolution, of the higher power of the soul of man, — until then, in the sweat of his face must he eat his bread.

59. *In the Genesaical allegory we read: "And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever: therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a*



*flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."*  
*What does this signify?*

In the constitution of man, the voice of God declared the innate capacity of the human soul for godlike knowledge and power; but lest he put forth his hand, lest he exercise his faculties and employ his members in taking of the tree of life, and continue unchanged to exist on the animal plane, eating, drinking, and propagating his kind, as does the brute, therefore the Lord sends him forth; therefore there is placed in his soul a power to urge him onward and upward from the garden of sensational enjoyment. The ground, the earthly lower nature in association with which the soul of man was placed, must by it be tilled, cultivated, subdued, and made to yield the fruits of a higher husbanding care. In the mere indulgence of natural appetites and lower propensities, and the enjoyment of physical vigor and health, man was to have no lasting satisfaction. So he drove out the man; which words in the original Hebrew do not indicate expulsion from one place to another, but *impulsion* onward from a lower state upward to a higher. The driving of man from Eden involves ages of evolution, only to end in the attainment of the perfect paradise where all that was foreshadowed in the garden of the literal Word shall in spirit and in truth be realized.

*60. Of what is a tree emblematic?*

A tree, as an emblem, presents to us in miniature the whole creative scheme for the progressive upbuilding of the human soul. Planted in the earth, there becoming firmly rooted, it draws from it its fundamental support; and, shooting upward, it takes from moisture, air, and sunlight, those elements best conducing to its growth. Budded, pruned, and grafted by the skilful horticulturist, it yields its choicest products. So with the soul: planted in the midst of all the animal instincts and emotions, rooted and grounded in that organic nature, it shoots upward by virtue of the inherent power of the rational principle, and comes in contact with the sunlight of a higher consciousness of truth, and is surrounded by the atmosphere of that Spirit in which it is forever to live and move and have its being; sending out its branches of physical, intellectual, and moral faculties, in response to the germ-inserting power of the Divine Husbandman, it finally yields the priceless fruits of a spiritual engraftment.

*61. What is represented by the tree of life?*

The tree of life in primitive Eden represents the *generative principle* on the physical plane. Protected by every instrumentality divine, the tree of life was finally to assume another and a higher aspect, yielding its perfect fruits for the nurture and the healing of the nations, through the organic propagation of a higher order of life, which in the coming age is to be established, and even now has been commenced.

*62. What important principle is personified by the cherubim?*

The cherubim with a flaming sword, turning in every way to protect the path of the tree, symbolizes the overshadowing power of God imparting a new impetus to the life of man through an added graft as in each succeeding age he propagates his kind. The cherubim, as afterwards described in full by Ezekiel as a union of the lion, the eagle, the bull, and man, represents in a most striking manner a truth which the knowledge of the Law of Laws enables us to understand. The lion, the lord of the forest, is the symbol of animal might untamed and unsubdued. The eagle, the king of birds, sovereign of the tribes of the air, represents perfection in that order. The bull is the representative of the orders of animal life domesticated. Man is joined with them, and towers above them as the prophetic emblem of the work which in after-ages his soul should accomplish, rising triumphant over the forces of evil and sin, by bringing all the lower nature into obedience to the higher, the very beasts within him bowing down around the throne of God, every creature of heaven and earth and sea redeemed as a part of the nature of man when perfected, evermore to declare blessing, honor, glory, and power.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR Board of Army Officers is endeavoring to arrange a new system of military tactics and drill, which seems to be called for by the recent advancement in the improvement of weapons of warfare. These officers have had four years experience in the Civil War, and have examined with care the fighting tactics of foreign nations, and have come to the conclusion that the introduction of machine guns and magazine rifles demands a corresponding change in our military discipline, looking to greater freedom of movement and individuality on the part of every man in the army, so that the enormous killing power of the new weapons may be thoroughly taken advantage of.

Formerly, when warriors used clubs, and bows and arrows, and other weapons not characterized by any great degree of accuracy or formidableness, battles were fought on a plan of unity or co-operative action, by which the whole army moved as one man and acted with one plan, in detail as well as in general. Dependence was placed on the aggregate strength of the army, rather than on individual bravery and skill. Now the weapon possesses almost perfect accuracy, and may be fired time and time again without the delay of reloading. Now the soldier, while he must exhibit the same bravery as when he had the moral support of his companion, must be taught to exercise caution, to take cover, to advance by rushes, to employ strategy, — in short, he must do what he does shrewdly, and at the same time give the enemy as little opportunity as possible to reach him.

In all the range of foreign methods of warfare, however, nothing can be found that teaches lessons so apt to the question in hand, as the shrewdness exhibited by the American Indian. He is a born strategist. Although his method of fighting is by no means applicable as a whole to our needs, nevertheless in some points he is, and proba-

bly always will be, the superior of our best soldier. In the first place, he is quick as a cat, is free from stiffness in movement, knows how to plan and execute an ambuscade, endures any necessary amount of hardship, takes deadly aim, and, while he is celebrated for his bravery, yet he wisely takes advantage of every available means of personal safety. Our army has learned all of this by sad experience; but it would be interesting, from a military standpoint, to observe how a detachment of Germany's wonderful army would make out against a small aggregation of typical North American Indians.

Although the Board has not yet formulated a new plan, still the general purpose has been pretty thoroughly considered. Formerly, as is well known, the troops, under cover of the skirmish line previously thrown out, were deployed and formed in two ranks for battle. Then the skirmishers were at once withdrawn, and the compact line replaced them. This will be changed. A plan will be adopted by which a quick deployment will be made in three lines. A third of each battalion will be thrown forward, just as the skirmish line was formerly, to open the battle. Then, at a few hundred yards in the rear, a line supporting the first, and comprising another third of each battalion, will follow; while the rest of the troops, in a position some hundreds of yards behind the supporting line, will, if possible, be massed under cover, whence they can readily be deployed for any action needed. An interesting point in this arrangement is that in every line the men will be assigned to small groups, each of which will have a leader whose directions are to be followed by his group. In the event of a heavy attack, men will be thrown forward from the supporting line, and will attach themselves to the several groups, or, when opportunity

suggests it, whole groups will be moved forward. It is evident that eventually the supports will all find themselves in the firing line, and a compact rush will be the thing aimed at.

The difficulty in this arrangement is apparent on the face of it. The groups, companies, and battalions will necessarily become mixed; but there is no good reason why the small groups should not be kept comparatively intact. The officer must not be surprised if he fails to keep up precision in movements, but must devote himself to quick personal instruction, making each man careful and shrewd for himself. Of course, a certain amount of precision will be necessary for the sake of discipline and appearance; but it will not be wise to give as much attention as formerly to perfect and pretty movements, to clean wheels and exact alignments. The discipline must be of the kind which, in the light of the proposed plan, conduces most to the successful issue of actual battle.

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AFTER all, what a pity that this civilized nation believes it necessary to devote its shrewdest thought to a deliberate planning of the most effective way to kill the largest number of men with the smallest loss of life to itself! What a comment on enlightened Christian intelligence! This nation, celebrated for its advancement in arts and sciences and for its brotherly love, makes up its mind to adopt methods used so pitilessly by savages, whose chief delight is to shoot, to scalp, to burn. These are well-worn observations, to be sure; but yet they represent a state of things so utterly at variance with civilized ideas of right, that they should be continually repeated till the warring evil is abated.

In a country like ours, the guiding motive in settling disputes, whether national or international, should be simple justice. Right is not determined by the relative death-dealing powers of two aggregations of men which represent opposing ideas. When the Huns swooped down upon Rome, might was with them almost invariably; right was not. We may drive our American Indians into one small corner

of this large country, and practically exterminate them; but in so doing we should treat these unfortunate people far from fairly.

In the light of modern intelligence and civilization, it is safe to say that no two of the most powerful nations are likely to become mixed up in a controversy with each other as to rights which cannot be settled, if prudent Christian counsel prevails, without resort to arms. The enemies of peace are hot-headed legislators on the one hand, and ambitious but untried army officers on the other. We are just now trying to settle a matter of disagreement with England. Why is it, that while our most level-headed diplomats are reasoning in a friendly way with the mother country, and trying to settle the matter by conference, some rattle-headed Congressman every once in a while spreads himself in a fiery speech, and pours oil on the flame of discord by declaring that "England needs another thrashing"? Such ranting is injudicious, to say the least. It certainly does not help negotiations any. It doesn't scare the Englishman either. He has too much pride to allow himself to be threatened into concessions. If, during a conference in which two men are trying to settle a trifling question of dispute, one of the men shakes his fist in the face of the other, the second, if he has any combativeness in him, will refuse to argue further; and a free fight is likely to ensue forthwith. This is true of nations as well as of individuals.

As to the ambitions of our young colonels and lieutenants, who have been playing soldier, and imagine that the opportunities of a war would make them illustrious heroes, it is sufficient comment to note the statement often made on good authority, that, in recent wars, those who have been the bravest fighters have been those who, at the opening of the fight, have most regretted the alleged necessity of a resort to arms. Why not be Christian? Why not be level-headed? Why not be calm? Why not be civilized?

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It is the custom of Americans to speak and think of this country chiefly as an

agricultural and a manufacturing wonder; but, in doing so, it should also be borne in mind, that, measured by our mineral wealth, the third great source of our national income, we stand at the very head of nations. The advance sheets of the "Mineral Resources of the United States," for the year 1887, which have been sent out by the United States Geological Survey, make this clear; giving as they do, in a comprehensive way, the main facts of interest connected with our mineral possessions.

The entire output of metallic products for the past year is valued at \$250,419,283. and that of the non-metallic minerals at \$281,637,062. Now, it is safe to suppose that there was at least six million dollars' worth of mineral substances not specified, which, added to the above figures, makes the aggregate output of our mineral industries \$538,056,345. This represents an increase of almost seventy-three millions over the figures for the year 1886, and more than a hundred millions over those of 1885. It must not be assumed, however, that this great increase is due wholly to an increased output; for although it is true that all metals except nickel and gold did increase in the quantity produced, on the other hand almost all varieties increased in market price.

In spite of frequent and long-continued strikes in coal-mining regions, the value of the production of coal for the past year eclipsed the figures for the previous year by almost twenty-eight million dollars, reaching a total of \$182,491,837. Coal, then, is the most important of our mineral products.

Next in value comes iron ore; and its yearly production is growing rapidly right along, so that we may regard ourselves practically independent of foreign ore. Petroleum, on the other hand, although the demand for it abroad has been on the increase, has not made any proportionate advance in the quantity produced during the year. It is a question whether an explanation of this may be found in the existence of combinations to limit production, or in the supposition that the natural supply is lessening.

Let us remember, then, that while this Republic has reason to be specially proud of her agricultural and manufacturing status, still she may further note an instance of her good fortune in the fact that as a producer of mineral products, both metallic and non-metallic, she stands at the head of nations.

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THE Fiftieth Congress has already been in session a longer time than has any previous session save one. In the year 1850 our legislators had the courage to sit and deliberate till the very end of September. In 1862 an exciting session was continued until the middle of August. If the present session gets thoroughly at the tariff question, three weeks at least will be necessary to settle it, and so the record of 1850 may be beaten. From another point of view, however, the Presidential campaign demands the services of most of the Congressmen. They have made engagements to speak, and they want to speak; so it is probable that all of a sudden they will make up their minds to adjourn about the middle of this month.

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ENGLISH writers are having a hard time in their attempts to locate the relative place that Matthew Arnold should occupy among the lights of English literature. The *Spectator* thinks that it is too early to settle the question, but feels pretty certain that he will fall somewhere between Gray and Wordsworth. Mr. Arnold was inferior to Wordsworth in that he lacked the overwhelming power and inspiration of the latter. He was superior to Gray by reason of a cleanliness and a thoroughness of workmanship, and also on account of a natural gift of poetic expression which showed itself continually.

For aptness in phraseology Mr. Arnold has rarely been surpassed. In his criticisms he got at salient points promptly, and the words that he used spoke his ideas to a nicety. His titles for essays are models of aptness and skill, indicating that his mind was always clear and certain. His theological writings are not deep, being merely surface thoughts on profound mat-

ters. His criticisms of social matters impress one as insincere, as one-sided, rather than as based on cool judgment. Outside of his theology, however, he was deep, poetical, intellectual.

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SAID Chief Wade of Massachusetts to his fellow factory-inspectors, gathered last month, from nine different States, in Boston, "That man is an enemy of his race who teaches that there is an irrepressible antagonism and hatred between capital and labor."

It is well that the factory inspection of the old Bay State is under the supervision of a man with so firm a conviction on this point. Sensible, cool-headed people agree with him. The vast amount of bemoaning that is wasted on the so-called natural antipathy existing between capital and labor is simply disgusting. It indicates a lack of mental equilibrium on the part of the croakers.

In the first place, it should be borne in mind that humanity will never be free from ordinary imperfections. Mistakes will be made by labor as well as by capital. The manufacturer may cut the wages of his men down; but we are not to charge him with heartless dealing with his help, for it may be that the market is so glutted with his line of goods that prices are fallen to a figure that compels a reduction in expenses. On the other hand, the workman may quit work, and try to influence his fellows to follow his example. We should not blame him, however, without understanding the case; for it may be that his employer has made up his mind to treat

his help as so many machines, that must work, if necessary, fifteen hours a day. We shall always find unjust employers; we shall likewise always be burdened with rattle-brained labor agitators. Nevertheless most employers are honest and humane, and so are most of the employed.

All that is required to keep matters harmonious in our large factories is a little judicious suggestion and argument on the part of just such men as Chief Wade, backed up by proper authority.

\*\*\*

THE eleventh day of last month, the soil of old Virginia received to its bosom the silent form of Philip H. Sheridan, the gallant soldier. The extent of his services to his country in its hour of need can never be estimated, but the story of his deeds of bravery and patriotism has been so instilled into the minds of the pupils in our public schools that the young people who have grown up since the war have learned to admire and appreciate him as much as did those who felt his inspiration on the battlefield. He will go down in history as the military leader who, by reason of his own personal daring, and his ability to infuse his own courage into the hearts of his soldiers, was famous for snatching victory from defeat.

In the National Cemetery at Arlington he lies, surrounded by those comrades who in life fought bravely by his side. They dared every thing for the sake of their country. They were willing to suffer any thing, when Sheridan "dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas." Brave leader! Loyal men! All honor to them all!

## HISTORICAL RECORD.

MARIETTA, O., began her centennial celebration on Sunday, the 15th of July last. Gov. Foraker presided, and made an address. The main feature of the day was an oration by Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland, whose topic was "Religion and Government."

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THE New Jerusalem Church, Abington, Mass., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Rev. Joseph Pettee's ordination as pastor in the Swedenborgian society. He had served as pastor of the Abington society thirty-seven years, but for twelve years past has been connected with the Massachusetts Association as general pastor.

\*\*\*

AT the middle of August there was an epidemic of yellow fever in certain Florida ports, especially in Jacksonville; and the inhabitants were flying from that city in such numbers that it was likely to be left almost without inhabitants. The most radical measures have been taken to eradicate the germs of the disease, while a stringent quarantine was established upon all trains going north. In regard to another infected place, Plant City, the State authorities have given orders to burn entirely all buildings, furniture, bedding, etc.

\*\*\*

THE Court of Appeals in New York has rendered a decision that workmen cannot combine to deprive other workmen of their right to control their own labor, and to dispose of it as they please.

\*\*\*

A STATEMENT from the Pension Office shows that during the fiscal year ending June 30, there were issued 113,087 pension certificates, of which 60,161 were original, and 52,926 increased pensions. The number of original pensions granted exceeds that of any former year by 5,000.

THE Italians held a meeting in Philadelphia on the 22d of July to protest against the statements that have been made that they are a pauper class. Resolutions were adopted condemning "the action of Italian societies of immigration in humiliating the name of Italy as the land of slaves and padrones," and expressing the hope that "no law of ostracism will be passed against our immigration, as it is contrary to liberty and the civilization of this country."

\*\*\*

THE Dutch colony of Curaçoa is now connected with North America by telegraph; and, on July 26, congratulatory telegrams were exchanged between the President of San Domingo, the Governor of Curaçoa, and our Secretary of State Bayard.

\*\*\*

ACCORDING to the annual report of the Canadian minister of marine and fisheries, the value of the fishery catch for the current year has fallen off slightly. The figures are \$18,680,000 for the current year, against \$18,234,000 for the previous year. The total value of fish exported to the United States was \$2,717,000, or forty per cent of the total export.

\*\*\*

THE first monster timber raft from Nova Scotia for New York, last December, went to pieces off Nantucket, and its logs are now wandering over the Atlantic. The second raft arrived safely in New York Harbor at the middle of August. It contained 22,000 pieces of timber averaging 38 feet in length, and making over 3,000,000 superficial feet. Its weight was about 11,000 tons. In form, it was nearly the shape of a vessel's hull, the timbers being securely bound together with wire rope.

\*\*\*

THE Island of Mount Desert on the coast of Maine, and the country adjacent,

was long the subject of contention between the English and the French. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on his voyage to the northern part of this continent soon after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, claimed this whole region in her name. At about the same time Henry IV. of France granted to Sieur De Monts all the land between the fortieth and fifty-sixth degrees of north latitude, which was called by the French "Acadie." In the year 1604 the voyager Champlain named the island "Mons Deserts," but it was at the same period called by the English "Mount Desert." Whichever language has the priority of application, it is only those that use the English term who are consistent philologists; for those who attempt the French speak half the name in English. It is not the last, but both words, which constitute the name of the island in either language.

\*\*\*

THE veteran, Gen. John C. Fremont, who has only recently been placed on the retired list of the army, forms practically a connecting link between the United States of to-day and the North America of Daniel Boone and Kit Carson; for he was the familiar companion of the last, if he had not met the first. More than fifty years ago Fremont had explored, mapped, and studied scientifically nearly all those regions of the West and Northwest, which to most Americans even now are mysterious expanses of frontier. Long before the American Argonauts made their brave sally across the Great Plains, the Rockies, and the Sierra Nevada, to possess themselves of the golden soil of California, Fremont and Carson had trodden it repeatedly. Long before the Mormons began to make Salt Lake Valley into a garden, when no other white man of our race had even looked upon the salt sea between the two great mountain-ranges, these two had camped on its shores, and boiled out snowy salt from its dense waters.

\*\*\*

THE "Woman's Suffrage Journal" of England, referring in a recent issue to the late anniversary at Bologna University,

Italy, shows that co-education of the sexes in the higher institutions of learning is not altogether so modern as most people have supposed. It says, "The celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Bologna University should not be passed by without record in the annals of woman's progress; for in that ancient seat of learning, that great school of law which produced the most famous jurisconsults of the middle ages, women not only entered as students, but taught as professors.

"To name the earliest we find recorded, in the thirteenth century Bettisia Gozzadina received the degree of doctor of laws, and in 1239 was appointed to the juridical chair, which she filled for ten years till her death. A century later, Caterina and Novella Calderini lectured on law.

"And here, to pass to the later names, in the last century Maria Gaetana Agnesi was appointed to fill her father's chair in mathematics, and Anna Moranda Mazzolini earned wide celebrity for her anatomical researches. Clotilda Tambroni carries the record into the nineteenth century, filling the chair for Greek in the early part of this century; while in more recent years several women students have been distinguished in medicine."

\*\*\*

IPSWICH BRIDGE, in the town of Ipswich, Mass., is locally known as Choate Bridge. It was built in 1764 by Col. John Choate, who commanded the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment at Louisburg in 1745, and who was for nearly thirty years a prominent member of the General Court of the Colony. The writer of the poem relating to this bridge, in our last number, is of the same family. The bridge is of interest for its arches of unwrought stone, which bid fair to last for centuries to come.

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As an evidence of the rapid spread of so-called "Christian Science," or "Mind Cure," reference may be made to the recent interest awakened in Cincinnati in this direction. It is well known that Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy of Boston is the founder of this school. March 15, 1887, the Cin-



cinnati Christian Science Institute was the prime mover and the principal of the school incorporated under the laws of the State



MRS. ANNA M. HARVEY,  
PRINCIPAL OF CINCINNATI CHRISTIAN SCIENCE  
INSTITUTE.

of Ohio, by C. W. McIntyre, B. W. Was-  
son, Caroline O. Seeley, Anna M. Harvey,  
and Margaret Baker; Mrs. Harvey being

Mrs. Harvey was born in the year 1821, at Saratoga, N.Y. She came to Cincinnati Nov. 5, 1885, entirely a stranger. Her grandfather, John Wibirt, did service in the Revolutionary War at the age of sixteen years. Along the banks of the Hudson River were many people, who, when Burgoyne was making such desperate military strokes, were, from sickness or old age, unable to walk from the places where battles seemed likely to be fought, to a place of safety. The young man devoted himself to persistent efforts of assistance, and many an infirm inhabitant appreciated his kindness. After the war he went to live at Saratoga Spa, when there were but three log houses, the people, in their travels, guiding themselves by blazed or marked trees. The father of Mrs. Harvey's mother's mother, Lewis Bogardus by name, owned two hundred and fifty acres, including the exact locality where Trinity Church in New York City now stands.

The subject of this sketch takes pride in pointing to the fact that she can trace her ancestry back to the Tudors of England. Her young womanhood days were devoted to teaching school, and for thirty years she was active in church and sabbath-school work in the Methodist-Episcopal Church.

NECROLOGY.

MR. T. MORTON DEWEY of Springfield, Mass., died July 13, aged seventy-six years. He was a native of Orford, N.H., and a graduate from the military academy at Norwich, Vt. For twenty-five years from his marriage in 1838, he taught singing schools in numerous towns and cities of this and neighboring States; having had in Boston, at one time, a school of eight hundred pupils. In 1851, he was chosen president of the Philharmonic Institute. In 1825, he was admitted to the bar, and practised in Greenfield and Springfield.

\*\*\*

VINCENT COLYER, the artist, died recently at Contentment Island, Conn., aged sixty-three years. Though a painter by profession, he was best known by his work in behalf of the Indians, temperance, and religion.

\*\*\*

REV. MICHAEL RIORDAN, chaplain of St. Elizabeth's Convent, Madison, N.J., died July 16, aged fifty-six years. He was one of the most scholarly men of America, and an authority with every priest and bishop of his denomination in the United States on all matters of faith and discipline.

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CAPT. BELA A. HUMPHREY, formerly of Dorchester, Mass., died in Wayland, Mass., July 15, aged nearly fifty-eight years. He was a member of the Boston Marine Society.

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COL. WILLIAM VINCENT HUTCHINGS, of Boston, died at Auburndale, Mass., late in July. He was a well-known figure on State Street for many years, where he was engaged in the insurance business.

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REV. E. P. ROE, the well-known author, died at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson in July. He was born on the banks of the Hudson, in the town of New Windsor, N.Y., in

1838. His home is described in his book, "Opening a Chestnut Burr." He studied at Williams College and at Auburn Theological Seminary, and in 1862 took the chaplaincy of the Second New-York or Harris Light Cavalry. After two years, he was appointed one of the chaplains of Fortress Monroe; but before entering upon this duty, he joined in the celebrated raid in the spring of 1864, in which Col. Dahlgren was killed, having for its object the release of the Union prisoners at Richmond. He later became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Highland Falls, N.Y., near West Point, and aided the society in building a church. His interest in this enterprise led him into the lecture field. In the spring of 1874, Mr. Roe removed to the place where he died, and engaged in the composition of his very popular stories, and in the culture of small fruits. The aggregate circulation of his books is nearly half a million of copies.

\*\*\*

COL. JAMES STEVENSON, the ethnologist, died in New York, July 22. He was born in Maysville, Ky., in 1840. He was a member of Gen. Fitz John Porter's staff, and was actively engaged in the army throughout the Civil War. He had been connected with the United-States Geological Survey for many years, during which he made many explorations and ethnological researches,—the latest being in relation to Navajo and Zuffi tribes of Indians.

\*\*\*

REV. GEORGE ROBERT GLEIG died recently in England at the age of ninety-two years. He was the son of a Scotch bishop, and studied at Oxford and Glasgow. Without graduating he served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular Campaign, took part in the war of 1812 against the United States, being severely wounded at the capture of Washington. Some of his



reminiscences of the war were recently published in the "Magazine of American History." In consequence of his wound he went back to Oxford, where he was admitted to holy orders, and occupied various clerical positions. He wrote a score of books, including accounts of the campaigns of Washington and New Orleans, and of European battles, biographies, etc.

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**ORRIN HARWOOD** of Stafford, a farmer, who would have been a hundred years old Aug. 8, died at Hampden, Mass., July 16.

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**HON. INCREASE KIMBALL**, the Nestor of the York County bar, died at Sanford, Me., late in July, aged eighty-seven years and eleven months. He was born in Berwick, attended school at Exeter, N.H., and began the study of law with Hon. Nathan D. Appleton, then of Alfred, Me., in 1826. He was afterward in the office of Joseph Dane, sen., of Kennebunk, and in 1829 was admitted to the York County bar. He opened an office in Lebanon, representing the town in the State Legislature in 1833-4, and in 1840 was the youngest member of Gov. Kent's council. Six years later he removed to Sanford, representing that town in the Legislature in 1860; and during the last three years of the Rebellion was county attorney.

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**COL. WILLIAM C. BERRY** of Pittsfield, N.H., died recently, aged sixty-five years. He was a member of the staff of Gov. Berry, and ex-doorkeeper of the New-Hampshire House of Representatives.

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**WILLIAM W. WINANS** of New-York City, a veteran of the war of 1812, died recently at Contoocook, aged ninety-six years.

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**MR. MICHAEL R. GATELY**, of the book publishing firm of M. R. Gately & Co. of Boston, died at his summer residence, Jerusalem Road, Cohasset, Mass., July 26. He was born in Dorchester, Mass., forty-three years ago. Mr. Gately may be regarded as the founder of the mode of selling books on the instalment plan.

**DR. ROBERT MORRIS**, the Masonic author, died at Lagrange, Ky., July 31. He was born in Massachusetts in 1817. In 1856 he became president of Oldham College, at Lagrange, Ky. He was the founder of "The Voice of Masonry" and of "The American Freemason." He travelled extensively, and while in the Holy Land in 1863 founded a Masonic lodge in Jerusalem. He was also a great admirer of Burns, visiting his haunts several times, and collecting numerous works and souvenirs of the great poet.

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**MR. BENJAMIN MASON NEALLY** died July 29, at Dover, N.H., aged seventy-six years and nine months. He was a native of Nottingham, N.H. In 1858 he took charge of one of the Laconia Company's cotton-mills at Biddeford, Me. In 1869 he removed to Salem, Mass., as agent of the jute-mills; remaining there until failing health obliged him to give up work.

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**CAPT. FREDERICK G. SANBORN**, of Hopkinton, N.H., died July 29, aged fifty-two years. He was a captain of the Fifth Maine Volunteers in the late war, also brigade inspector and adjutant general of the First Division, Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac. Later he was in the First Massachusetts Cavalry, whence he was transferred to the United-States Army, and became a clerk in the Surgeon General's office in Washington.

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**E. W. WILLIAMS**, a large stockholder and president of the Yantic Woollen Mills, died at Norwich, Conn., July 31. He was a graduate of Trinity College, class of 1853, and for several years a trustee. He was one of the incorporators, and a trustee, of the Norwich Free Academy.

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**MR. HENRY E. ROBINSON** died July 30, at Melrose Highlands, aged about seventy years. He was a native of Boston, but removed to Melrose about forty years ago. He was prominent in Freemasonry.

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**MR. THOMAS TRUESDELL**, for years a well-known resident of Newton Upper

Falls, Mass., died at Suncook, N.H., July 27, at seventy-one years of age. He had been identified with the cotton manufacture from his youth.

\*\*\*

DR. WINSLOW S. PIERCE died recently at his residence in Brooklyn, N.Y., aged sixty-nine years. He was cousin of President Pierce, and related on his mother's side to the Prescotts and Bancrofts.

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CAPT. ROBERT BURRAGE, Marblehead's oldest citizen, died July 28, aged ninety years. His wife had died just twenty-four hours before, at the age of eighty-six.

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MRS. LIZZIE SWIFT, who died at Chelsea, Mass., recently, at the age of fifty-five years, was a well-known and highly esteemed hospital nurse in the Virginia army hospitals in 1863 and 1864. Her invalid husband is still at the Soldiers' Home in Togus, Me. Her death will be a personal sorrow to many a wounded veteran.

\*\*\*

HON. ADIN THAYER of Worcester, Mass., whose melancholy death occurred recently, was a man of strong character and simple and upright life. It has been well said that law was his vocation, and politics his diversion.

\*\*\*

CHARLES M. GOODSSELL, who died recently at Rainbow Lake in the Adirondacks, was born near Ann Arbor, Mich., and graduated from the University of Michigan. He was among the foremost journalists of Chicago, and later of New York. In the latter place he, with his brother, opened an extensive publishing house. He was for some years the manager of the "Graphic."

\*\*\*

MR. HENRY A. FAIRFIELD, formerly of Augusta, Me., but for twenty-two years a resident of Boston, died Aug. 9, aged seventy-seven years. He was a native of Waterville, Me., and had been in the printing business since he was twelve years old. He worked about thirty years on the

"Kennebec Journal;" and, since he had been in Boston, on the "New-England Farmer."

\*\*\*

"UNCLE JOHN" ROBINSON, the well-known veteran showman, died in Cincinnati, Aug. 4, aged eighty-two years. During his long career in the circus business he accumulated property to the amount of several millions of dollars, and has owned and managed Robinson's Opera House in Cincinnati.

\*\*\*

HON. RICHARD S. SPOFFORD died at his house on Deer Island, Amesbury, Mass., Aug. 11, aged fifty-six years. Mr. Spofford was a native of Newburyport, Mass., studied in Brown High School and Dummer Academy, Byfield. He commenced the study of law with Caleb Cushing at Washington; and when the latter became attorney-general in the cabinet of President Pierce, became his secretary. He was afterwards associated with Mr. Cushing in law business, did much business for railroads, and was a trustee of the estate of the late Thomas Pierce. He served several terms in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was a consistent Democrat all his life, frequently appearing on the stump during the late civil war, and having then and since a prominent place in the councils of his party. Twenty-two years ago Mr. Spofford married Harriet Prescott, the well-known writer, who survives him.

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DR. MERRICK LYON, a prominent educator, and an active member of the Baptist denomination, died at Providence, R.I., Aug. 11, aged seventy-three years.

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DR. WILLIAM GROSVENOR, one of the wealthiest citizens of Providence, died in Newport, Aug. 16.

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MR. GEORGE JEROME died at Jamaica Plain, in Boston, Aug. 10, in his seventy-sixth year. He had been in the grocery business in one store at Jamaica Plain more than forty years.

## LITERATURE AND ART.

TEN years after the Slaveholders' Rebellion ended the popular feeling was in general still too deeply affected by the passions of the war for all to give a cordial reception to a history of the United States which treated of the late war with perfect fairness. On account of this feature some have raised a great outcry against the "Popular History of the United States."<sup>1</sup> Yet the sale was very large, and successive editions went off rapidly. In 1886 the work was issued in new dress, with an increase of illustrations, and was regarded as one of the most artistic text-books that had appeared in this country, and the sale was immense. It is an octavo book of 672 pages, well supplied with sectional maps as well as scenes and portraits. The style is graphic yet easy, and the subjects appear to have received a due proportion of space. The table of contents is full, and there is a good index.

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ONE of the most striking of the novelettes of the day is "Napoleon Smith,"<sup>2</sup> said to be by a well-known New-Yorker. It professes to account for the success of the United States Treasury in the resumption of specie payments, by the recovery of the hidden treasures of Napoleon I. by a native of Maine, a soldier in the war of the slaveholders' rebellion, but who professed to be the son of an illegitimate son of the first Emperor. At the death of the latter at St. Helena, Napoleon Smith, senior, was secretly made his heir, and intrusted with the necessary documents, including a diagram on parchment purporting and proving to be the key to the hiding-place of the great

wealth which had so mysteriously disappeared. The heir enters the French service in the last war with Germany, gains distinction, adds two more wounds to the already wounded head, and with the last loses his memory,—which he does not again recover until a handsome French woman, in love with him while he was a sergeant, had married and nursed him for seven years. It is a well-told story, in the most extravagant American vein.

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FRENCH village life is vividly set forth in *La Terre* (*The Soil*),<sup>3</sup> one of Zola's most powerful novels; and for this reason this book has value to those interested in sociology which any one of his works relating to Parisian life could not claim. This edition has been prepared specially for the American public in a translation by Dr. George D. Cox, who has greatly purified the work from objectionable passages. The quaint humor, rugged beauty, and masterly analysis of human nature, of this author, are in none of his works more visible than here.

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IN "Society Rapids"<sup>4</sup> a debutante in literature presents a light but readable love story, showing some of the fascinations and dangers to a young lady of American society. There is an episode at Saratoga, in which some people of the coarser sort are sketched with a free hand; a more extended experience in Washington, and a breezy dip into Bar Harbor life. The book is largely colloquial, and the tendency of the story seems to be wholesome.

<sup>1</sup> A Popular History of the United States of America, by the author of Barnes's Brief History of the United States for Schools. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 1886. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 672.

<sup>2</sup> Napoleon Smith. By a well-known New-Yorker. New York: The Judge Publishing Co. Paper, 12mo, pp. 202. Price 50 cents.

<sup>3</sup> *La Terre* (*The Soil*), by Émile Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. Paper cover, 75 cents; morocco cloth, gilt and black, \$1.25.

<sup>4</sup> *Society Rapids: a Story of High Life in Washington, Saratoga, and Bar Harbor*. By "One in the Swim." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

THAT the Jewish race is materialistic beyond any other people, is a well-known fact; and that, consequently, that race would furnish in larger proportion than any other, instances of badness, is an inference that might reasonably be made. The Minerva Publishing Company (whatever that title may cover) seems to have for its task a demonstration of the correctness of this inference. If the statements are true (and many of the cases cited have been notorious in their time), the compassionately inclined must conclude that the ideas which have prevailed concerning the Jew are not so very far out of the way, after all. In a recent publication on the American Jew,<sup>1</sup> other offences more serious and vital than his "snoring" (which was the reason mentioned for his exclusion from Judge

<sup>1</sup> *The American Jew: An Exposé of his Career.* New York: Minerva Publishing Company. Paper, 12mo, pp. 219. Price 50 cents.

Hilton's Saratoga hotel) are named as having caused the race to be refused as guests in other of the first-class hotels of the country. The book gives some account of this race in the various departments of business, and the showing is altogether to its disadvantage. According to this work, they, without exception, debase every occupation upon which they enter. Licentiousness is especially charged upon them. People whose ideas are exclusively materialistic will always debase life, whatever the race of the person who holds them.

But there are *Jews* and *Jews*. Individuals of this race, in both ancient and modern times, have been among the finest specimens of mankind; and all the more are they to be esteemed because of the source from which they sprang. So down-trodden has this people been that any meanness and vileness displayed by them should hardly be a wonder.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? By Celia B. Whitehead. Address, C. B. Whitehead, Southington, Conn. Paper, 16mo square, pp. 120. Price 25 cents.

NAPOLEON SMITH. By a well-known New Yorker. New York: The Judge Publishing Co. Paper, 12mo, pp. 202. Price 50 cents.

THE AMERICAN JEW: An Exposé of his Career. New York: Minerva Publishing Co. Paper, 12mo, pp. 219. Price 50 cents.

NANA. The Great Realistic Novel, by Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper, 12mo square, pp. 430. Price 25 cents.

KENNETH CAMERON. By Judge L. Q. C. Brown of Louisiana. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo square, pp. 349. Paper cover, 75 cents. Cloth, \$1.25.

THE FAMILY DOOM; or, The Sin of a Countess. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper, 12mo square, pp. 350. Price 25 cents.

ANOTHER CHAPTER OF "THE BOSTONIANS." By Henrietta James. Bloomfield, N. J. S. Morris Hulin, publisher. 1887. Paper, 24mo square, pp. 27. Price 10 cents.

CASELL'S SUNSHINE SERIES OF CHOICE FICTION. Paper, 12mo. Price, \$25.00 per year, 50 cents per number. Cassell & Co., 104 and 106 Fourth Avenue, New York. For sale by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Vol. I., No. 7, No. 19 State Street, by David Graham Adey; No. 9, Odds Against Her, by Margaret Russell MacFarlane; No. 10, Bewitched: A Tale, by Louis Pendleton; No. 11, Madame Silva, by M. G. McClelland; No. 14, Karmel, the Scout, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

CASSELL'S RAINBOW SERIES OF ORIGINAL NOVELS. Paper, 12mo. Issued semi-monthly. Price per year, \$6.00; per number, 25 cents. Cassell & Co., 104 and 106 Fourth Avenue, New York. For sale by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Vol. I., No. 25, *The Silent Witness*, by Mrs. J. H. Walworth; No. 26, *My Aunt's Match-Making*.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. Edited by Professor Henry Morley. Paper, 32mo. Issued weekly at \$5.00 a year; single copies 10 cents. Vol. III., No. 127, *The*

*Victories of Love*, and other Poems, by Coventry Patmore; No. 128, *First Part of King Henry IV.*, by William Shakespeare; No. 129, *The Old English Baron*, by Clara Reeve; No. 130, *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, from November, 1668, to end of diary; No. 131, *Plutarch's Lives of Pyrrhus Camillus, Pelopidus, and Marcellus*; No. 132, *Essays and Tales*, by Joseph Addison; No. 133, *Lives of the English Poets*,—Addison, Savage, Swift,—by Samuel Johnson, LL.D.; No. 134, *Second Part of King Henry IV.*, by William Shakspeare.

## INDEX TO CURRENT MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

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*August*. Rev. Edmund H. Sears.—24. The Rest of Immortals. *Matthew Arnold*.—25. Pasteur. *Mrs. Priestly*.—25.

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*Thomas Northwest Higginson. 1888.*

T H E

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## ON THE BORDERS OF CZARDOM.

BY W. S. NELSON.

THE Government of Russia is suspicious of all strangers. Any one who would enter that empire must have his passport ready, in due form, and his baggage free from everything resembling dynamite. Our passports were regularly indorsed with the *visé* of the American and Russian consuls at Constantinople. Thus prepared, we went on board the Austrian-Lloyd vessel, in the Bosphorus, and steamed out into the Black Sea. It seemed as if we had plunged into an unknown world, for we had few fellow passengers. None of the officers could speak English with sufficient fluency to make conversation in that language very brisk; and my own French was no more available than their English. We had comfortable quarters, however, a good table, and fair weather; so that the five days were not unenjoyable.

It was a beautiful, clear morning when we drew near Batoum, where we must leave the vessel. This town, which has the finest harbor at the east end of the Black Sea, lies along the low curved shore; and beyond it rise the beautiful mountains which form the extreme spurs of the Taurus range on the south, and the Caucasus to the east. Some of the higher peaks were covered with snow, and so lent a graver aspect to the scene.

It was still early morning when we dropped anchor, and the port officers came promptly to examine the ship's papers. We watched the proceedings with interest, and expected soon to be on shore; but suddenly a change appeared in the captain's face, and, although we could not hear the conversation, we saw that he was troubled, and that the officers from shore were preparing to return and leave us alone. Another token was only too plain. The dreaded yellow flag went slowly up to the mast-head. For some unknown reason, we were evidently in quarantine. We soon learned that the Russian consul at Constantinople had designated our vessel as from

Italy, where cholera was raging. The captain did not read Russian, and was not aware of the mistake until he presented his papers at Batoum, and found himself condemned to a ten-days' detention in quarantine.

It was not a cheerful prospect. The day did not seem one-half so bright as before. Never did the telegraph seem such a blessing; for it was hoped that a telegram to Constantinople would correct the mistake and release us. We passed the day on deck, enjoying as well as we could the delightful air, and beautiful views of sea and mountain. At sundown, the officers returned, the yellow flag was lowered, our passports were demanded, and we were free to go ashore. What a sense of relief! We were glad to be in that Russian town, even though its people were all strangers, and its language unintelligible to us.

Batoum is in a transition stage. It is one of the points which were transferred from Turkish to Russian control by the Berlin treaty, in 1878. Already it shows the effects of the change. Many new houses have been erected, the streets have been straightened, and some of them are paved. The old part of the town is gradually disappearing before the advance of improvement, and the activity of business enterprise appears at every turn.

On leaving Batoum, we had our first experience on a Russian railway. The cars are unlike ours in America. They resemble the Swiss carriages more than any I have seen elsewhere. The car is entered from the side, by a door close to the end. This leads into an entry much like those in the new vestibuled Pullman cars used on our limited express-trains. From this place a door opens into the car itself, which contains two compartments, one for smokers, and one for non-smokers. In each of these compartments there are two pairs of seats facing each other, giving accommodation for sixteen persons. The aisle is not in the middle, but gives a long seat for three on one side, and a single seat on the other. At night, these long seats are available for sleeping, when the cars are not full, and a second berth can be arranged above each.

Almost every one in Russia carries rugs and pillows for use on the cars. A great number of miscellaneous packages are also taken into the cars. The racks overhead, however, are capacious, and there is much space below the seats, so that a great many things can be stowed away without inconvenience to any one.

We had an amusing experience in a night ride of about sixty miles. When we entered the car, the only vacant place was on one of these long seats. A Russian military officer had taken possession, and evidently anticipated a good nap, for his pillow and blankets were beside him. Some complaints were made at the number of our bundles, but we finally put them away so that they interfered with no one. Our Russian neighbor yielded with very bad grace, when he found we had come to stay. He was

rattling away with a fusillade of Russian, which neither of us understood. We tried to convince him that he must talk English if he wished a response. Soon a well-dressed lady, who sat facing me, addressed me in French. She asked first from what country we came. As soon as I said that we were Americans, there was evident interest on all sides. The surly Russian officer at once crowded up against his pillows to give us more room, and changed the tone of his Russian chatter completely. He was willing to make room for two gentlemen from the distant shores of America. The lady next demanded the destination and purpose of our journey. She finally made a remark which implied curiosity as to our ages. As I now seemed not to understand her French, a man across the aisle repeated the remark in German. I was much amused, and was quite curious to see how far they would carry their questions. I told them the age of the other gentleman, and of myself. The lady's curiosity was now satisfied, and she settled back in her seat to use only her eyes. I thought it was but fair to turn the tables on her, and so I opened a return fire



LAZAR, THE GUIDE.

in this way: "Are you a Russian?"—"No, I am an Armenian," she replied. "Where are you going?"—"To Baku" (the extremity of the railroad on the Caspian Sea). "Why do you go there?" She replied, referring in a general way to business matters to be attended to. I drew the line at age, and did not press that question, but asked her connection with the lady at her side. She said they were only chance companions.

Everything was spoken without reserve, and there was no sign that any unusual questions had been asked.

I had not expected much enjoyment in the railway ride from Batoum, but found the day less wearisome than I had anticipated. At first we rode along the shore of the Black Sea, and could see the waves gently rippling on the pebbly beach. Far away to the west stretched the placid dark waters, while to the north rose the snowy peaks of the Caucasus. To landward, we saw well-cultivated fields of grain, and farther away, the wooded slopes of the mountains. Our course lay between the Great and Little Caucasus, and in the afternoon we crossed a branch range which unites the two. The grades were heavy and the curves sharp, our line doubling back on itself in wonderfully short turns. The scenery was wild and beautiful. The narrow gorges were rugged and solitary. The water dashed along the bottom of the valleys in many a romantic stream. The steeper slopes were finely wooded, and elsewhere was evidence of careful husbandry. In many places, we saw the gathered corn stacked in the tops of small trees, to secure it from the cattle.

The telegraph-poles were a combination to save expense in lumber, and to utilize old rails. The lower part of the pole was simply an old rail taken from the track. To the end of this was spliced a wooden pole about ten feet long, completing the support for the wires. Later in our journey, we became quite accustomed to the neat cast-iron poles of the Indo-European Telegraph Company.

When we came to the ascent, our old engine was exchanged for two others, — one to pull and one to push. These mountain locomotives were worth studying. Each engine had two smoke-stacks, — one at each end. The wheels seemed to be in separate sets, driven by independent boilers, corresponding to the two chimneys. It looked as if two common locomotives had backed into each other, and become fastened together. Strange as they appeared, they did good service in taking us up the steep mountain-side. At the summit, the engine which had been pushing came in front and joined its comrade in holding us back on the descent. It was very strange to see smoke issuing from four smoke-stacks in front of a single train, and that going down hill.

It was late in the evening when we reached Tiflis, the end of our day's journey. Here we expected to find a guide who had been sent from Persia to meet us. He was a Nestorian, and we had been told that he could speak English "after a fashion." He was an important factor in the remainder of our journey, but on the night of our arrival he was conspicuously absent. There we were, late at night, in a strange city, wholly unacquainted with the current language. This uncomfortable predicament did not keep me from using my eyes, and I was pleasantly surprised to find, on the borders of Asia, a substantial brick depot which would do

credit to any American city of two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is tastefully built, and conveniently arranged for the comfort of travelers and the despatch of business.

We could not sleep in the depot, so we must find some one to take us to the hotel. It would be useless to speak English, so I tried to find some one who could speak French or German. I did not meet with the most flattering success. At last, a man by the door, although he did not seem to understand me fully, told us to follow him and he would show us the hotel. We followed a short distance to a lodging house, or "Homepa" [pronounced *nomera*]. I had studied enough of the Russian characters so that I could see the name of the establishment was not "Europa," the hotel to which we had been directed. A second man was prompt in showing us a room and in bringing candles; but I did not propose to be "taken in" like that, in a strange city. I insisted on a direct answer to my definite question whether that was the "Hotel Europe." They said it was not, but were quite sure we had better stay there. We thought not, and preferred returning to the depot to try again. At length, I found a man in the baggage-room who could understand what I wanted. He put us in a carriage, and we were soon set down at the proper place, and assigned to a comfortable room. I found that our host spoke German, and his wife French, so that we should get on very well.

Tiflis was the capital of ancient Georgia, for many generations an independent kingdom. Its position as a border province, overrun by the armies of Russia and Persia, and ardently coveted by each power, has given Georgia and its capital a mixed population. Tiflis was destroyed by the Shah of Persia near the close of the last century; but it came into Russian possession in 1801, and since that date has enjoyed a good degree of prosperity. It lies in a little basin surrounded by barren hills. These hills concentrate the sun's rays in summer, and make the heat almost unendurable. The city has excellent sulphur springs, which add to the health of the people by providing baths which are highly beneficial and popular. The river Kúr runs through the town, furnishing water-power for several mills, whose great paddle-wheels decorate the river-side below the city.

The houses of Tiflis are provided with water in a strange fashion. It is carried by horses, in curious leather bags hung on either side of a rude saddle. At the house door, the horse is stopped, a large measure is set on the ground, and water is drawn from the bag to fill it, each house-keeper being furnished as much as she demands. Water and wine are also carried in skin bottles made from complete hides. Men may be seen walking along the streets with what seems to be one or two hogs on their shoulders; or a wagon may jolt by, bearing a huge buffalo-skin dilated with wine.

The two parts of Tiflis are wholly unlike. That part to which the traveler first comes from the railway is on the north side of the river, and is

called "The Colony."

Here the streets are broad and well shaded, the sidewalks are good, and the houses built in American style. On the street is a horse-railway; open carriages are numerous, and the people wear our customary dress. After crossing the river the first business streets impress one in the same way. The buildings are high and well constructed. Altogether the stranger will be surprised to find so much to remind him of home. Let him go a little farther, however, into the old part of the town, and the transition will be as complete as it is sudden. In a few minutes after leaving the broad boulevard, with its handsome stores, he will be walking in a labyrinth of narrow streets, lined on either side with little shops, like those of Oriental cities. These narrow streets are crowded with footmen from many nations, to-



GROUP OF RUSSO-ARMENIAN WOMEN

gether with beasts of burden of every description. Vehicles pass with difficulty, while camels and donkeys with their strange loads and deliberate motions are the common carriers. The shops themselves are crowded together, and no space is left unoccupied. The noise is almost deafening. In some shops you will hear the clatter of incessant hammering upon large sheets of copper. Many utensils are made by hand in this way. Other shops are occupied by men shaping weapons of every description. Scarcely less distracting are the loud tones of the dealers, in their efforts to effect bargains with reluctant customers.

The contrast between the different parts of the city is no more remarkable than the differences in the population. There are in Tiflis about one hundred and fifty thousand people. Among these, twenty-two languages are in general use. The Georgian is the most common, and Russian is largely spoken; but Armenian and Turkish are often heard, while a large community of Germans still employ their mother tongue. The polite language is French, and less than a score of people in the whole city understand English.

The next morning after our arrival in Tiflis, we set out to find our missing guide. The landlord could give us no information, and so we went to the Hotel London, hoping to find English spoken there. They used only French, however, and could give us no information. On the street I found a German, and asked him to direct us to the banker named in our letter of credit. To my dismay he said that the man had failed, and was no longer doing a banking business. Nevertheless I asked him to call a carriage and direct the driver to convey us to the man's place of business. On our arrival we found a Jew who was merely a money-changer. After talking with him for a time in French, I asked whether there was any one near by who spoke English. He said that there was, and sent his boy out to call him in. Presently he returned with a good-natured Irish merchant. This gentleman treated us most courteously, and enabled us to find our lost guide. Subsequently we made the acquaintance of three English gentlemen who have charge of the Indo-European telegraph office. They were very obliging to us, and made our stay in Tiflis much more enjoyable than it could otherwise have been.

Our Nestorian guide was a notable character. In figure he was short but stout. He had a slight lameness which compelled him to carry a cane, and, when he was in a hurry, gave him a peculiar jerky motion. His hair was coarse and straight, and was worn rather long, cut even around the neck. It was the most remarkable red hair I had ever seen. He wore a heavy mustache of the same shade, which quite concealed his mouth. He had a round, jolly face, and bright eyes constantly sparkling with fun. We soon found that he was ready to work (and that is a rare quality among



orientals... and that he knew how to make others work as well. In his own expression, he "knew his business." He was prudent also, and did not like to "spoil our money." When in his full journey regimentals, Lazar was a striking figure. On his head he wore a double brown felt hat, with flaps that could be turned down over his ears. He wore several coats, the outer one of green cloth decorated with bright brass buttons. His legs were protected with tall riding-boots, while at his belt hung a large revolver and a bag for his indispensable tobacco and other trifles. Around his neck he wore a worsted comforter, and on the breast of his coat was a silver medal given him by an Englishman with whom he had traveled in India. In riding from Tiflis to the Persian frontier, we found the road very bad, the wheels at times sinking several inches in a fine, disagreeable dust. In describing this to one of our friends in Persia, Lazar told him the dust was "so deep," indicating a point on his arm above the elbow.

The secret of Lazar's strange hair was revealed to me in a Persian custom of dyeing the hair. We often saw old men with heavy red beards. On looking closely it would be noticed that the growth of hair next the skin was white. They use the dye once or twice in the week, when they go to the public bath. There are other peculiar customs in Persia about wearing the beard. No man should shave his upper lip. The mustache must be allowed to grow always, whether it be heavy or light. It is equally essential that a young man should shave all the other portions of his face. When he comes into a position of authority, he may allow his beard to grow, but must keep it trimmed close. An old man, and especially a minister or priest, should allow his beard to grow untrimmed. They are much surprised, in looking over a collection of American photographs, to see whiskers trimmed in every shape. Any lack of conformity to their customs in these respects may subject the stranger to unpleasant criticism.

In Tiflis, my eye was attracted by a peculiar row of cylindrical pockets seen on the breast of almost every man's coat. Some were simply of the same material as the coat, and held in shape by hollow cylinders of polished wood, while others were decorated with needlework, and contained silver cylinders. Although they appeared on the coats of civilians as well as of military men, it was clear that they must be cartridge-pockets. They gave the men rather a formidable appearance until it was noticed that the dreadful pockets often held nothing worse than cigarettes.

There is a great variety in men's hats, though the tendency towards some kind of fur is strong. The common Tartar hat is the most curious that I saw. It is made of brown wool, and would fill a half-bushel basket. It often projects four inches from the head, affording no little protection to the eyes, and presenting a mass of soft material which would shield

even a delicate skull from a heavy blow. The men wear these great masses of wool in summer as well as in winter.

The most noticeable women on the streets of Tiflis are the Armenians. They are not closely veiled, and it is easy to study their appearance. As a rule, they are dark, with glossy black hair, often worn in curls. They have sparkling dark brown eyes. Over the forehead they wear a stiff band like a crown, usually of dark velvet, ornamented with needlework. Many of these are not only showy, but tasteful. Over the head, and falling back so as to drape the flowing hair, is a light lace veil.

Fur-lined overcoats are common among the Russians. Those who cannot afford the finer furs have coats lined with sheepskin. In traveling we found the "yapunches" very useful. These are circular cloaks made of goat's-hair, and are warm as well as quite waterproof. They have no sleeves; but when fastened at the throat they come nearly to the feet, turning the wearer into a shaggy black cone. At night, when we had only bare benches for beds in the post-houses, these cloaks were very convenient; for, by a careful adjustment, we could lie upon them and still fold them over us so as to afford a good covering.

There is no one thing which more clearly distinguishes the lands of the East from Western Europe and America than the ubiquitous donkey. His melodious voice may be heard on every hand, and his sullen visage appears at every turn. He is a most useful and accommodating beast, and can be adapted to a great variety of purposes. Huge baskets may be hung on either side, and filled with heavy loads, until it seems as if the poor animal's legs must break under him. When no more can be added, the driver complacently jumps on top, and, shouting at the dumb animal, deals him a blow with his club. Did I call him a dumb animal? He is quite sure to give me the lie by uttering one of his plaintive songs in a way which will almost rend the earth, or at least make one wish he were a mile or two away.

For long journeys and for large loads they use the great solemn camels. Those huge, unwieldy beasts look at men, with a most condescending, supercilious expression in their eyes. I have seen a line of more than a hundred of these animals marching deliberately along in the early morning, each one carrying a large load of rock-salt quarried in Southern Russia. Again, I have seen them carrying blocks of building-stone to the city. I have met them in narrow paths, where it was not easy to pass the huge boxes of golden oranges they were bringing to the city market. Again, I have seen them returning unladen, the weary drivers lying asleep on the animal's necks. Each driver had crossed his feet on his beast's long neck, while his arms, resting upon the saddle, supported his head.

A most amusing combination of these two animals is often seen. A

small donkey plods doggedly along, his head down, his long ears flapping in the wind, and his rider's feet swinging almost to the ground. Behind him is a long line of ponderous and stately camels, each one fastened to the one before, and the foremost camel tied ignominiously to the little donkey. On he jogs, as unconcerned as you please, and the great ships of the desert swing along serenely in his wake.

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## TWO VOICES.

By IDA A. AHLBORN.

Two voices I hear, —  
One out from the heights of the blue,  
Calling me upward and thrilling me through, —  
Supernally clear.

A voice from below,  
Tender and deep as the singer's bass,  
Calling me back to my natal place,  
Where the roses grow.

My soul makes reply  
To the voice that calls down from above :  
"Coming, certain as death, certain as love,  
To dear ones on high."

This to the earth :  
"Coming, at last on thy bosom to rest ;  
For this body thou nourished, delighted, caressed, —  
Thine own from its birth."

**DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.**

By CHARLES L. HOLT.

WHY does the general public exhibit, just at the present time, such a remarkable interest in things electric? Electricity is not a new discovery. Electricians and street-railway men have for several years been pondering over the possibilities presented by electricity for motive purposes; but why is it that to-day capitalists, clerks, factory-hands, and toilers of every sort are, one and all, availing themselves of such opportunities as they have for learning the mysterious forces of electricity as applied to street-railways?

Mysterious forces? Yes, decidedly so; for, to the every-day citizen, who has not given more or less special study to magnets, generators, and motors, the simple transformation of an electric current into mechanical, motive force, is a phenomenon as dark as the shades of Egypt. He sees the wonderful power of electricity as shown in experiment, and he comes to regard such a force as an agent of the Devil, or, at least, a supernatural thing that cannot be bridled, and hence is dangerous to meddle with.

The convenience of banker and bricklayer alike is not suited by the horse-car system. "Time is precious," and in large and growing cities, where the population moves country-ward, when the labors of the day are done, to pleasanter and healthier localities than the business portions can furnish for homes, economy demands a safe means of rapid transit. Projectors of electric railways promise just this relief, and not a few cities claim to have solved the problem by means of electric railways. This, then, is why people are interested. They are hampered by the limitations of horse-flesh. Something must be done. Electric railways promise relief; but, in a business-like spirit, the people want to understand the system before they expend time and money and influence.

What are the advantages claimed for electricity over other powers for locomotion? As against animal power, it does away with expenditures for real estate and buildings for stables, and storage for hay and feed, and with expenses for insurance and taxes, and for veterinary surgeons, and a standing army of hostlers and stable-boys. Less space is required for cars on the track, and there is no wear on the pavement between rails. Indeed, experience demonstrates the fact that running expenses are a third less. To the public generally, the recommendations are these: more rapid

transit, less noise, less obstruction on crowded streets, and less liability of injury to pedestrians or passengers, as an electric car can be stopped more quickly than a horse-car, — indeed, it can be reversed instantly, almost. Add to these items the absence of disease-breeding stables, and the value of the horse-car is completely snowed under.

Many of these advantages, of course, can be claimed for cable-roads ; but, to offset them, is the fact that the cost of construction of the cable-road is forty per cent. greater than that of the most expensive electric road, while the running expenses of the former are seventy per cent. greater. In the case of cable-cars, speed is limited to the speed of the cable, and when the speed is lessened, the slipping of the “grip” wears the cable rapidly. Furthermore, the direction of a cable-car cannot be reversed.

That the convenience of the public is suited better by electric railways than by any other means of conveyance, is generally admitted on the strength of the testimony of the leading men in twenty-one cities in this country, where electric railways are in constant operation. That the cost of maintenance is less, is a matter demonstrable by figures. People in general, however, are very much afraid of lightning ; and many of them, regarding electricity as nothing but lightning, believe that electric railways present an element of danger in just this direction. Experience seems to indicate that this fear is without foundation. Because people have been seriously injured or killed by coming in contact with arc-light wires, it by no means follows that if by accident a person should come in contact with an electric-railway wire, he would receive serious injury. Arc-light currents have generally a potential of not less than two thousand volts, while an electric railway, on the other hand, rarely requires more than a four-hundred or five-hundred volt current. The latter current can be taken by any one without the slightest evil effects.

It is practically impossible for a passenger on an electric railway to place himself in the electrical circuit, either accidentally or intentionally ; and, even if he should so place himself, no harm would be done. Then, too, no danger arises from proximity of other wires, as the railway-wires run in the middle of the street. Furthermore, in case of fire, they are out of the way of firemen.

Professor William B. Anthony, formerly professor of physics at Cornell University, in a recent address before the New York Electric Club, spoke as follows of the danger presented by electric wires in the streets :

“The amount of danger in any case is very well measured by the number of casualties. How many have been injured in New York by the arc-light wires? Five ! Five in ten years ! Half a man a year ! Three of these occurred this spring within a few weeks of each other. The deaths were chronicled under great head lines. The death-dealing wires came in for a daily column. The mayor was called upon to account for his neglect to

order the wires under ground, and the public were led to believe that death was following every one upon the street with a lasso of line wire attached to a three-thousand-volt-power dynamo. But instead of these cases indicating such a great danger, it was their very rarity that made them so noticeable. A death by an electric-light wire was a new item of news, something to be served up in the finest style, and the reporters made much of it.

"Since I promised your president to give you a talk upon this subject, about three weeks ago, I have seen six cases of death or severe injuries by horse-cars. In every case the item was confined to a bare statement of the fact in the finest type, and without the slightest attempt at display. Some twenty-five deaths, and over a hundred and thirty severe injuries, have occurred from vehicles in the streets of New York since Jan. 1st. If deaths or injuries by electric-light wires were as common in occurrence, these too would be chronicled in the finest type, in the least conspicuous place on the page.

"No doubt there is danger in the electric-light wires, but the danger to people generally in the city is extremely small. The danger in crossing the street is thousands of times as great. The danger on the railroad-train, on the steamer, on the ferry-boat, in eating your lunch, or drinking your soda-water, is far greater; yet you do these things without a care for the consequences. The other day I read of two or three persons being killed by fallen bricks blown from a chimney, but the paper said nothing about a proclamation by the mayor ordering all chimneys taken in."

In an article of this kind, the work of Professor Elihu Thomson deserves careful consideration, not only because of what he has already accomplished, but also because of what we have a right to expect from him in the future; for he is a young man still, with the best part of his life before him. Those who know about it say that he owes much to his father, who was the possessor of unusual mechanical insight and skill.

Elihu Thomson was born at Manchester, England, in 1853. His father was an out-and-out Scotchman, and his mother was English with an admixture of French blood two generations back. When he was five years old, his parents came to America and settled in Philadelphia. Here the boy showed great interest in machinery of every sort, and spent a great deal of time in drawing, even before very much constructive ability had manifested itself. When he was seven years old, he entered the schools of Philadelphia; and shortly after he had passed his eleventh birthday, he was ready to enter the Central High School; but the regulations required that each scholar, when he entered the high school, should be at least thirteen years of age. Strange as it may seem, this regulation was, perhaps, the making of Professor Thomson; for, during the two years in which it was his chief duty to grow old enough to enter the high school, there

happened to fall into his hands a book describing experiments in electricity, and giving directions for making an electrical machine, with a wine-bottle for a friction cylinder. Now the boy had never seen such a machine, and knew absolutely nothing about electricity till he got hold of this book ; but see where his remarkable ingenuity and innate push led him. He made the machine at once, and it did its work ; it produced electricity. Then, following his text-book, he made Leyden jars and other statical electric appliances. He got out a Morse telegraph circuit complete, with instruments and batteries, and the magnets were wound with wire, every inch of which was insulated by winding cord about the copper. He had never seen such a thing as insulated wire. In this way he went on with his rather crude experiments, till, when he graduated from a four-years' course at the high school, he was said to have mastered about all that was then known of electricity, as well as of chemistry.

As soon as he had finished his course in the high school, he went into an analytical laboratory in Philadelphia, and there spent six months in testing ores, at the end of which time he was called back to the high school to become assistant in the department of chemistry. This position gave him charge of the chemical laboratory and apparatus, as well as the conduct of a large part of the instruction. In 1875, while still at the high school, he was made professor of chemistry at the Artisans' Night School of Philadelphia, where his chief duty was to deliver scientific lectures. In 1876, at the age, just remember, of twenty-three years, Professor Thomson received promotion to the chair of chemistry and physics at the high school, where he was to have charge of the two-years' course in chemistry, and also of the instruction in mechanics and in the properties of solids. Professor Houston had then, and has even now, charge of the instruction in other branches of physics.

Professor Thomson was a ready worker, and therefore his school duties did not require all his time. His leisure, however, was by no means wasted. He started a good many lines of investigation and experiment. For one thing, he became infatuated with organ construction. He built a good pipe-organ that had four sets of pipes and electro-pneumatic key action. He made his own zinc and wood pipes, keys, valves, sound-board, bellows, and, indeed, all the essential parts. Then he went into lathe-work in metal, and the grinding of lenses and specula ; and he made a compound microscope, — compound achromatic object-glasses, eye-pieces, condensers, and all. Later he made photographic lenses, and also a large variety of electrical devices, ranging from a Holtz machine to a dynamo-electric apparatus.

During the term of the Franklin Institute, in 1876-77, having been appointed lecturer, he gave courses on electricity, using very often, for purposes of illustration, apparatus of original design and construction.



For this object he made his first successful dynamo ; making patterns, winding, etc., of dimensions sufficient to run a small arc-lamp. He began



PROFESSOR ELIHU THOMSON

to feel increased interest in the subject of electric lighting. He devoted every spare moment to experiments with dynamos and lamps. It was at this time, too, that, as a result of preparing himself for a careful lecture on centrifugal force, he was led to get up, with Professor Houston, a machine



for the continuous separation of substances of different densities. The invention was applied specially to the separation of cream and milk ; and, after a patent had been obtained, it went into well-nigh general use in large creameries.

The next winter Professor Thomson and Professor Houston served together on a committee of the Franklin Institute on dynamo-electric machines. Dynamos were carefully tested, and the results were published. The report of the committee called special attention to the advantages of thoroughly laminating armature cores, and also to the economy of working with a high external resistance of the dynamo, as compared with a low internal resistance.

In 1878 Professor Thomson attended the Paris Exhibition, where he made a zealous study of the Jablochhoff lighting system, which was then attracting great attention. Fired with a new lease of enthusiasm, he returned to America ; and that year and the following, he, with Professor Houston, applied for several patents on electric-lighting apparatus. Mr. George S. Garrett of Philadelphia built some machines and lamps under license, and put a few plants in operation. Then the American Electric Company of New Britain, Conn., took hold of the matter. In 1880 this company, which is now known as the Thomson-Houston Company of Lynn, Mass., obtained the services of Professor Thomson as electrician, and a wonderful system of electric lighting took its start.

Among the buzz and whirl of the machinery at New Britain, Professor Thomson soon found himself just as much at home as he had been in the quiet schoolroom or laboratory. Here his genius soon found itself hand in hand with that excellent business management which was immediately attended with an enormous extension of business that placed this company's enterprise in the foremost rank of electrical industries.

In 1883 the company occupied its new factory at Lynn, and Professor Thomson kept himself busier than ever. As a result of his undertakings in arc-lighting, incandescent-lighting, motor work, induction systems, etc., there are almost two hundred United-States patents, more than one hundred and fifty of which have been taken out since he left Philadelphia. And this isn't all. Many patents are still hanging in the Patent Office ; and there are also many promising private sketches, note-books, drawings, and models, that have accumulated during the past eight years. One of the latest things that Professor Thomson has won success in is the system of electric welding, for which he has devised an apparatus that renders the system generally available.

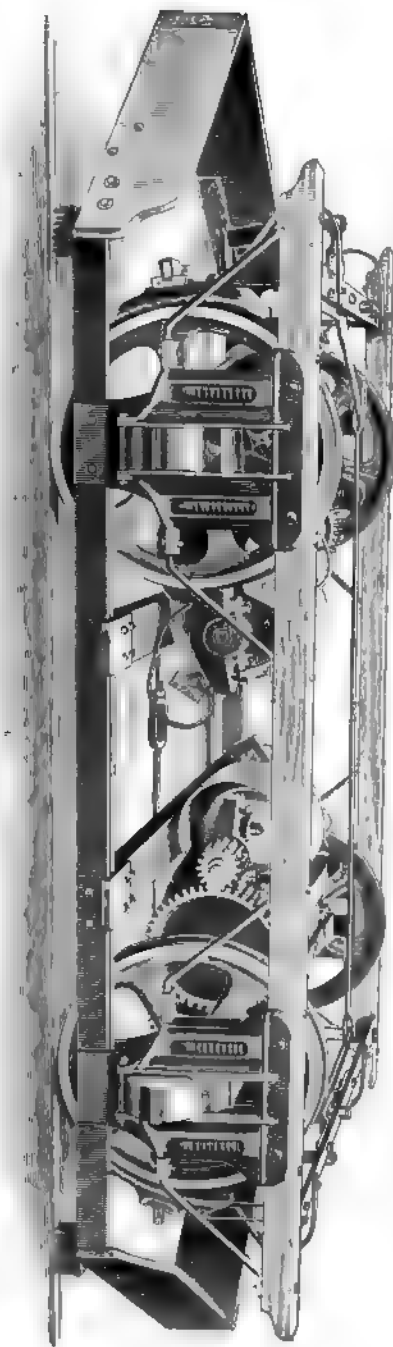
It seems strange, that, with all the wear and tear due to the great demands on Professor Thomson's time and energy, he has found opportunities to contribute to scientific journals, and to deliver lectures. In 1886 he read a paper on electric welding, before the Boston Society of

Arts, and his essay was translated into more languages than any other scientific paper of that time. His paper entitled "Novel Phenomena of Alternating Currents," which was read before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, in 1887, is generally regarded as the most striking and valuable contribution that has yet appeared in the literature on that subject. Only a few months ago, also, a most thorough and scholarly report on the insulation and installation of electric-light plants was given before the National Electric Light Association.

Professor Thomson is a member of the American Philosophical Society, the Franklin Institute, the Boston Society of Arts, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was recently elected, for a second time, vice-president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and is also an honorary member of the Boston Electric Club.

In appearance Professor Thomson exhibits quiet dignity, and in bearing and general disposition he is modest to a fault. He is a most excellent extemporaneous speaker; his mental grasp of any theme on which he attempts to speak, and his ready command of terse yet graceful

DOUBLE MOTOR TRUCK.



English, insuring eager listeners to every address that he makes. In 1884 he married Miss Mary L. Peck. There are now two Thomson boys.

The pioneer in electric-railway work on this side the water was Charles J. Van Depoele, a Belgian, who first opened his eyes in the year 1846. At a very tender age he dabbled in electricity, and became so thoroughly infatuated with the subject that he entered upon a course of study and experiment at Poperinghe. In 1861, while at college, he produced his first light with a battery of forty Bunsen cells. Later, he removed to Lille, France, where he attended regularly the lectures and experiments of the Imperial Lyceum, from 1864 to 1869. In the last-mentioned year he came to this country and took up his residence in Detroit, where he soon exhibited his lights and other electrical appliances.



CAR ON CRESCENT BEACH ROAD

One day in the year 1874, while he was experimenting in Detroit with electric generators and motors, there suddenly flashed across his mind the idea that a train of cars could be run by electricity. He had several scientific friends to whom he at once mentioned his thought, but they were inclined to be sceptical. They did not shake his convictions, however, for soon after this, on several occasions, we find him in his shop at Detroit, demonstrating the power of an electric motor by running an ordinary rip-saw to saw lumber. He would shift the belt of his ten-horse-power engine from the main shaft, driving the machinery, to a large dynamo, which drove another dynamo, belted as a motor to the main shaft. As soon as the engine was started, and the generating dynamo began to get up some speed, the current generated was transmitted by two wires to the motor, and the motor started up immediately, increasing or decreasing in speed, according to variations in the speed of the generator.

Mr. Van Depoele and his friends were so enthusiastic over this discovery that the matter of making an experiment upon some piece of street-railway in Detroit, to show what could be done by way of driving cars by electricity, was pretty thoroughly agitated. Detroit, however, was at just that time greatly excited over the electric light, and so a sufficient amount of capital could not well be got together to give the railway scheme a trial.

Later, Mr. Van Depoele removed to Chicago, where the subject of electric railways was taken up again, — this time in earnest. In February, 1883, an experimental plant was put in, including a track four hundred feet long. The car was fitted up with a three-horse-power motor, and the rails were used as one side of the circuit, while the other side consisted of copper wire suspended on a level with the tracks, midway between them, by means of boards with V slots cut in them. On the bottom of the car were fastened two small wheels, into which the copper wire was laid. As the car moved along, the wheels would lift the wire out of the V slots, in approaching them, and drop it after passing the slots. The current came from a generator in a shop just across the street. This plant was run successfully several weeks, and an important principle was settled.

At the Chicago Inter-State Fair, which opened Sept. 10, 1883, an elevated electric railway was operated without a hitch some fifty days. The track was lifted above the ordinary level, the rails being carried on the top of the structure, the car being suspended below the axles, instead of above, as in the case of ordinary railway-cars.

In July, 1884, Mr. Van Depoele made arrangements to run an electric railway at the Toronto Annual Exhibition, from the entrances to the main building, — a distance of about three thousand feet. Here he tried the underground or conduit system, which also proved a complete success for all the purposes of the exhibition. A slim wooden box was fastened midway between the rails, and kept in place by means of iron brackets screwed to the cross-ties. The box was slit longitudinally the whole length of the track, and both sides of the slit were protected by iron strips, thus preventing any wearing of the wood. Two copper strips were placed on opposite sides of the box, — one of the strips being the positive conductor, and the other the negative. Two insulated conducting brushes entered the box through the slit, from the bottom of the car, making contact, one with the positive conductor, the other with the negative. These brushes were in turn in electrical communication with the motor and current regulator, so that the car, in traveling, always kept the circuit unbroken between the brushes. The motor used, which was of thirty horse-power, propelled three cars, carrying two hundred people at each trip. A forty-horse-power generator supplied the current. So much for the first experiment with the conduit system.

The next plant of importance was put in at Minneapolis in the winter of 1885-86, for the purpose of operating over a portion of the Minneapolis,

Lyndale, and Minnetonka Railroad. The plant consisted of a sixty-horse-power generator and a fifty-horse-power motor. The rails were utilized for one side of the circuit, and an overhead copper wire for the other side. The success of this road was regarded as phenomenal when it was put in operation, especially with reference to the ascending of grades and the turning of curves. One stormy day, so it is said, a steam-dummy started from the car-house with a motor car and a large open car to convey them to the road, where electrical connection could be had. As it neared the latter point, the dummy "got stuck." The dummy was dismissed, and electrical connection made, when immediately the motor car ploughed its way through the snow, and cleared the track in a short time.

The overhead copper wire, which served for one side of the circuit between the generator at the power-station and the motor beneath each car, was suspended from brackets fastened to poles at a height of about twenty feet from the ground. A "trolley" or traveler ran freely back and forth on the wire, the latter being supported from the brackets from below. The trolley was a metal frame with grooved wheels resting on the wire, the whole being so arranged that the centre of gravity was well below the wire, so that the trolley remained upright, and held to the wire. The current was conveyed from the main conductor to the motor beneath the car by means of flexible wires running from the trolley to the motor. As the car moved, the trolley was drawn along, thus keeping up a constant metallic contact.

This is practically the overhead system, as it stands to-day. On the Thomson-Houston roads, the trolley comes in contact with the conductor from below, in which case the trolley is supported by a flexible arm, fastened to the top of the car. Then, again, when the track is in the middle of the street, instead of at the side, two lines of poles instead of one are used, and the poles are connected in pairs by wires running from pole to pole across the street. From these cross wires, directly over the middle of the track, is suspended the main conductor, along which the trolley runs, as in the former case. On wide streets, a single line of poles is sometimes placed between the two tracks.

Roads are running successfully on one or another form of this system, at Appleton, Wis. ; Binghamton, N.Y. ; Detroit, Mich. ; Fort Gratiot, Mich. ; Jamaica, N.Y. ; Lima, O. ; Port Huron, Mich. ; St. Catharines, Ont. ; Scranton, Penn. (three lines) ; Ansonia, Conn. ; Dayton, O. ; Wheeling, W. Va. ; Windsor, Ont. ; Crescent Beach, Mass. ; Revere, Mass. ; Syracuse, N.Y. ; and Washington, D.C.

The road at Appleton is run wholly by water-power, the plant consisting of a pair of turbines capable of developing a hundred horse-power, and actually driving a sixty-horse-power dynamo. The grades encountered on this road run as high as nine per cent. At Scranton there are two things worth

noticing. In the first place, Scranton is a city that boasts of more than sixty thousand inhabitants, yet the use of overhead wires throughout the city is allowed. The other point worthy of note is, that the road is operated from the electric-light station. The road is four miles long, and has twelve grades averaging more than six per cent. The road pays the electric-light company nine dollars a day for running the sixty-horse power generator, i.e., fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents per horse-power per annum, or about one cent per horse-power per hour. The Detroit road is a suburban line, on which the cars have been run at a speed of twenty-seven miles an hour. At St. Catharines, the company has leased water-power from the Canadian Government on the Welland Canal, paying about one dollar per horse-power per annum. At the water-wheel, over four hundred horse-power is available ; so the company has arranged to run, with the surplus, several motors along the line for manufactories. With this income, the net cost to the company for power will be about thirty cents per car per day.

Washington, D.C., is running three cars on two and one-seventh miles of track, over the Eckington and Soldiers' Home Railway. This line starts at the corner of New-York Avenue and Seventh Street, north-west, and runs along New-York Avenue, out to the Soldiers' Home in Eckington. The poles are not deemed unsightly. On the contrary, they are regarded as highly ornamental. They are of iron, and of the following design : At a height of twenty feet from the ground, an arm or bracket makes out from the pole, and from the end of this bracket or cross-piece the main conductor is hung. Then at a height of six feet above the cross-piece or bracket, a cluster of incandescent lights is arranged at the top of the pole. Where the track is double, the pole, which is itself of ornamental design, is set between tracks, and a cross-piece is used for the hanging of the wires ; where the track is single, a bracket is used. The poles are set a hundred and twenty-five feet apart.

In the middle of last month, the West End Street Railway Company of Boston — the largest street-railway system in the world — signed a contract adopting the Thomson-Houston system, and work was at once begun on the line from Harvard Square, Cambridge, to Arlington. This was a financial arrangement of enormous proportions, inasmuch as the change on the part of the West End Company from horse-power to electricity means an investment up in the millions. It means that eight thousand horses will be got rid of.

The one thing in all the mechanism of an electric railway that wins the admiration of a man versed in the mysteries of machinery is the work done so silently, and yet so completely, by the motor. The motor is indeed a wonder among wonders. It is *not* to be supposed, by any means, that all motors are alike in efficiency. The earlier forms were very crude in construction, and rather bungling to manage ; but so rapid has been the improvement in

them, that to-day they may be regarded as completely developed, except that from time to time certain niceties of detail will doubtless claim attention, as a matter of convenience rather than of necessity.

Since, in explaining the work of a motor, it is necessary to take some special motor as an example, we will take that which, by reason of its complete mechanism and ingenious details, has found its way beneath most of the electric-railway cars now in use in this country. We refer to that manufactured by the Thomson-Houston Company.

It is a principle that needs no further explication, that, when the generation of power is confined to large stationary plants, vastly greater economy is obtained than when the power is supplied from several smaller plants. The beauty of electricity as a power is, that it can be transferred from one point to another, the energy of a steam-engine at the central station being distributed among the several cars on the line of the road in such a way that each car, at each point of the road, receives just so much power as is actually needed at that point. In the case of a cable railway, on the other hand, seventy-five per cent. of the energy supplied at power-stations is used up in simply dragging the cable. The energy of the engine at the power-station of an electric railway is converted by means of a dynamo into electricity at the station, and carried by stationary metallic conductors along the whole length of the line ; and the car as it moves along draws off the electricity in such quantity as is needed, by means of metallic connection between the main conductor and the motor fastened to the axles under the car. The motor then takes the current of electricity, and converts it into mechanical power, so that the wheels of the car move.

It is well to remember that the dynamo at the power-station and the motor beneath the car are practically one and the same machine, working in directly opposite ways. The dynamo converts mechanical energy into electric, and the motor converts back electric energy into mechanical.

The characteristic that has brought the Thomson-Houston motor into so great general favor is that it combines high efficiency with substantial and tasty mechanical design. Careful experiments have several times recently been made with these motors to test their efficiency. The results show for the fifteen-horse-power motor an average of more than ninety-one per cent., that is, less than nine per cent. of the energy imparted to the motor is dissipated. Less than five years ago, the best dynamos and motors gave an efficiency of only seventy-five per cent. The wire coils became heated, and the journals too, for that matter ; so that a machine could not be depended upon to run more than about fifteen hours on a stretch. Then the armatures and the commutators would burn out. In short, there was always something wrong. Now the Thomson-Houston Company have succeeded in making a dynamo and a motor that, after making all reasonable allowances beyond those actually indicated in experiments, give for



a hundred horse-power at the engine sixty-five horse-power at the car-axle. This is very much greater than the efficiency of steam as applied to rail-roading.

How is this remarkable efficiency obtained? Simply by paying careful attention to the electric and magnetic proportioning of the motor. The magnetic circuit is very short, and of ample section, and therefore of low resistance, and the magnetic poles are so formed as to convey the magnetism into the armature with the least possible loss. In the engraving it will be noted that the poles of the field-magnets, the cores of which are round in section, project upward, enclosing the armature. By this means, a high peripheral velocity causes a rapid cutting of the lines of force, in consequence of which, also, the armature is capable of exerting a powerful rotative force, or "torque," such as is needed in railway-cars.

As the armature is short, the necessity for a long, rigid shaft is avoided. The coils of the motor are wound on bobbins, slipped over the core, so that it is very easy to change or replace a coil. The field-magnets, which are relatively of very high resistance, are wound in shunt to the armature; so that the amount of electricity required to energize the field-magnets is reduced to a very small fraction of that absorbed by the motor. The winding on the armature is of very low resistance, which, with the careful construction of the armature core, makes it impossible for the armature to become heated, even when greatly overloaded. The motor is started and stopped by means of a rheostat, which is inserted in the armature circuit in such a way that all of the resistance is introduced when the motor is started. In this way, an abnormal flow of the current through the armature is prevented, and the car starts gradually. As the speed increases this resistance is cut out, until, when full speed is attained, no resistance remains in the circuit. The counter-electromotive force of the armature regulates the flow of the current, as the load varies.

In most motors two pairs of brushes are used,—one pair for each direction; but the Thomson-Houston motor uses but one pair of brushes, whether the car moves forward or backward. They need not be shifted at all, and at the same time they run without any "sparking" whatever. The brushes are self-feeding, and the bearings self-oiling. All that is necessary is that care be taken to place the brushes properly before the motor starts, and also to supply the oil-cups with oil about once a week. This done, the machine will take care of itself. The current is controlled, the car is reversed, and the brakes are applied, from either platform. For the prevention of accidents from lightning, the Thomson-Houston Company supplies each car with a lightning-arrester, and is said to be the only company that thus far has made this important move. This device is covered by their patents.

All this would seem to indicate that motors have got beyond the experi-



mental stage, and have come to stay. In this connection it may be of interest to note a few sentences of a report made in the early part of the present year by Capt. Griffin of the Corps of Engineers, assistant to the engineer commissioner of the District of Columbia, pursuant to a request from a Senate committee for information and suggestions as to the feasibility of adopting an electric-railway system for the District of Columbia. After going into a careful, detailed *résumé* of what had been accomplished by electricians in the matter in hand he said, by way of conclusion : —

“ A careful review of the recent developments in electrical tramways, and the present condition of electrical science, must convince any unprejudiced investigator that the electric motor is now beyond the experimental stage, and well established in the practical commercial domain. In other words, it is an incontrovertible fact that electrical energy offers a much cheaper and far more satisfactory motive power for tramways than either cables or horses.

“ There are about twenty-five hundred street-cars in use in the United States, requiring one hundred and twenty thousand horses for their service. About one-fifth of these, or twenty-four thousand horses, are more or less disabled annually. They either die, or drag out the remainder of their existence in other service. This is a frightful showing, and a change to some other form of motive power is called for on humanitarian grounds, as well as to serve the comfort and convenience of the public. Electricity not only furnishes a cheap and satisfactory power, but it also gives a brilliant light to the cars, rings the alarm-bells, and signals the driver.”

Very few people have any adequate idea of the great amount of electric-railway business that has sprung up in this country “almost in a night.” Take the company already referred to, as an example. A few brief months ago the Thomson-Houston Company thought of little else, and were known for little else, than their electric-lighting system. To-day the electric-railway department bids fair to rival the lighting branch of their business. They have bought up the Van Depoele patents ; have secured the services of Mr. Van Depoele ; and have added two new buildings to their already enormous factory at Lynn, Mass., which is now by far the largest in the world. Nineteen roads are in operation to-day, using this system alone.

The Thomson-Houston Company has signed contracts for equipping ten roads that are in process of construction now at the following places : Des Moines, Iowa ; Wichita, Kan. ; Omaha, Neb. ; North Adams, Mass. ; Lynn, Mass. ; Danville, Va. ; Hudson, N.Y. ; Seattle, W.T. ; Bangor, Me. ; and Boston. The Riverside and Suburban Street Railway Company of Wichita, Kan., will operate two miles of track with three cars. At North Adams, Mass., the Hoosac Valley Railway Company will run six cars over five miles of track. At Lynn, the Lynn and Boston road will try electricity on its Highland Line, where grades run as high as twelve and

one-half per cent. There will be one and seven-eighths miles of track, and two cars. The Danville (Va.) Street Railway Company will operate two miles of track, with four cars. The Hudson (N.Y.) Street Railway Company will run three cars over two and one-half miles of track. At Scranton, Penn., three roads are operating fourteen miles of track under the Thomson-Houston system. The Scranton Passenger Railway Company has just contracted for an extension of a mile and one-half. The Scranton Suburban Railway Company has ordered ten new trucks, and the other company — the Nay-Aug Crosstown Railway Company — has ordered four. At Seattle, W.T., five miles of road, with five cars, will be in running order by the first of January next. The Street Railway Company of Bangor, Me., has contracted for a road four and one-half miles long, with four cars, using a single overhead conductor. The Des Moines Broad Gauge Railway Company is equipping seven and one-half miles of track with eight cars, with this system; and the Omaha and Council Bluffs Railway and Bridge Company will soon have a model road in operation, with nine miles of track and twelve cars.

Besides the overhead and the conduit systems, there is what is known as the "storage system," in which the power is furnished by a storage battery or accumulator. In this system each car is independent of every other car, carrying its own power wherever it goes. It seems to be the general verdict, however, that the storage battery is not yet sufficiently developed to prove satisfactory, since, although this method of running is perfectly safe, still it is slow, clumsy, expensive, and uncertain.

There are several other systems in use to a greater or less extent, but they are all modifications, in one way or another, of the three already mentioned. The storage system has met with practically no favor whatever. The underground or conduit system is correct in principle; but wherever it is possible to use overhead wires, they had better be used, as a conduit is comparatively expensive in first cost, and much more exacting in the matter of running expenses than is the overhead system. In densely populated cities, however, with narrow streets, where permission cannot well be granted to erect poles, the conduit system will be found to work to the sufficient satisfaction of all concerned. The system in which an overhead conductor is used has proved satisfactory wherever it has been put in operation, — to passengers, stockholders, and city fathers alike.

## NEWCASTLE SONNETS.

By DR. WILLIAM HALE.

## I.

## NEWCASTLE.

(THE TOWN.)

O LITTLE, brine-breathed, dreamful island-town !  
 Brown hermit, basking in an aimless ease,  
 With naught to mock thy dreams save breaking seas  
 That hoarsely call, and seaward hurry down.  
 I would not have thee great, of high renown ;  
 I would not check sweet day-dreams like to these,  
 In which thou noddest to the soft sea-breeze.  
 Thou wearest beauty as a queen her crown,  
 Right royally ; but I would have thee know,  
 Shunning the world, this secret of thy peace, —  
*Companionship with God*, which doth bestow  
 Power, grandeur, beauty, life without surcease ;  
 Know, what from men and strife hath farthest fled,  
 With peace and God is closest islanded.

## II.

## JOHN ALBEE.

("JAFFREY COTTAGE.")

BRAVE, sea-blessed singer dwelling by the sea,  
 Sturdy shore-hermit on thy island-farm,  
 How dear thy sea, in tempest or in calm !  
 How blithely beat its billows calling thee !  
 Let thy snug acreage of field and tree,  
 And whispering grove, and singing shore, embalm  
 Within thy grateful breast such wondrous charm  
 Of music, that thou there contented be  
 To sit with shell in hand upon the shore,  
 And chant such melody as doth arise  
 Unto thy heart from out the sea, — all skies,  
 All homes, all hearts, to fill and bless, —  
Aye, more !  
*Joyous* abide ! and of its overflow  
 Let thy great heart, sea-like, its wealth bestow.

## III.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

("KELP ROCK.")

CHILD of Nature, keen-sighted, great of heart,  
Leal worshipper of sun and shore and sea,  
Seek thou the restful home that waits for thee.  
Leave urban cares, the rout, the rush, the mart.  
Let cities hold their greed and gold ; apart,  
The greater, rarer dower thine shall be.  
Keep thou thy boundless, untold wealth, — the sea ;  
Within its depths unfathomed find thine art.

Choose thou the ocean's sweet environment,  
The sea-blown musings on thy shingly shore ;  
Cleave close unto the swirl and rush and roar  
Of ocean's hallelujah, endless blent  
Within thy soul, in awful flood and flow,  
To make thee sweet and pure, and keep thee so.

## ONE WINTER SOUTH.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

MRS. ALCOTT was a thorough Bostonian ; strong-minded, accurately educated, cultured, and the least bit exclusive. Her husband had been colonel of a Massachusetts regiment in the late war, and the hatred for the South which he entertained up to the day of his death, when a rebel bullet crashed through his brain, found a living embodiment in the person of his high-minded wife. Her prejudices against any thing Southern were deeply seared into her memory and heart by bitter past associations. Her nervous temperament revolted at the thought of covering over her wound by the balm of forgiveness, and the more the question was agitated to her, the more set and inflexible she became in her opinions. The people of a country who had killed her "dear colonel" could never be on friendly and intimate terms with her. She rejected the suggestion with all the contempt that she could command.

Mrs. Alcott was a small, delicate woman ; in fact, she was much below the medium height. Her figure was erect and supple, and she carried her head in that attitude of aristocratic indifference that commanded attention,

if not love and respect. She moved in her circle of friends as a sort of paragon, and in their eyes her prejudices and eccentricities were far overshadowed by her superior intellectual gifts and skilful acquirements. She loved music ; she loved society ; she loved literature ; and whatever branch of knowledge or worldly acquirement she loved, she excelled in. Her little triumphs in society had been many before the fatal news came that made her a widow. Then she vanished from society to nurse her sorrow in secret. Her most intimate friends only were admitted to condole with her in person, and for years she lived the life of a recluse.

But Mrs. Alcott had an only daughter, a girl like herself, made to shine among her contemporaries. Maud Alcott was twenty years of age, and the centre of all her mother's hopes, joys, and affections. She had come forth from her hermit-like life to mingle with society again for Maud's benefit ; she had given great receptions ; she had made the circuit of all the fashionable watering-places ; she had made Maud the attraction of two seasons. All this Mrs. Alcott felt to be her duty, and she performed it with a conscientiousness of purpose that was not altogether unpleasant. Nor was the recipient of all her attention and anxiety deficient in those graces and attractions conducive to make a shining light in society. Maud Alcott was small, graceful, and beautiful. She had skin like satin, unblemished by a disfigurement ; strong expressive features, overtopped by a clear white forehead ; eyes like the liquid depths of a mountain lake, reflecting its own beautiful images ; and her small hands were the envy of her sex. Added to these gifts of nature were those bestowed by her teachings and surroundings.

When Maud stepped out of her teens, an accomplished and beautiful lady, her mother began to decline rapidly in health. Her lungs were weak, and she became too delicate to stand the severities of a Northern winter. Her physician advised her to go South for her health, and remain there until the returning spring should bring her relief. This news was exceedingly unwelcome to her, and she protested strenuously, but vainly, against her physician's commands. She loved Boston, and hated the South ; how could she give up the one for the other, even for a short time ?

The good-natured doctor would probably have given in finally to the little lady's arguments, had not Dame Nature interposed. Mrs. Alcott loved life, like many other confirmed invalids, and when she found the autumn winds playing havoc with her afflicted lungs, she became frightened, and suddenly determined to take the advice of her medical man. As there was no alternative between dying and going South, she sweetly overcame her prejudices for that benighted land, and accepted fate with true womanly resignation.

At the foot of Kennesaw, in the State of Georgia, there lies a beautiful village, called by geographers Marietta. It nestles among the mountains like a paradise in a wilderness. It is embosomed in magnificent oaks and

splendid elms, and its climate, at all seasons of the year, is deliciously mild and healthful. To this health and pleasure resort, fashion's votaries flock in great numbers; and to it Mrs. Alcott was advised by a Northern friend to go. She had no particular aversion for Marietta, — no more than she had for all Southern cities and places, — and so, early one October morning, she left her dear Boston, and started for her winter resort. Maud was her only companion.

These two travelers did not appreciate the beautiful country through which they were whirled by the steam-cars. To them it was only the bloody battle-field where Colonel Alcott had shed his warm life-blood in defence of his country. Mrs. Alcott pulled down the blinds of the car-window, and shuddered visibly, as the remembrances of the past rushed across her mind. Maud followed her example, and the two passed the dreary days in their cramped quarters staring blankly at the walls, or reading aloud from some book. But when they were landed at Marietta they could no longer shut out the landscape from their view. They looked upon the gorgeous scenery with exclamations of wonder; and the magnificent mountain views, the hills, the valleys, and the rivers, seemed like an ever-shifting panorama of beauty. Maud could remain cold and passive no longer amid such a scene of bewildering grandeur, and her warm nature expressed itself in words and actions. Mrs. Alcott did not remonstrate with her; "for, after all," she reasoned, "it's the people, and not the country, that I dislike. We are here for the winter, and we must enjoy ourselves somehow."

The amusements at Marietta were varied enough to suit the most fastidious mind. People came here from all parts of the country, and together they contributed to make the winter a gay one. Mrs. Alcott soon found that all of her fellow-boarders were not Southerners, and so she set herself to work making congenial friends of those who were from the North. It must be said, however, that she did not always discriminate rightly, and occasionally she became quite intimate with some prominent Southerner, whose local reputation was great. The climate agreed with her splendidly, and in a few weeks she once more regained her former health, and was able to accompany Maud in her rambles over the mountains.

Among their acquaintances, Arthur Stapleton soon became the most favored. He was a young, upright man, full of life and gayety, polished and well-educated, of a noble family, and one who had traveled considerably. He had spent several years beneath the burning sun of India, one year in the frozen regions of the Arctic zone, and three years in traveling over Europe and America. A handsome income secured him against all want, and the death of both of his parents had made him a wandering exile on the earth. He had mingled in all classes of society, and knew perfectly well how to conduct himself in all.

When he first met Maud Alcott, he was particularly charmed with her beauty and actions. Although a society belle, she was still free from all those flippant expressions of vanity and conceit so characteristic of the petted girl of fashion. In Marietta she was simple and unaffected, and her attractions were greatly enhanced by her sweet ways. Her rich knowledge was never disagreeably shown in her conversation, and she readily acknowledged the superior intellectual acumen of her male companion. In fact, Arthur Stapleton was both well-read and well-educated, and his wide experience in the world had not been in vain. He had noted every thing in his travels, and he knew perfectly well how to put it all to use.

The mutual attraction which sprang up between these two young persons became stronger every day. They roamed through the woods and over the mountains together, and viewed the surrounding country from the top of Kennesaw. Horseback riding was their favorite amusement, and each pleasant afternoon they cantered along the smooth roads side by side, enjoying each other's society as well as the scenery and the bracing atmosphere. Mrs. Alcott did not see fit to accompany them on all these little excursions, and, even had she so desired, her delicate health would have denied her the privilege. But in the evening-time, when the village was alive with the gayeties of its winter boarders, she watched the two young people with that jealous care which an anxious mother exercises towards her only child, when she feels that at any moment her affections may be displaced by those of another. She loved Maud, and she liked Mr. Stapleton; but still she felt some pain from the thought of surrendering her daughter to the keeping of another. But like a true woman of the world she carefully noted the course of events, and finally came to the conclusion that the friendship between Maud Alcott and Arthur Stapleton was likely to ripen into something deeper and tenderer. Two months had elapsed since she first set foot on Southern territory, and during that comparatively long period her daughter had been constantly in the society of Mr. Stapleton. They had had abundant opportunities to get closely acquainted with each other, and it was her duty to see that every thing was satisfactory from an unsentimental point of view. Accordingly Mrs. Alcott began to make diligent inquiries about the ancestors of Mr. Stapleton, and to get an exact history of his past life.

There were plenty in Marietta who were both able and willing to give her this desired information. In fact, the old gossipers manifested such a pleasure in the task that they related every little tale and incident connected with the early life of Arthur that could be thought of, of many of which the young man himself was ignorant. The story of his father's life was likewise repeated, and minute details given of the Stapletons for generations back.

The day after Mrs. Alcott received this little biography, Arthur Stapleton



met with a decidedly cold reception when he called upon the Alcotts. Mother and daughter seemed to have suddenly changed into icebergs, and the young man was made to feel that his society was no longer desired. It did not take him long to see that something was wrong, and he retired from the company of the ladies at an early hour. He philosophically commented upon the changed condition of the two ladies, and concluded that they would be in a different mood on the morrow. But his second visit proved no better than his first. Maud refused to accompany him to the top of Kennesaw, when he asked her, pleading a headache and general indisposition. Mrs. Alcott ignored his presence as much as possible, and by artful little devices she managed to excuse herself and daughter from accepting any of his invitations to excursions, rides, walks, and other pleasurable trips. This studied indifference on the part of his former most intimate friends soon caused the young man to cease calling so often on the Alcotts, and he gradually adopted a colder bearing when in their society.

But, despite his indifference to their cold looks and actions, Arthur Stapleton felt decidedly uncomfortable. He could not account for the sudden change in his Northern friends, and their actions were as galling to him as they were painful. He endured their coldness for a week, and then he determined to ascertain the cause of their changed actions towards him at the first opportunity. This happened sooner than he expected.

One day, while sauntering meditatively through the woods, near the village, he suddenly came across Maud Alcott, walking leisurely in the same direction, holding a book in her hand. Her face seemed to flush slightly, when she discovered the young man's presence, and then she accosted him as usual.

"Miss Alcott," said Arthur, with some eagerness, as he approached her side, "I've longed for this moment for some time, when I could speak to you alone. You have studiously denied me that pleasure for the past weeks, and made me miserable in so doing."

"Indeed, Mr. Stapleton," she replied, as calmly as if addressing her professor at college, "I wasn't aware that I was denying you any pleasure, or making you feel otherwise than happy. We had better walk up to the village, as mamma will be worried about my long absence."

"Maud — Miss Alcott, I mean, will you listen to me for a moment?" cried the young man, maddened by the girl's cold voice. "Will you explain what I have done to you or your mother of late, that you should treat me as you do? What has come over you, that you should try to avoid me, and make me so miserable? You once welcomed me to your home, but now I only find a cold reception. Has any rumor prejudiced you against me? If so, will you be frank with me, and give me a chance to say a word in my own behalf before you condemn me?"



The young man grew passionate in his tone and manner. His companion's lips seemed to be compressed with unwonted tightness.

"Mr. Stapleton," she replied after a short pause, "I do not wish to continue this conversation."

"But will you not give me a word to dispel my doubts? What is the reason of your indifference, Maud?" he continued, lowering his voice.

"Mr. Stapleton, you ask me a direct question, and I suppose it is my duty to answer you," replied the now trembling girl; "and I will do so. Was your father ever engaged in the late Rebellion?"

"Yes," answered Arthur, with a bewildered look on his face. "He served as colonel in the Southern army throughout the war, and died in a Northern prison soon after peace was declared. He was a brave man, and won great distinction. But what has that to do with us?"

"Much, Mr. Stapleton. My father was a colonel in the war, but *not* in the *Southern* army. He lost his life while fighting against your people. Mother and I can never forget that. We can never forget the injury done to our family by your people, and it pains us to be forced to stay in your country even for a brief time. We did not know that you were a Southerner until last week."

"Maud," and Arthur Stapleton's face flushed with anger, "have I not been injured as much as you? My father died in your Northern land, and left me an orphan. But I have long ago accepted the result of the war as one not to be altered by bitter feelings. It is well to forget the past, and look forward to the future."

"I know, Mr. Stapleton, but it cannot be. Mother is prejudiced against your people, and I must obey her. Our friendship must be as distant as possible. We return to Boston in a couple of weeks, and then we can forget that we ever met."

Arthur Stapleton listened to the words of his fair companion gloomily, while the red blood crimsoned his cheeks, and when she had finished he walked slowly away. The thought that such bitter prejudices should be entertained in the fair breast of the one he loved roused his anger and pride, and he felt his own honor put to the test. Maud hesitated for a moment, and watched his retreating figure, and then with a resolute step she turned towards the village.

The next week passed slowly to two young people in Marietta. Since their interview on the mountains Maud and Arthur Stapleton had not met, and each seemed determined to avoid the other as much as possible. They pursued their different vocations the same as usual, but in some unexplained manner they failed to meet each other. Mrs. Alcott was rejoiced at the turn of affairs, and she reasoned kindly with Maud about the impossibility of Mr. Stapleton's suit. Like a dutiful child, Maud replied at the close of each lecture, "I know it, mamma, and I am content."

One more week, and the Alcotts would return to their beloved Boston. Mrs. Alcott felt her spirits rising as the time approached, and she talked spiritedly to her newly-made acquaintances of her Northern city. Maud joined her mother in this enthusiasm over her native place. But late one afternoon the two were surprised, and one, at least, pained, by a sad accident near Marietta. Arthur Stapleton had been severely injured on the mountain side, while attempting to save a child from death, by falling over a small precipice. The people were very enthusiastic over his bravery, and that night he was the sole subject for discussion among ladies and gentlemen. According to the report, he would be confined to his room for several weeks, and probably longer.

Mrs. Alcott, if she felt any sorrow or regret over the unfortunate occurrence, betrayed it in neither voice nor actions. Mr. Stapleton was a stranger to her, and she studiously avoided all conversation about him. When the news first reached her ears, she exhibited no signs of pity; on the contrary, her pale, impassive face assumed a colder look as she listened to the gossipers, and did not relax until Maud exclaimed, in genuine compassion, "Poor man!" Mrs. Alcott shot a cold glance of disapproval at her daughter, but did not open her lips.

Arthur Stapleton, on his part, spent a most wretched night, confined to his room in the small hotel. His broken limb gave him considerable pain, but his thoughts were far from his own physical sufferings. He was thinking of the time when the Alcotts would leave for the North. They would both be gone before he could get out again, and his chances of seeing Maud once more were very poor. Lying on his clean white bed, he spent the cool night in looking out of the window at the starry heavens, conjuring up images of the past, and reviewing his early boyhood days. He had a vivid remembrance of the battles that raged around Kennesaw, and the fierce struggle that his people had made to protect their property, when Sherman marched through Georgia to the sea. He saw his father again going to the war at the head of his regiment, and recalled the pleasure and pride that he experienced when he first beheld him in his gay soldier's clothes. Then his adventures in foreign lands,—they flitted before his feverish mind in quick succession. One moment he was beneath the tropical sun of India, and then he shivered before the cold blasts of the Arctic regions. His mind gradually wandered, and soon he was unconscious of any thing about him. All was oblivion.

The morning sun still found the sufferer raving in a delirious fever. The restless tossings-about did not cease until nearly night; and then, worn out with his violent exertions, he sank into a quiet slumber.

Late in the afternoon, a beautiful cluster of wild mountain flowers was placed on the table by his bedside. The sweet perfume of the roses filled the room, and exhaled their odor out of the open window. When the sick

man first opened his eyes, they fell upon these wild flowers, standing so close to his side, and seeming to nod a happy welcome to him. He took the bouquet and examined it, but the giver's name was not on the card. Nothing by which he could identify his kind friend could be discovered; nor did the servants know more about it than he did, or, if they did, they were pledged to secrecy.

The next afternoon a similar cluster of wild roses were put in the place of the old ones. The same small, delicate card and handwriting accompanied the gift, but no signs by which the giver's name could be discovered. The roses were beautifully arranged in a pyramidal form, surrounded by a wreath of anemones, and relieved by a few green sprays and ferns. The white card was fastened to their stems by a satin ribbon, tied in a small knot. The handwriting was small and delicate, suggesting a fact that the sufferer had already guessed, — that his benefactor was a lady. But who? Arthur Stapleton asked himself this question a dozen times through the day and night.

During his lingering illness, he did not hear from, nor see, Maud Alcott. But to this young lady he attributed the presents of flowers which he received each afternoon as regularly as day succeeded night. It was the only consolation that he had, and he clung to it with the pertinacity of death. His spirits rose each afternoon when the flowers made their appearance, and he eagerly examined the little label, with the never-varying words on it, "Arthur Stapleton." He placed the cards to his lips, and inhaled the sweet perfumery which scented the piece of pasteboard. The small pieces of satin ribbon were carefully taken off and preserved by the young man as treasures of priceless value. He placed them in his card-case, where they were kept for future use.

The pleasant days of this week were inexpressibly long to Arthur Stapleton, and it seemed to his eager spirit that he would be unable to bear them. When the week came to a close he found himself still unable to leave his room, and had no prospect of doing so for several days to come. On the morrow the Alcotts would leave for Boston. This knowledge made him more restless than ever. He tossed to and fro on his bed, in mental anguish, and cursed the fate that confined him to it. But suddenly he became strangely calm, and, taking up a pen, he painfully wrote on a small card these words: —

"Have you nothing for me but good-by?"

"ARTHUR STAPLETON."

This he quickly despatched to Maud Alcott, by one of the servants, and then with a sigh of relief he lay back upon his bed and slept.

Maud Alcott read this brief message from her former intimate friend with strange feelings of love and regret. Her face flushed slightly, and

then, without a word, she walked into her mother's apartment, and handed the small card to her.

Mrs. Alcott's classic features preserved their calm immobility as she read the message, and her eyes were still riveted on the familiar handwriting, as she asked, —

“ Maud, have you any thing more for him? ”

“ Mother,” replied the girl with a downcast look, “ I might have if you did not — did not ” —

Mrs. Alcott rose from her position before the window, and quietly crossed the room. From an old-fashioned desk she took a small picture of Colonel Alcott, and silently placed it in Maud's hand.

The shriek of the morning express sounded harshly upon Arthur Stapleton's ears, when he woke from his deep slumber. It was the train that was to carry Mrs. Alcott and her daughter from Marietta. He raised himself half up in the bed, and glanced about him. On the table was a small white card, which he quickly seized, and read these words : —

“ Nothing but ‘ good-by.’  
“ MAUD ALCOTT.”

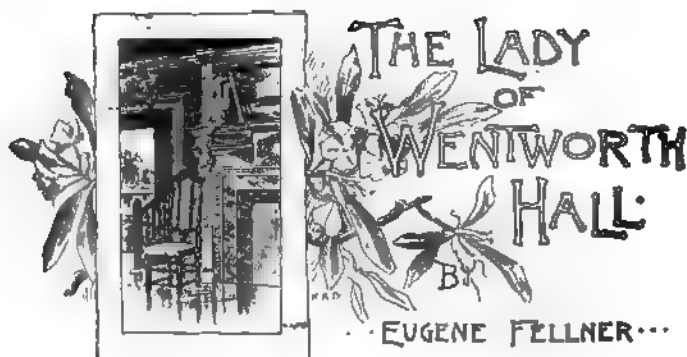
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## LAWRENCE — FROM ANDOVER HILL.

BY ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS.

THROUGH leafy oriels I see it lie  
With God's white light upon it, pure and still  
As if it felt no sorrow, feared no ill,  
Nor ever dreamed of tears. Its shuttles ply,  
Its looms are busy ; but the crystal sky  
Above it, like a mother bends, until  
The pictured city seems with peace to fill  
From that calm lustrous life which broods on high.

Fair city, with thy spires and factories !  
As down this shaded avenue I gaze,  
Beneath cathedral elms, thy beauty lays  
Its spell upon me, while my sympathies  
With human joys and tears yet more increase  
The deep endearment of thy shining peace.



CHARACTERS:

GOVERNOR WENTWORTH, of *New Hampshire*.  
MARTHA HILTON, a *Servant*.  
MICHAEL, the *Butler*.

LOCATION: WENTWORTH HALL, the old Manor House at Little Harbor,  
Portsmouth, N.H. TIME: One hundred and forty years ago.

SCENE: *The Hall*. MARTHA discovered binding bouquets. MICHAEL enters  
with tablecloth, then with knives, forks, plates, etc.

MARTHA (*singing*).

*She clasps my hand, and with tearful eyes  
She says, "We must meet no more."  
'Tis well," and a cold mist seems to rise  
As I turn from the cottage door.*

*And I love her the more, as standing there  
She seems so gentle yet cold;  
For she looks like a queen, and her sunny hair  
Seems turned to a sea of gold.*

*The fast-falling sun says once, "No more,"  
Then sinks to his crimson grave;  
The soft winds roaming the sounding shore  
Seem rocking to sleep each wave.*

*The sunset bell tolls the same sad knell  
Of a poor life buried in grief;  
And the gulls screech, too, as if they could tell  
Of a wreck on love's cruel reef.*

*A year has flown, and I'm home to stay,—  
To die in the scenes of yore;  
For they laid her away in the grave to-day,  
And I never shall see her more.*

Truly, for all good souls contentment is  
The truest happiness: therefore your fool's  
Your only happy man; he mourns not for  
What's past, nor frets for what's to come; he hath  
Nor friend nor foe: he's like a quick-dead man.

MICHAEL.

The poor wench in thy ditty broke her young wings with soaring too high; the love of an honest good fellow was offered too cheaply. She played for the earth; she got it, faith, in good time,—the grave.

MARTHA.

Ah, well! we are as we are, obstinate  
As Balaam's ass. We'd not be guilty of  
Mending our sins; nay, not for a deluge.

MICHAEL.

"Ill-gotten gains bring never good fortune.  
The lassie that steals a true heart fares worse  
Than the thief that steals gold."

Well, woman's the plague of the world. For my own part, I'm quite glad that I never fell into her trap: not to say that I've been a poor beggar in chances,—no, no, a hundred, if one.

MARTHA.

A woman lay trap to catch thee, thou dolt?  
I'll warrant, if she be not mad, she'd lay  
Her trap for richer game. Indeed thou'rt rich  
In all the wine that's stored away in thee,  
Much to the poverty of the master.  
Prate not to me of marrying, or I  
Will let out all I know about thy theft  
Upon the bottle. Thou marry, for shame!

MICHAEL.

Friz-pate, bridle thy tongue! 'Tis four by the clock, and the cover not laid. The master will storm by all the saints in the calendar if the guests turn up their noses at that thing and t'other. Go, get thee below.

and tell Master Scullion the Governor will curse him till doomsday if the bacon be not crisp as a chip, — and let the goose be served in a salver of silver; the old Sèvres he'll find in the cellarage near to the wines.

MARTHA.

Pity thou hast not more servants than one. *[Exit haughtily.]*

MICHAEL (*mocking her*).

"Pity thou hast not more servants than one." Now, by St. Jerome, my lady of Essex would not have stalked out in such fashion as yonder young wench. One would think she were mistress of Wentworth Hall.



WENTWORTH HALL.

'Tis a husband she wants, to take down her proud airs. Pooh! what have the poor to do with pride? But, spite of her frowardness, she hath a good soul, and a bonny sweet face, and would make a good wife, — darns, sews, knits, does broidery-work. — Now, Michael, why not play out thy trumps in a way that shall make thee no loser, peradventure a gainer? And the shrew brews good ale! He! he! he! (*Opens a bottle of wine at the sideboard.*) Dear Michael, let me drink to thy future. (*Pours out a glass, and drinks.*) 'T'other night Job Wilcox, that profligate of the whole village, and I were gabbling together at old Staver's inn, when he says, "Michael, why's your love for wine like a ring?" I told him to quit with his fol-de-rols; and he answers, "No end." (*Drinks.*) Then he says, "Why is it like the creed of Sir Midas?" I bade him not pester me with his book-larning, and he says, "The more you get, (*drinks*) the more you want." (*Fills another glass.*) 'Tis a garrulous knave, this Job Wilcox, ah, but a clever. (*Rather drunkenly.*) Now, some drinks for their health, and if they have none they drinks for

pleasure, while others drinks because they must. H'm, I wonder to which cat-cate-gory do I belong? (*Drinks, then sings.*)

*Old King Cole*  
*Was a merry old soul,*  
*And a merry old soul was he;*  
*He called for his pipe,*  
*And he called for his bowl,*  
*And he called for his fiddlers three.*

No offence to King Cole, *au contraire*, as our French cousins say; God bless his memory! Here's to his health (*drinks*); but I call him a selfish knave; ay, selfish! He had the bowl, was it not enough for a modest man? What could he want with the pipe and fiddlers? Bah! go hang the rest, give me the bowl.

[*Exit, drunkenly, with bottle.*]

(THE GOVERNOR *enters.*)

Not here? I thought I heard her cheery voice  
As it went echoing through the lonely halls.  
If my poor Ruth had lived, might she not have  
Had such a voice, to turn darkness into day, —  
Such dreamy eyes that one might think them some  
Strange dells where nymphs could dance at noon of night?  
I've watched the sweet girl these last seven years,  
Toiling and struggling for her daily bread.  
When her poor father died (her mother gone  
Before), and all the clouds lowered on her heart,  
Yet never moan escaped her lips; the same  
Smile hovered sad about her face, as if  
'Twere loath to leave the place where it had lived  
So long. It may be foolish that a man  
In my old years could love again, and yet  
Might it not make her happy too? I've learned  
She shuns the company of those who seek  
Her; will not have a word with any lad —  
The bravest of them; when she meets me, looks  
Upon the ground. I wonder what secret  
Her heart can hold. If gratitude has given  
Birth to a deeper feeling, why not make  
Her happy? What care I for what the world  
May say? not I. I hear her voice this way.



(MARTHA *sings without ; she enters at the last line of the song, stops and blushes.*)

*A year has flown, and I'm home to stay, —  
To die in the scenes of yore ;  
For they laid her away in the grave to-day,  
And I never shall see her more.*

THE GOVERNOR.

Because I gaze upon the brooklet, will  
It cease to wander down its stony steps?  
Because I stop to list the nightingale's  
Pure note, for that will its song die away?

MARTHA.

I know not these fine words, my lord, although  
In some old lore meseems I've read like them.

THE GOVERNOR (*aside*).

Her innocence a thousand times more fair  
Than all the seeming grace of richer dames.

MARTHA.

I hope my lord is not displeased with me.

THE GOVERNOR.

Never more pleased ; and yet displeased that thou  
Wilt leave.

MARTHA.

I leave? I understand you not.

THE GOVERNOR.

Come, hast thou never thought of marrying?

MARTHA.

Never, my lord.

THE GOVERNOR.

Thy heart is still thine own?

MARTHA.

Yes, as it ever was.

•  
THE GOVERNOR.

How strange thou art !  
I've watched thee now these seven years, — ever since  
Thy father died, — and, Martha, I have come  
To like thee ; sometimes even to long for thee.  
When I would see thee wrap thy faded shawl  
About thy golden curls, it seemed as if  
The last sunbeam had lost itself in night ;  
And when I saw thee glide out through the door,  
Adown the moony brake with fairy tread,  
It seemed as if an angel stole to heaven  
Again, as softly as she came to earth.  
I'd sit and gaze down in the hearth's bright glow,  
And wonder if thou'dst ever come again.  
Then, as the coals would burn with a sweet rhythm,  
From spiteful glare to tranquil glow, I'd fall  
Asleep, and dream of wife and child who lie  
In yonder meadow lot beneath their roof  
Of violets, and almost wish my race  
Were run, and I were with them once again.  
And all these mournful thoughts when Martha leaves  
The house ! What shall I do when thou shall leave  
Indeed ? when I shall wake, and start, and turn  
To see thy hair a-glistening in the sun  
Among the early flowers, and find  
Thee not ; then list to hear thy tuneful voice,  
That sounds like yonder brooklet's laugh, as it  
Goes leaping down the hill, — and hear it not, —  
Quite gone, — sweet Martha, what shall I do then ?

[*Takes her hand.*]

MARTHA.

Good sooth, I know not ; but I will not leave  
Thee yet, — not this moon, nor the next, I hope ;  
Nor never, if thou'lt have it so. These walls  
Seem part of my poor life, and it a part  
Of them, and I'm not happy when I am  
Not here.

THE GOVERNOR.

And dost thou love naught but these walls ?

MARTHA.

My lord has been even more than kind to me.

THE GOVERNOR.

I'd make thy future brighter than thy past.  
I love thee, Martha. Wilt thou be my wife?

MARTHA.

Thy wife? This is more of heaven than earth!  
I hope never to wake from this fair dream.  
If such as I am worth thy having, — yes.

THE GOVERNOR.

May angels strew thy path with stars of bliss!

MARTHA.

The first have fallen already — from thy lips.

*(After a pause.)*

And thus the beggar's brow may wear the crown,  
And ride a jewelled palfrey round the town.

*(Enter MICHAEL, with dishes. He stands dumbfounded. Neither the GOVERNOR nor MARTHA perceives him.)*

THE GOVERNOR.

If love so will it, palfrey and jewels all  
Are thine.

MARTHA.

Love, — and dear Heaven, withal.

THE GOVERNOR.

Yes, Martha sweet, — lady of Wentworth Hall.

*[The curtain falls.]*

## NEW ENGLAND DIALECT.

BY ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

It is assumed abroad, and is not denied at home, that New England has a dialect peculiar to herself. This dialect is popularly supposed to have been developed on New England soil. We hear and read a good deal about the New England *twang*, as though it were something to be heard nowhere else, and a pilgrimage within her borders were necessary to meet with instances of this nasalization ; at any rate, as though any such vulgar practice were wholly unknown in England except as a mark of provincial life. A recent writer of that country says that "residence in a colony and nasalization belong now to cause and effect." This was written of the colonists in Australia ; and, by the way, it may be said that it is altogether mere matter of opinion. What can be shown historically in the case is that the *twang* was made the distinctive mark of Puritanism in England from 1620 to 1660, and it is still charged exclusively upon New England speech just the same as the character for which it stood is still given to our life and manners.

If it be found that New England has indeed developed a dialect of her own, it can be shown that this is the outcome of natural selection. It is, moreover, the standard usage of that which English writers are pleased frequently to speak of as "the American language." Its forms of speech, and the tones in which these are spoken, constitute the leading Americanisms. That these forms are one and all purely of English origin, and are still in much more common use in the Old Country than in the New, may seem not an easy thing to show. Particularly difficult does the undertaking appear to one whose observation has been limited to New England, and who finds himself restricted to a line of procedure which runs parallel with, but counter to, that ancient course of appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

It is chiefly from English writers that the illustrations of this argument will be drawn. There is no lack of them wherever we may turn the pages of English literature. Poets have always enriched their vocabulary from rustic sources, and they have limbered up metre and rhyme with provincial ways of speaking. It is enough only to mention the dialect poems of Tennyson, in which he gives us specimens of the thought and the talk with which he was familiar in his early Lincolnshire home. "The Northern Farmer, Old Style," and "The Northern Farmer, New Style," are about

equally quaint. They show plainly enough the *drawl* and the *twang* of New England ; and, what is more and to the purpose, as well, they show that rustic and poet are alike in their loyalty to early training.

A dialect grows out of the retention of old words, the adoption of new words, unusual application and construction of words, quaint pronunciation of them, and even the tones with which they are spoken ; in short, it partakes of the entire nature, and of all the functions of language. We shall, therefore, look to find the correspondences and the discrepancies between the American and the English, sometimes on one point, and sometimes on another.

Instead of quoting Tennyson or any poet who has consciously imitated the speech of the country people, it will prove more satisfactory to draw upon those writers who have been curious to note the unstudied speech of the people as they have heard it spoken. Novelists, tourists, and poets will furnish ample material ready to our hands.

The testimony of Mr. L. J. Jennings is competent, and to the point. In writing of Derbyshire, he reports a conversation which he had with an old man of that shire, and he adds this comment upon the interview : " I noticed that when the old man used the word ' do ' he pronounced it *dew* ; ' to,' *tew* ; ' true,' *trew* ; and so on, — all ' Yankeeisms,' as people say, supposed by some to be peculiar to New England, but in reality relics of speech imported from Old England two hundred years and more ago." Farther reading will show us that " relics " such as these are more numerous and more frequently to be met in the Old Country than in the New. It is easy to show that these were venerable relics before they were brought to this country, by reference to the letters of *Jakke Trewman* in 1381, and the mention of *Trew-tonge* in the " Vision of Piers Plowman. "

These quaint bits of antiquity most commonly result from vowel-change, and a single specimen that will exhibit most of the possible changes will be convenient at the outset. Walter White, in his " Eastern England," gives the following Christmas canticle as he heard it chanted in those parts :

" As Oi sot on a sunny bonk,  
A sunny bonk, a sunny bonk,  
As Oi sot on a sunny bonk  
On Christmas dee in t' mornin' ;  
Oi saw thray ships coom seelin' boy,  
Coom seelin' boy, coom seelin' boy,  
Oi saw thray ships coom seelin' boy  
On Christmas dee in t' mornin'.

" And hew should bay in thase thray ships,  
In thase thray ships, in thase thray ships,  
And hew should bay in thase thray ships,  
But Joseph and his fair leddy ;

And hay did whistle, and shay did sing,  
 And all the bells on airth did ring  
 For joy that the Saviour hay was bawn  
 On Christmas dee in t' mornin'."

It will be observed in these lines, that *a* has the sound of *o*, in the word "sat," just as one runs great risk of hearing it sounded in that word any day here in New England. That it should have the same sound in "bank," is strange to us. The nearest approach to this I can recall ever hearing is the word "stamp" as a verb. One would be puzzled at times to make out whether it were *to stomp* or *to stawmp*. This last brings to mind our word "swamp," and that suggests "swan," every way the equivalent of *bonk*. We have never been familiar here with the pronoun "I" under the form *Oi*, except as it is heard among emigrants of later coming than colonial times. The tendency here has been towards the closer sound, and the chance is that one will hear *bile* for "boil," and so on. "Day" as *dec*, and "three" as *thray*, present a contradiction that sets all law at defiance. No parallel of the first change occurs to me. Of the second there occurs the now rare, but time-honored, pronunciation of "conceit" as *consate*, and no doubt plenty of other examples can be found. *Hew* for "who" is ultra New England, — it is Down-East. It is what one notices in the pronouncing of "noon" as *newn*. *Airth*, too, for "earth," will be recognized as a relic still to be found this side the ocean. It is to be noticed that "hearth" is not yet spoken uniformly among our people, and neither *harth* nor *herth* gives great offence as yet.

Our dialectic forms are from the eastern counties of England, — the parts out from which came the Pilgrim and the Puritan colonists. To that region we can refer the origin of almost everything peculiar to our speech, but specimens of the home usage will show us how much we lack of a full equipment for conversing with our English cousins. From the fishing-town, Yarmouth, we have the following: "*It'll hev tew goo awahy.*" This would prove scarcely intelligible if used here. *Hev* for "have" is not common with us. The tendency of the *a* is in the opposite direction, towards a more open sound, or, perhaps more correctly, towards a broader sound. *Tew* for "to" is like *hew* for "who," and will be as easily found in use. *Goo* for "go" is perhaps never heard here now, but one cannot say with any confidence that *gould* for "gold" may not yet be authorized by good usage as it was generally used at the time of the settlement of the colonies. *Brooch* and *broach* give an example of the continuance of the two sounds in one and the same word.

From the same East England town of Yarmouth we receive the report: "*It's coom in good auda.*" This reminds us of our neglect of the letter *r*. *Auda* for "order" passes current in New England as it does in Yarmouth. Our friends of the West laugh at us for our treatment of the letter, and say

that the nearest approach we can make to "four o'clock" is to say *foah o'clock*. A recent article on Southern provincialisms gives this slurring of the *r* as a peculiarity of the South. The fact is, that it has marked the English of England for more than five hundred years. In the early English text, one will regularly find *mo* for "more," and so on. The fuller sound of the *r* marks an inland origin. It belongs to the shires, and can be traced to its home in old Mercia. Mr. White tells how he was directed to Stockton by a party of miners at the public-house of Newton :

"One insisted on a cut across the fields to Nuntharp. My ear caught at the sharp twang of the *ar*, — a Yorkshireman would have said 'Nunthurp,' — and I said, 'Surely that's Berkshire.'

"'Ees, 'tis : I comes not fur from Read'n'."

It will be noticed here, that although the "or" of *Nunthorp* was sounded *ar* by the Berkshireman, yet he sounded "far" as *fur*, just as the Yorkshireman would have pronounced "for." This will help us to understand why we have in use here, both "farther" and "further." A similar neglect of the *r* in "first" was formerly common in New England. An eminent professor of philosophy, to whose lectures it was the writer's privilege to listen, used always to say *fust*. I find the following, told of an English waterman. Speaking of refuse left on the shore, he said, "The sea'll tak' 't all away the *fust* gale."

Closely connected with this treatment of the *r* must be considered the Northumbrian *burr*, as it is called. "*Yes, the barwies aw fine this yeaw,*" is a specimen of Northumbrian. We are told that if one asks any person of that border region to say "courier," he will get a *cooheous* answer. It is told of a person at Ovingham, that when asked what they burned in certain kilns at a distance, he answered, "*b'hicks*," though all the time honestly intending to say "bricks."

An affectation of this *burr* is perhaps the most aristocratic distinction in English society. It is said to have been feebly imitated in this country. Such a weakness is no new vanity. Shakspeare marks something similar, and most likely from that same border region, when he makes Lady Percy magnify Hotspur's importance in the presence of the Earl. She says :

"And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant."

The presence of the *r* affects the preceding vowel in other ways than to yield *barwies* for "berries." In our older English poetry, *e* followed by *r* was sounded as *a*. I believe the only authorized pronunciation of "sergeant" in military circles is still *sargeant*. The fluctuation between *harth* and *herth* has been mentioned. A visitor to the east coast of England, inquiring for Mersey Island which lies off Pyfleet Creek, was looked upon with wonder by the rustics, until at last one of them exclaimed, "Oh,

sir ! you means Massy Island." How familiar the old East England exclamation, "Lord o' massy !" has been made throughout New England ! Not only has the liquid this effect upon *e*, but in several words it affects *i* as well. A "spire" of grass is pronounced *speer* in New England, while the "spire" of a church is called *spire*; but the time was, when in both its uses the word was *speer* in Old England. Thomas Fuller, speaking of a shire which abounded in churches and in landed gentry, said it was rich in *spires* and *squires*. It is plain that he sounded the vowel alike in both. It is worth while to note that the New England pronunciation of "esquire" has become *square*.

The liquid *l* seems also to have influenced the vowel before it. In East Essex, *e* is, in such case, sounded as short *a*. The farmer says, "Ay *talled* my missis to *tall* ye to bring faw bushel." This side the ocean, by a similar freak, "yellow" is made *yellow*, and a "yell" becomes a *yall*.

The same East Essex farmer, when asked what he purposed to do with his scythe, said, "Dear heart ! ay wants to *maw* my musta'd." The giving the *o* sound as *aw* is common through all the eastern counties of England. The local pronunciation of Boston, in Lincolnshire, has been shown to be *Bawston*, and that is very properly preserved here in New England. "Ye'll hev to ax at the *lawge*" (lodge), said a woman who was asked direction to Sudbury, in Suffolk.

To compare this eastern coast pronunciation with that prevailing within the limits of the old Mercian kingdom of the interior, — the region of Berkshire, Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Staffordshire, — one has only to listen to our friends of the West as they speak of "*Baüstan Caäman*." The Berkshire rustic hails his fellow with, "*A sharp marnin', Jarge*."

The dialect of the south of Lincolnshire has been made familiar by Tennyson, whose boyhood home was in that section.

"Doctors, they knaws nowt, for a says what's nawways true ;  
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do."

Right in this same neighborhood, at Somercotes, the direction given a wayfarer was, "Ye want to goo by that guide-post, and *thruff* the ma'shes by the fut-road." That word *thruff* (through) has the salt of the hoary old sea upon it. The only equivalent I recall for the word is *duff* (dough), and this only sailors have kept with an affection for its associations, while to most minds the origin of the word has been lost together with the loss of its proper spelling. When the Macquoids were travelling, and writing "About Yorkshire," only a few years ago, upon visiting Addleborough, their pronunciation of the name of the town was corrected, and they were told that it was *Addlebruff*.

There is a South Lincolnshire sound of *o* which is to be heard in New England, but which is rare. Take this, which occurs in an English writer,



as a specimen: "*Wen't ye keäm in?*" As heard here, the word "come" would be more nearly represented by *kem*. The farmer says to his nag, "*Kem up;*" or, at any rate, it has that sound to my ears. How it sounds to the horse's ears, I have never been able to judge from results.

It has already been remarked that the tendency here in New England is towards the fuller vowel sounds; the changes are from the closer to the more open. We do not, however, go to the extent of the Yorkshireman of the North Riding, who asks, "*Eh! is ye boun' into Swawldawl?*" (Swaledale.) Where the *a* takes this broad sound, the *e* comes in to take the place left vacant. It is, therefore, perfectly natural to hear the same Yorkshireman express the true Yorkshire sentiment, "I don't want to *chate*, or to be *chated*; but if it must be one or t' other, why, then, I wouldn't be *chated*."

The vowel *u* has the same treatment as the others in that North Riding of Yorkshire. The author of "A Month in Yorkshire" tells what difficulty he had in making his landlord's daughter understand his inquiries about the carriage, until light dawned on her at last, and she exclaimed, "*Oh, ye mean t' boos!*" She had failed to catch the word "omnibus." Her treatment of the *u* is sufficiently familiar to us here in New England. The statement has been made repeatedly, although I cannot now refer the reader to it, that Daniel Webster always said "*constitootion*." He brought this pronunciation from New Hampshire, and it is reasonable to suppose that his ancestors or his teachers brought it from Yorkshire. New Hampshire and the south-western corner of Maine represent largely the northern and inland counties of England. What we should decide upon as being genuine Down-East Yankeeisms will be found most at home in those parts of the Old and the New Englands. The Yorkshire lads who said that they "*went whiles to skule, and were gwine there thet efterneun*," would have been thought "to the manor born" anywhere in the Yorkshire of Maine.

Walter White says, "'*Mr. Kewk, I want a new bewk*,' is an example of 'Cook' and 'book' as they may be heard spoken in Staffordshire, and even in Birmingham." The use of *gwine* for "going" is very nearly equivalent to *kine* for "cowen," the old plural of "cow."

But this sound did not obtain in all the shires. Indeed, this very word "shires" illustrates the point, for even to this day here in New England, the word will be heard sometimes as *shire*, with *i* long, and at other times as *sheer*. So from "All Round the Wrekin," we get these examples: "'Dra' me another hafe pint,' says a rustic; 'I beant a *gween* nowheres; and he puts a question, concerning the health of a haymaker, with, 'I was a *gween* tew ax ye.'"

This antiquated sound of *i* has been kept in the old English word "swipe." We have the compound "well-swipe," now in rare use, just as the contrivance itself remains as an old-time landmark along some country

roadsides. The disappearance of it from our old homesteads affects the landscape just as the change of spelling from *swipe* to *sweep* affects the language ; it tends to make uniform and uninteresting.

In Suffolk the word "dyke" is said to be pronounced *dick*. This raises the suspicion that "pike" and "pick" are identical in origin, and differ only in pronunciation. Here in New England the word "handspike" used to be called *handspeek*.

Of course if the long *i* sound went over into the long *e* sound, as we are familiar with it in "machine," some other sound would come in to take its place. The combination *oi* did this regularly. Within the last ten years, "to *jine* drives" has been a common political phrase in Maine. As a specimen of Norfolk usage we have this: "We'll be glad and *rejice* in ye." As a bit of musical criticism, and at the same time a specimen of Norfolk dialect, is given the remark of a farmer upon a performance which had been given by a lady for his entertainment: "Yes, mum, I dessay it's very fine ; but I'd ruther hear my bullocks make a *nize*." This method of replacing the long *i* is familiar enough to all New Englanders, but the old Suffolk practice of pronouncing *they* and *pay*, as if spelled *thy* and *py*, is not easily traced here.

Not all the peculiarities of English are to be found in the pronunciation of the vowels. The consonants come in for their full share of neglect and rudeness, if not of actual abuse. A miner who had strayed away from his early home, and gone up into Yorkshire, said that "Anyway he didn't save a *fardin* more than he did in Berkshire." We have already noticed the change from *farther* to *further*, and here we have the old Berkshire form *fardin* to remind us that even yet in some out-of-the-way corners of New England one may hear *furder* for *further*. In the records of the doings of the Government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay for April 30, 1629, we find an entry beginning, "It is *ffurder* ordered," etc. It is, perhaps, worth while to note here, that the early English, or Saxon, character for *th* closely resembled the *d*; and the two sounds seem to have been so nearly alike as to have puzzled the unlettered ever since.

The instances of Old English dialects to be met with in New England are too numerous and too varied to be considered in individual cases. Only a few examples can be given as hints in regard to the direction in which investigation may be pushed. The application of words, or the acceptation in which they are taken, will furnish interesting and important clews to the origin of our dialectic forms.

An English writer says that "The use of *while* for *until* marks Lincolnshire," and he gives this as an illustration: "Inkstand can't be had *while* missus done wi't." This usage of the eastern counties I have never found in New England ; but there is another one given by the same writer, with which all our people must be familiar, and that is the use of the word *want*

in the sense of *need*, as in this direction given a traveller: "Ye'll *want* to get on the bank for the gainest way to Wainfleet." How many times have I heard language like this which the mistress is reported as having used to her maids: "That little dish *wants* to go down into the dairy." Very likely, in my home, that little dish would have been a *keeler*, which is said to be a Norfolk article with a Norfolk name.

It is said by English writers, that the prefix "well," betrays a man of Birmingham wherever you may meet him; as, "Well, how are you?" I have met with the same observation made in regard to the people of Cumberland. It is needless to remark upon the frequency of its use in New England.

An old Northumberland radical is reported as saying to a gentleman who was travelling through that county, "You genelmen up in Lunnon wants settin' to rights a bit." The expression "settin' to rights" would strike the Yankee ear with a familiar sound. It is of our vernacular, and was that of our fathers when they were settin' things to rights in Old England. The verb *to set* is said to be used in Herefordshire for *to let*. This use of the word is, perhaps, not known among us, but we have the expression, "to *set* a boat;" and Mr. Davies says this is the phrase used on the Norfolk broads. The Thames waterman says *to punt* instead of *to set*. There is a curious analogy suggested here. The *setting-pole*, as it would be called on the Songo, is called the *quant* on the English broads. This word is pretty clearly the Roman *contus*, a pole, Anglicized. The query is, May not *punt* be a form of *quant*, just the same as *popina* is only a form of *coquina*?

A Yorkshire lad of the North Riding had been taken by his uncle to see the sea at Blackpool. Upon his return home, he was asked what were his impressions, and he replied, "That capt me, that did!" Elsewhere in the same county a rustic is represented as exclaiming, "Eh! that *caps* me." The New-Englander uses the very same expression, or varies it to the form, "That puts on the *cap-sheaf*!" The figure is every way rural. It has reference to the putting the last sheaf upon the *stook* or *shock* of bundles in the field, and this done in such a way as to cover them all and keep out the rain. When Down-Easters are engaged in swapping stories, or in cracking jokes, the last effort which is admitted to be unmatched for wit or extravagance is called the cap-sheaf.

Mr. Hissey, in his "Chronicle of the Coach," admits that he finds words in use among the rural population of England, which are commonly supposed to be of American origin. He says, "We heard occasionally what we may call a New-Englandism, as *fall* for autumn, *emmet* for ant, *dogs* for andirons, *heft* for weight, etc." Try to account for any one of these words in New England, and you are taken back to Old England by the most direct route imaginable. A writer in "Nature" of last December

says that "The East Anglian word *rowen* for aftermath, used by old writers, but now, we believe, confined to parts of Suffolk, is in common use in New England." This was written for English readers. All that is needed to give the statement point and interest here is simply to reverse it.

There is a puzzling superlative still to be heard, I doubt not, within the limits of New England, and which bears strong marks of being indigenous to the soil. It is worthy of remark, that superlatives are more in request among our people than other forms; and it is upon these that a Yankee may be expected to exercise his inventive faculty. The word in mind is *beatemest*—expressive if not elegant. It has the appearance of native coinage, and seems to refer to our proverbial aptitude to getting ahead in the world; possibly to some minds it might be suggestive of the methods of getting ahead as well. But we shall have to give up all claims to originality here, for the Yorkshireman uses the derivative *bettermy*, as the author of "A Month in Yorkshire" shows. From *bettermy* would come the superlative *bettermiest*, *beatemest*, by a perfectly legitimate course. And more than this, the work quoted enables us to give another account of the word which is not unreasonable. A Yorkshireman, of the same neighborhood as the one who used *bettermy*, speaking of paper-hanging said, "'Tis only the *bettermost* rooms *we gets to do*."

As the words last quoted seem to mean *we find the time to do*, or have the ability to do, the phrase gives warrant to the very common Southern and Western expression, *to get to do a thing*. However this may be, there is no mistaking the following Yorkshire speech as being the original of one of the most marked peculiarities of the West: "'Tis so nice to hear the leaves a-rustlin' *like they do now*." This phrase is becoming quite common among English writers of the present day, but I fancy it has been brought in from India or Australia. The Yorkshire vernacular, however, proves it to have been indigenous to that soil.

There is another usage in which the people of the West indulge, and which I had supposed native to that region; it is the practice of retrenching clerical titles, and of speaking of the Rev. Mr. Smith, for example, as the Rev. Smith. When they come to speak of the Rev. Brewer, the Rev. Potter, and the Rev. Butler, the absurdity of the usage becomes apparent at once. But even this practice is not original with the West. It is from Norfolk, Eng., where it had vogue among the common people for centuries. If our friends in the West would only carry this economy of titles into military, official, and educational circles, the reform would more than atone for all that is offensive in the present usage.

In Lincolnshire the boundary between adjoining farms, a narrow strip of land left unploughed, is called a *balk*. The practice is clearly borrowed from the Roman, is probably a survival from the time of the Roman occupation, but the name belongs to the vernacular speech. We have the

word in New England in a similar sense. Wherever the plough meets an obstruction, and is thrown out of the ground so that the furrow is broken, the break is called a *balk*.

Few of our country people can have failed to hear the expression, "to-do" (*tew-dew*) in the sense of commotion, trouble, fuss, and so on. That we have no special right to the phrase as a part of our dialect, is shown by the homely exclamation of a Yorkshire lad: "Bless us, wot a *ta-do* there is aboght nowt!" Another phrase reported from the North Riding must be equally familiar to all New Englanders: "Look at Bobby! He's *fit to cry!*" Still another phrase, common on the New-England farm, has been brought from that same North Riding. It is "to *buckle to* it." As the verb *to buckle* is used in a double sense, one of which is *to bend*, the phrase may mean either to stoop low, as in reaping, or to buckle tightly a strap worn about the body. Of course it has come to mean to apply one's self diligently and strenuously to any work.

It is remarked by English people, that we use *fall* instead of *autumn*. This is very true, and the usage is good old English, as Mr. Hissey has kindly pointed out to us. The criticism, however, calls to mind that we have not perpetuated all the synonymes of that delightful season. In Northumberland, at present, a farmer talks about "the horse he bought *last back-end*," meaning thereby "last fall." After the same manner of speaking, one makes an appointment for the "*fore-end o' the efterneun*." Neither of these expressions have I ever heard in New England, but I have heard the suggestion that it was getting late in the evening, met by the remark, "Oh, no! 'tis only the shank o' the evening yet." Picturesque language this, to say the least.

In connection with this matter of telling the time of the year, or of the day, there occurs to me another Northumberland phrase which is not a little puzzling. The phrase in question is, "Nigh hand six o'clock." Such is the form under which I have met it in print. I can make nothing better of this than our "nigh on to six o'clock." The combined growth and decay that would bring about the North Country results would be somewhat as follows: the *on* would take an initial *h* after cockney fashion; the *o* would change to *a*, as we have seen in other cases; the *to* would drop its vowel, and the *t* attach itself to the word before it as *d*.

What gives interest to this point is the fact that one will at times hear, among New England people, the word *and* used in place of *if*. I cannot believe this to be a mistake in regard to the conjunctions; but *an it please the reader*, I am inclined to think the word is our old conditional particle *an*, to which a *d* has grown upon the same principle that we have the word "cinder" from Latin *ciner*, and just as we have "brand-new" instead of *bran-new*, which in turn seems to be the North Country *braw-new*, where *braw* or *brave* has nearly the same meaning the Yorkshireman gives it

now when he says, "That's *brave* music." In this latter case there is the doubling of the *n* to be accounted for. Just how little difficulty that may offer, will be appreciated by one who listens to the talk of the street, and who, without the context, tries to decide whether the talk is of an ocean, a notion, or an nocean. The old English rake-*steele*, or rake-handle, has become, to the husbandman's vivid conception of things, the *rake's tail*.

As an example of how words get confused in one way and another, we may trace the verb *to hill*, as it is applied to the cultivation of corn. It is now made to mean the heaping of the soil about the plant, thus forming a diminutive hill. Originally this verb meant in this place simply *to cover*. It is likely that where Palfrey, in his History of New England, tells us that Squanto taught the English settlers to plant and *to hill* corn, he uses this word in its original sense. Mr. Walter White relates that in a village of Staffordshire he heard a young lady say to the bookseller, as she asked for a hymn-book, "Let me have one with a red *hillin'*." Here was this old Saxon word for "cover" still in use in the very heart of old Mercia.

Even plain Latin words, which had formerly been in good and common use in England, have been known to wander off to America, and to make that country their home for generations, until changed conditions of life, or a recurring fancy, have brought the words back to their early home, where they have received the welcome given to a prodigal child. Mr. Hissey gives, in his "Holiday on the Road," an interesting example of this waywardness in verbal life. "In Somersetshire," he says, "I may note as a strange fact, whilst taking a pedestrian tour through the county many years ago, talking about a railway accident with a man I met, he remarked to me, 'The trains collided;' and this was before that good old English word (for, after hearing it, I searched for and found the term in a book bearing date 1600) had been re-employed and re-naturalized from America."

Local proverbs seem to be about as firmly rooted to the soil from which they grew, as any forms of speech; and yet these show as strong proclivities to vagrancy as do ordinary words. The carrying of coals to Newcastle, for instance, is just as forcibly used here as it is on the Tyne. By repeating English names of places so commonly on this side of the water, some of these phrases have become curiously uncertain. The exclamation, "Go to Halifax!" had an application so pat at the time when loyalists were leaving the colonies, that few were likely then to ask whether this were ever used with reference to any other Halifax than the capital of Nova Scotia. If, however, one will look into the local history of Halifax near Hull, in England, he will find that precisely the same advice or command used to be given with reference to that town, long before its namesake in Nova Scotia was settled. The phrase, "Go to Halifax," came into use among tramps because of the strict criminal law of that place. This code may be epitomized as follows: Should a felon be taken with stolen goods within



the liberty of the said city, "either hand-habend, back-berand, or confes-sand any commodity of the value of thirteen pence halfpenny," he was, when duly condemned, after the space of three market-days, to be taken to the gibbet. It is little wonder that but one alternative was given the person to whom Halifax was recommended as a place of resort.

But there is no end to the illustrations of our Yankee vernacular that may be drawn from old English. In most instances one needs go no farther than to the time of the settlement of the Colonies, to find these "Americanisms" in current English. Some of them will be found in good use to-day on either side of the water, only their use happens to be restricted to narrow limits; others continue to hold in their adopted country by prescriptive right a rank which they have relinquished at home. The wonder is, that those persons who make up collections of words and phrases peculiar to this country do not more readily discover what sort of material they are putting in. But then, there is to be considered the remark of Mr. Skeat, that his countrymen regard the language of Chaucer and of Langland as more difficult than Chinese; and the fact that we, too, generally share in that opinion. What has been attempted in this paper is to show the origin of our New-England dialect, and to prove that all talk about an American language, as distinct from English, is without the shadow of reason in history or in common-sense.

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## THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

By PHILIP R. AMMIDON.

SINCE the death of Longfellow, and the removal from Cambridge of James Russell Lowell, the eminent author and publicist to whose career as writer and public speaker this sketch is devoted may properly be deemed the most distinguished citizen of the old university town on the Charles.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was born in Cambridge, Dec. 22, 1823. A graduate of Harvard in the class of 1841, he spent the customary years in study for a profession in which it is probable he was never likely to achieve pre-eminent success, and graduated in due season from the Divinity School. Several of the foremost American men of letters — notably among them Lowell, and the elder Dana — have thus prepared for a life-work in the pulpit, or at the bar, and afterward have changed for a more congenial, if sometimes less remunerative career in literature.

Unlike his distinguished contemporary in the law, Lowell, Higginson attained a measure of success in the pursuit of his early choice, having been

settled as pastor of the First Church in Newburyport in 1847, and later, of a Free Church in Worcester, with no denominational connection, for nearly six years.

It was evident, however, that Nature never intended the future author and soldier for the peaceful and uneventful paths of theological exegesis and ministerial duty. In those early days he was more at home in the ranks of the anti-slavery battalions, whose work it was to prepare the way for freedom. The intimate associate and friend of Parker, Garrison, Phillips, Dr. Howe, George R. Russell, and other famous leaders in the great movement which had for its aim the enfranchisement of four million enslaved men and women, Higginson was indicted with the three agitators first named, for complicity in the attempt to rescue Anthony Burns from the hands of the Federal authorities.

As our readers will remember, that unpopular legal process was singularly unsuccessful. At the outbreak of the Civil War, several New England clergymen, with the courage of the opinions they preached, prepared to exchange the weapons of spiritual warfare for instruments of a more carnal and assuredly not less effectual sort ; among these was Higginson, who, no longer a minister, threw himself, heart, soul, and sword, into the thick of the great conflict, and was, in the early days of the war, appointed colonel of the first regiment of colored troops enlisted in South Carolina.

After brave and most useful service, he was seriously wounded in a skirmish on the Edisto River, and in October, 1864, was honorably discharged from the service, for disability.

Enthusiastic and distinguished as a soldier, still it is in the quiet pursuits of literature that Higginson has achieved his widest and fairest renown.

There is always both interest and profit in tracing resemblances in the character of a noted personage, be he author, hero, or scientist, to that of ancestors near or remote. Stephen Higginson, the father of our author, was a Boston merchant, known, it is said, by reason of his charitable disposition and philanthropic tendencies, as the "Man of Ross" of that locality and time.

This gentleman was sixth in descent from the Rev. Francis Higginson, an English clergyman, an eminent preacher in the Establishment, but who, for conscience' sake, exchanged his easy berth in the bosom of the old Church, for the hard life and toilsome experiences of a New England Puritan minister. He was settled over the First Parish in Salem, and in his day was not unknown as an author.

We have here the suggestion of various characteristics noticeable in his descendant, — the clergyman, essayist, and poet.

Writers very familiar with the life and history of Thomas Wentworth Higginson assure us that the benevolence for which his father was distinguished is a prominent trait in his own character ; and such a view is



amply corroborated by what all the world knows of his energetic and self-sacrificing labors in the cause of human freedom.

Mr. Higginson's earliest recognition by the reading public as an original and charming prose writer was by means of a series of essays contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*. They were afterwards collected and published, in 1862, under the title of "Out-Door Papers." Of these articles, and with especial reference to the famous essay entitled "Saints and their Bodies," published some thirty years ago in the "Atlantic," a writer says: "It was the first attempt to put the philosophy of athletics in a practical form, and to adorn it with the graces of historical illustration and literary art. This series of papers is the most attractive ever written on the subject of physical development and its relation to moral and intellectual health."

Besides these, his principal works are, "Malbone: an Oldport Romance," 1869; "Army Life in a Black Regiment," 1870; "Atlantic Essays," 1871; "Oldport Days," 1873; "Young Folks' History of the United States," 1875; "Common-Sense about Women," 1881; "Larger History of the United States," 1885; "The Monarch of Dreams," 1886; "Hints on Writing and Speech-Making," 1887; and, very recently, a volume of essays contributed to "Harper's Bazar," under the title of "Women and Men."

We sometimes hear of a dead author's "natural successor;" as if talent — even genius — were capable of transmission by some strange, unwritten law of selection. Thus I remember reading somewhere Dr. Robert Collyer's recorded belief that "Hawthorne's mantle had fallen on the shoulders of James Russell Lowell, if he but chose to wear it." I should be glad to discover the eminent divine's exact meaning, if indeed he himself knew just what idea he intended to convey. He surely could not mean, nor would he dream, that any appreciative admirer of Hawthorne would accept the amazing theory, that the rare and subtle gift which we call genius, as illustrated in the author of the "Scarlet Letter" and "Twice-Told Tales," could be, by some wonderful yet natural process, communicated to the writer of the "Biglow Papers" and "A Fable for Critics." We prefer to believe that Mr. Collyer's assumption referred merely to certain graces of style; that, in a word, in Mr. Collyer's opinion, Lowell has inherited, in a measure, the greater author's gifts of expression, — a theory untenable for two sufficient reasons: such an endowment could not have thus descended to the poet, since his peculiar powers, both of thought and of utterance, were not enhanced by the death of his contemporary and friend; and it is nothing less than absurd to compare the literary style of any writer in the English tongue with that of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

These remarks are suggested — provoked, rather — by precisely the same claim preferred by unwise admirers of the subject of our sketch.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson is most emphatically the literary successor of no writer that ever lived. His style of composition, his habits of

thought, his peculiarities of expression, are as truly his own as are his ideas ; and it would surely be deemed much less than just or complimentary to assert that any author has inherited another's ideas.

In regard to resemblances, something more may be said. There are in the writings of Higginson suggestions, at times, of various authors, notably perhaps of Addison ; but I believe that the American essayist will by no means suffer in comparison with the great English writer. There is in the style of the former less cloying sweetness, and far greater vigor. I am inclined to deem him, with the exception of Holmes, the most versatile of American authors. The Autocrat is a sweet and admirable poet ; the first, the most original of our essayists ; the keenest among the wits ; the brightest, the most genial of humorists ; a successful and most agreeable lecturer, but in no sense an orator ; and, fight against the conviction as we may, as a novelist he is almost a failure.

As a writer of verse, Higginson is too little known ; it is as essayist, historian, and lecturer, that he stands pre-eminent. As regards the latter accomplishment, — rather let me say, endowment, — it may well be questioned whether we have any other public speaker so uniformly popular and delightful.

There are three American essayists living, who together occupy the first rank ; and in due order the list may read : Holmes, Higginson, and Lowell.

It is more difficult to indicate Higginson's place in the great army of romancers. The modern novel is too often the city of refuge for literary mediocrity and poverty of ideas ; but it is here, too, that the literary taste and ambition of woman find eager and most congenial expression, — the medium through which the world has listened to Mrs. Stowe, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Jackson, and Miss Alcott.

From all these brilliant writers, our author differs materially and in many ways. A faithful lover of Nature, he is in harmony with all her varying moods ; and his dealing with the problems of human nature is often marvellous. Some of his shorter tales are " gems of purest ray." His abounding humor is scarcely less radiant than is that of Holmes ; and as a master of sarcasm, he is fully the equal of Lowell, without the bitterness that too often envenoms the wounds inflicted by the latter author. Yet, with all this, we must hesitate before ranking our author with the great writers of romance. The possessor of a style far superior to that of Dickens, and with purity of literary taste and diction unapproached by the author of " A Tale of Two Cities," he could never, by any means, have written that story of passion and sacrifice. Nor as a romancer is he at all the equal of Mrs. Burnett, Miss Phelps, or Mrs. Jackson ; and it is evident that the author is conscious of his own limitations. An industrious, almost a voluminous writer, Higginson has published, if I remember rightly, but one story of length sufficient to be termed a novel.

There is apparent in the writings of Higginson an exceptional familiarity with the books and the literary peculiarities of many famous authors, — a fact which but emphasizes and renders more prominent the originality of thought and expression of which I have spoken. He dwells in an atmosphere of cultivation, rather than of what we call inspiration. This suggests the difference between Everett and Choate. Both were entrancing and consummate orators, and each was familiar with the spell which charms and enthralls an audience. With one it was the eloquence of which every sentence and each perfect gesture was the result of careful study and laborious practice ; while with the other, the “ thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” even the involved and intricate paragraphs for which he was famous, were all literally extemporaneous ; such at least is the belief of Choate’s biographers, difficult as it is to fully accept the statement.

I am tempted to speak again here of Higginson’s eminent rank among American lecturers. In regard to this, there can be neither doubt nor question. His name is always an attraction which crowds our halls, and impatience to hear presently yields to regret that his melodious periods must end at length in an “ envious silence.” I do not, at the moment, recall any other public speaker at all worthy to be named with Higginson, with the notable exception of George William Curtis. Both these masters of silver speech recall the melodious days of Everett, — the noble presence, the matchless voice, the brilliant periods of the first of American orators.

It is by no means so easy to assign to Higginson his true place among reformers. Master of a rare quality of sarcastic keenness, he utterly lacks that sort of divine malignity — if I may coin such a phrase — which so often characterized the golden utterances of Phillips ; nor did Higginson ever seem to me, with all his zeal in the cause of abolition, to nourish a particle of the unchristian bitterness that sometimes appeared to animate the soul and speech of Garrison.

In this cursory notice of this eminent citizen of Cambridge, I must not omit especial mention of his rare success as a writer of history.

Peter Parley’s historical sketches were the delight of the childhood of forty years ago. Could they be less than charming, since their real author **was the creator** of the “ Snow Image ” and the “ Wonder Book ” ? Since those far-off days, no American — unless perhaps we except Horace E. Scudder — has approached Mr. Higginson as a writer of history for children ; nor are the later historical works of the latter, for maturer minds, less delightful in style, or of less general interest.

I have thus far avoided the well-earned military title, because somehow it does not seem to fit one so accurately described as a “ literary man.” Yet the innate radicalism, which made out of peculiarly peaceful elements a military leader, is perhaps the basis of his power as a writer. As a politician, such a man is never a conspicuous success. Under certain circum-

stances he may come to the front as a statesman, but is as little at home in the unclean tangles and the malodorous cesspools of party politics, as were Everett, Sumner and Phillips.

Colonel Higginson's personal presence is too familiar to most readers to call for special description. He was a Cambridge boy, and though many of his maturer years have been spent away from the home of his youth, he is now an honored citizen of the ancient university town. His residence is on Buckingham Street, in the First Ward of Cambridge, — a lovely locality, and a delightful home.

The lines with which I close this brief sketch were written by Colonel Higginson for the recent appropriate observance in Cambridge of Longfellow's birthday, and were his contribution to the "Authors' Readings" at Sanders Theatre. They have never been printed, except, by special permission of the author, in the columns of the *Cambridge Chronicle*. I am not aware that Colonel Higginson has ever published any volume of his poems. Many of these were written for special occasions, such as that to which I have referred.

#### DAME CRAIGIE.

In childish Cambridge days, now long ago,  
When pacing schoolward in the morning hours,  
I passed the stately homes of Tory Row,  
And paused to see Dame Craigie tend her flowers.

Framed in the elm-tree boughs before her door,  
The old escutcheon of our town was seen, —  
Canker-worms *pendent*, yellowing leaves in *or*,  
Schoolboys *regardant*, on a field grass-green.

Dame Craigie, with Spinoza in her hand,  
Was once heard murmuring to the insect crew,  
"I will not harm you, little restless band!  
For what are mortal men but worms, like you?"

The trees are gone, Dame Craigie too is gone,  
Her tongue long silent, and her turban furled;  
Yet 'neath her roof thought's silkworms still spun on,  
Whose sumptuous fabric clothed a barren world.

**MY PILGRIMAGE.**

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

It was a sunny morning in April, the month of roses in the South, that I awakened in my hotel in New Orleans, for the first time in ten years. The place used to be my Mecca in my earlier days ; but since my great trouble, I had felt no desire to make my yearly pilgrimage. In fact, my heart had utterly rebelled against the idea.

This year, for some unaccountable reason, I had felt a strange, almost magnetic, force drawing me toward the old and well-loved city ; and, dreading the March winds at home, I had decided to turn my face once more New-Orleans-ward. One thing after another intervened, however, so that it was not until the first of April that I found myself and my faithful attendant, Margory, at the Ashmont Hotel, where, wearied with my journey, I was soon tucked snugly in bed.

I awoke with the songs of birds in my ears, and the scent of roses in my nostrils. With a bound I was out of bed, and had flung aside the heavy shutters of a side window. Yes, it was the same ! Ten years had made little difference, only that the trees were thicker, the roses more profuse.

Oh, those roses ! Roses everywhere ! It was the same room I had occupied ten years before. I had written and stipulated for that, the outlook was so beautiful. In a great deep garden stood an old Creole homestead of the better order, with flagged courtyard and balconied windows, over which the beautiful star-jessamine crept up to the tiled roof. Shrubs and magnolia trees in full flower were there in profusion, and roses everywhere,—hanging from the trees, draping the balconies, and peeping saucily into the open windows.

I sat and inhaled the delicious draughts, and let memory have full sway, until I felt the tears rolling down my cheeks, and plashing upon my hands ; for here, in this hotel, in this very room, I met my greatest joy, and also my lifelong sorrow. Here my bridal eve was spent, and here my happy honeymoon waned and died. Here, a year later, my beautiful Ora was born ; and here, when she was two years old, I lost her, and with her my husband's love and watchful tenderness. Oh the agony of that time !

I flung out my arms, and drew a great clustering branch of the dewy, sweet-scented blossoms to my bosom. I laid my face amongst them. I watered them with my tears. How well I remembered how he, my husband, used to tuck them in my hair, to fasten them upon my breast,

with the fond love-light in his eyes, and passionate kisses upon my lips ! And then, Ora ! They were all the playthings she wanted ; and he would heap them around her, and laugh to see her, in her bewilderment, not knowing which to choose.

The rippling laughter of a sweet girlish voice broke through my reveries, and with it I heard the barking of a dog. I love the sound of children's happy voices. It is beautiful but sad music to me. I leaned out of the window, and tried to peer through the interlacing network of branches, but they were too dense. I could only see a patch of sunlight here and there flickering faintly on the moss-grown flags ; but still the laughing and rollicking went on.

Then I heard another voice, a woman's, richer, deeper, broken now and then by a slight hacking cough ; and I fell again into revery, until sharply aroused by my good Margory, and soundly rated for running such risks. In my nightdress ! and at an open window ! What if it were New Orleans, and as warm almost as summer in Boston ? I was very careless !

A fever of unrest seized me. I scoured every rood of the old part of the city. I looked into carriages ; I peeped into houses ; I pried into every court-yard door I found open, but with no satisfactory result. Nothing to quiet the burning longing of my heart. What was the spell that drew me hither after ten long years of absence ?

On returning from one of my unprofitable rambles, I would go to my room, and fling myself into the chair by the window overlooking the rose garden ; and, laying my head amongst the blossoms, ease my heart with tears, and listen to the musical voice of the child below. I longed for a sight of her, but I was shy of forcing my acquaintance on strangers. The house was wholly surrounded by a high wall. An arched door led into the garden from the street, but it was set into the wall, and was always locked, for I had tried it many times as I had heard the sweet voice in passing. There was neither bell nor knocker. Once I got a glimpse into this paradise ; for just as I was about to pass, a big negress came out with a basket upon her arm, and I caught sight of a white dress, golden curls, a large dog, and a lovely Creole woman sitting in a trellised balcony, thrumming a guitar. Then the door closed, and Eden was no more.

Another blessed day, however, I was more lucky. The door had been left ajar ; I pushed it wider, and drank my fill of beauty. It was, indeed, a little Eden upon which I gazed, — an Eden without any perceptible sign of the serpent. As I said before, the yard was paved, but beds of earth ran all around, and everywhere were crowded and teeming with rich flower life. Huge jars, filled with exquisite exotics, stood in balconies, on ledges, and in little sequestered nooks. Vines were everywhere, and every floor of the house had its balcony. In a huge lounging chair sat a pretty Creole, and the fair-haired sylph was romping with a great black Newfoundland



which she had garlanded with flowers. Peals of laughter greeted every fresh frolic of the dog, and I stood and smiled in sympathetic delight.

All at once there was a severe fit of coughing, a faint cry, a wild shriek from the girl; and as the lady sank swooning back into her chair, she let fall her delicate handkerchief which I saw was saturated with blood, and blood was trickling over the bosom of her white gown. In an instant I was by her side.

"Bring me a cup of salt, a glass of water, and a spoon," I said calmly to the pale and frightened child at my side. She lifted her great blue eyes to mine in mute amazement, but did my bidding without a word.

I bade my self-appointed charge drink freely of the mixture I concocted, and soon had the pleasure of seeing that, for the time being, the hemorrhage was checked.

"You must pardon my intrusion," I said; "but the door being open, the child's laughter attracted me; and when I saw what happened, I stood not upon the order of coming, but came at once. Now, I must entreat you not to talk; and, once in a while, you must take a swallow of this salt and water (a very simple and efficacious remedy, if not very agreeable), and if you keep quiet, I think you will do nicely."

She kept her great dark eyes on me hungrily while I spoke.

"Who are you?" she whispered.

"I am a friend. You may call me Mrs. Greville." It was my maiden name, I gave; what prompted me, I know not. "I am staying at the hotel, next door. If I can be of any assistance to you or your daughter, command me."

"Fo' de Lawd!"

I turned to find the negress with uplifted hands and rolling eyes, gazing first at her mistress and then at the blood-stained handkerchief.

"W—wot yo' ben a doin', honey?" she stammered.

I cautioned her that the lady must not talk or get excited about anything, and must be put to bed as soon as possible. I offered my assistance, which was gratefully accepted. Divested of her dress and wraps, consumption's ravages were plainly perceptible. It was but the frailest frame of bones which we laid in the luxurious bed. Not many moons would wane ere all that was mortal of the poor woman would lie forever at rest in the sunshiny old cemetery I so well knew.

The sick woman took to me with a feverish eagerness, and never seemed contented when I was not with her, the child said. And the beautiful child herself, whose golden hair flashed and sparkled in rippling waves below her waist, and whose heaven-blue eyes made such havoc with my heart-strings—what of her? She loved me from the first. She clung to me as to an anchor of safety. "Inez," they called her, and that was all. I asked no questions; they volunteered no information. The old servant was Chloe,

and she called her mistress "madam." Every day, or some part of it, I was with them. If I did not call, they sent for me.

One day — a week after the accident — I found Chloe and Inez both in tears when I called, and after choking down her sobs, the old negress said :

"De doctah an de priest has ben wid de madam, an' — an' de pore cretur am a-goin' ter die. She hab sum trubble on her min', an' 'ants ter see yo' soon as posserbly."

As soon as I entered I saw that a terrible change had taken place. She looked up eagerly and took my hand as I leaned over her.

"I have something to say to you," she said in her pretty Creole *patois*, which I dare not try to imitate on paper ; "something very grave to say to you ; something very sacred to ask. I want a promise from you, that you will help me to right a wrong."

"I solemnly promise any thing you may ask, if within my power. My time, my fortune, are at my own disposal."

"That is kind ! That is good. I must tell you all my story. I am, as you know, Creole by birth. My father was Spanish ; my mother, an octoroon. She was well-born, educated, and beautiful. She had a friend, a Spanish lady, who married an Englishman of great wealth. Unto them a son was born, a few days after my birth. She was a great beauty and belle, not over-fond of children, and she refused to nurse her child. A nurse had to be found, so the father begged my mother to take the child. She did so, and the little boy became my foster-brother. We lived very near, and after he left our home we were still playmates, and loved each other fondly.

"We were very happy until, one fatal and never-to-be-forgotten day, I realized that my love for him could not be that of a sister any longer. It had suddenly developed into the deep, passionate love of the woman, for the man who should be her husband. I loved, nay I adored him, I lived for him alone. I was mad enough to tell him so."

She covered her eyes with her thin hand, and tears glistened upon the lashes when she removed it.

"He said to me, I should not say such things, nor should he listen. He could never love me other than as a sister. I raved, I swore I would not live did he not return my mad devotion. You see, I do not spare myself. He talked long and earnestly, — most kindly, I now know, — but then only added fuel to the fire which was consuming me. At last he said that if there were no other reason, the color line must separate us, but that he loved and was about to wed another. I heard she was a Boston heiress, a beauty, and an only and idolized child. Much good her wealth ever did him ! I lost my mind, I think, after that. I went to my uncle in Mexico. I was his pet, and he gave me this house and a handsome income when he died. I could not stay where I should be compelled to see their happiness, but alas ! I heard of it.



"A year later I was told they had a child. How I hated her and her child, her wealth and beauty and her white blood! Ah! my God! what I suffered! The fires of my jealousy consumed me. After three years I returned, but not to the old home. My father and mother were dead, so I came here where I was not known. Gerald's people had gone to England to live, and he and she were travelling in Europe. I was alone."

I chilled from head to foot. I almost lost my senses. What was I about to hear? I arose, and with trembling fingers gave the gasping woman some wine, then sank back on my knees by her bedside, almost devouring her with my eyes.

"I had been settled," she continued, "but a week, when I heard they had returned, and were stopping at the hotel next door; had a room that overlooked this garden. Great heaven! How did I hold myself quiet? I used to go up to the room above this, and watch them until my heart was like to burst with jealous rage.

"I would see him hiding roses — my roses — in her bosom, her hair, and would gnash my teeth in impotent wrath, and pray there might be an adder hidden in the leaves that would sting her to death. He would toss them to the child as she sat at play, and I would gladly have killed them all; but I did something that tortured them more.

"One night, when I knew them all to be away, I stole up to their room and hid a letter I had written — a passionate love-letter, as if in answer to one from him — and my picture, where I knew she would see them. She did, but not until next day. I had hardly hidden them when I heard footsteps. It was the nurse returning with the child. I hid myself. She laid the sleeping babe upon the bed, and left the room. No sooner was her back turned than the child was in my arms, and under my dark shawl. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was in this room, and the child was on my bed. I meant to kill it, but it waked, looked at me with *his* eyes, and held out its arms. I could not harm it then.

"Ah, what a time there was! All New Orleans was searched. Money was spent like water; but no one dreamed of looking here.

"Then the letter and picture were found, and hot, cruel words followed. She accused him of stealing the child and intending to elope with me. His proud Spanish blood was fired; bitter words followed, and he left her, swearing he never would see her again until he could place their child in her arms, and she should beg his pardon on her knees; but he never *has* found the child, for she has never left me."

"Inez?" I exclaimed.

"Inez," she answered.

Then I arose, cold and terrible, like an avenging spirit.

"Dolores Dominique!" I uttered in low, awful accents.

The creature before me seemed to shrivel, as her great hollow eyes sought mine.

"Who are you?" she hoarsely whispered.

"Gerald Stanton's wife."

"Thank God!" she said as a glad light broke over her face, in seeming contradiction to her involuntary shrinking of an instant before; "I shall, perhaps, be able to undo the wrong I have done."

"You can only give me back my child; my husband is lost to me. I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth for ten years, searching for him. I have advertised, but all in vain, in vain. He is dead, or he must have forgiven."

"He thought you were dead."

"How do you know? What do you mean?"

"Oh, do not look at me that way, do not curse me!" she implored; "he has been as true as steel to you."

"I see, I see, wretched woman, you have let him think me dead. You made him believe me dead?"

She nodded a feeble assent.

"He lives. I confessed all this morning to the father. He knows of him, will find him, will bring him back. Ah, how I have prayed for this day! I have wearied Heaven with my petitions, and at last He has been merciful. I hoped it was you when I awoke from that swoon. Leave me a while, but forgive before you go."

This, then, was what had drawn me here. With a prayer for strength, I forgave.

Out in the garden I found the child weeping softly. I took her in my arms, and, laying back the beautiful head, I looked deeply within her eyes — Gerald's eyes. Then I kissed her sweet red lips a dozen times.

"Child," I said, "I am your mother."

"Is, then, Dolores dead?"

"Not yet. I do not mean that *she* has given you to me. The good God gave you to me twelve years ago. Dolores stole you from me, but the good God has given you back. He brought me here after many years. He put it in my heart to come. My little Ora, my Gerald's child! Are you glad, my baby?"

"Ah! very glad, my mother. I have always known I did not really belong to Dolores, but she has been very kind. Though I have always longed for an own mother," she naively whispered as she pressed her sweet face upon my bosom, — the bosom that had so hungered for the touch of baby hands.

"Madam, Dolores wishes to see you and Miss Inez," said a voice at my elbow.

I turned to behold a man, evidently, by his dress, a priest. I bowed

silently, and started for the house. Ora bent and kissed his hand as she passed, while he laid the other in benediction on her head. The room was but dimly lighted, yet dim as it was it dazzled my eyes, or what was it? I grew faint, dizzy. I should have fallen, but I found myself caught and pressed to a wildly beating heart. I lay upon my husband's breast when I awaked from the swoon in which I had fallen. I tried to get upon my knees, to grovel at his feet, but he would not allow me.

"All is well, my darling; all forgiven, and shall be forgotten. That poor, misguided woman has gone to her God for judgment, but she told me all ere she went. I have forgiven her, as you will. This is our child — little Ora. Let me fold you both in my arms. God bless and keep you both, my own dear ones!"

That is my life's story. New Orleans is again our Mecca. Do you wonder I both love and hate the month of roses? Their perfume brings always a vague, wild longing, and yet I want to bathe in their fragrance, to hold them in my arms, to kiss them, to laugh and yet to weep over them. The old house is Ora's now, and, fate permitting, we shall spend many happy days in it yet. How often, how very often, I thank my God for the inspiration that took me to New Orleans after ten years' absence!

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## IN COURT.

By A. C. BREWSTER.

THE flower I claimed of Eugenia,  
By "presents" of Powers above,  
She gave to old Cræsus, my senior.  
I sought the tribunal of Love.

He frowned; and, forbidding defendant  
And me from the court to depart,  
Ruled each, waiting ever attendant,  
To pay to his Lordship a heart.

**A LITTLE LEAVEN**

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL, FOUNDED FOR THE PURPOSE OF  
GETTING AT THE ROOT AND SHOOT OF THINGS.

CHAPTER IV.

CAIN, ABEL, SETH.

CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST DAY OR AGE OF CREATION IN THE COMMENCEMENT  
AND PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT OF HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS.

The story of Cain and Abel shown to be a personification of the eternal conflict between spirit and matter, heaven and earth, the human and the animal. It is representative of what transpires in every soul when the lower nature predominates over the higher and deprives it of its life and power. — The line of Cain and the line of Seth explained historically and psychologically. — The Genesal account of the First Day of Creation interpreted etymologically, and shown to be descriptive of the unfoldment of the soul from the state of consciousness marked by Adam to that represented by Noah.

*1. What do we find set forth in the fourth chapter of Genesis, and what does the allegory of Cain and Abel illustrate?*

We find there the record of the first productiveness of the Eve, — THE MANIFESTER OF LIFE ; and how plain it is that this receptive mental state was to be the helpmeet of man, the way by which his soul was to be GIRDED, SURROUNDED, and MADE STRONG by the birth of higher faculties corresponding to the conception and bringing forth of children. This has been its fruit when receptive of the Power of God ; but its first-born, earliest product, after the seduction by the serpent, was called Cain, whose history, and that of his brother Abel, is the embodiment of a principle as old as the world. It is the humanized form of the age-enduring conflict between matter and spirit.

*2. What is the root meaning of the word Cain, and what does it describe?*

The name Cain is from the root KAHNAH, TO FORGE, TO HAMMER, TO BEAT, TO ACQUIRE, TO HOLD, TO POSSESS, also HEAT, ANGER, PASSION, JEALOUSY, BURNING, and CORRODING. It thus completely describes the selfishness, passion, and emotion of the earthly, natural, animal state of man.

*3. What is the meaning of Abel?*

Abel is from the root HAHBHAL, which signifies simply TO BREATHE, A BREATH. This etymology is identical with that of the Hebrew and Greek

names for Spirit, even that Divine Power which brooded over the face of the deep, and from which all life has come.

*4. What, then, is represented by the killing of Abel by Cain?*

It represents the higher, spiritual nature of man, deprived of life and power by the predominance of the lower appetites, desires, and propensities. It not only refers to that early stage of human existence when the whole outward aspect of mankind showed that the Cain within man had slain his brother, and which condition even to-day so many tribes and nations represent, but it also defines what takes place in every soul whenever a higher inspiration or desire is not actualized, because of some ruling earthly, selfish passion or ambition. At all such times the kingdom of heaven within us suffers violence, and the blood of righteous Abel cries from the earth to God for vengeance that is sure to come.

*5. How did it refer to the individual Jesus, and to the universal Christ principle?*

As a type, the death of Abel was fulfilled in that of Jesus, whose blood, whose life, whose creative power, has cried out from the souls of men, — has created, fashioned, developed the barbarian world into which it went, to the civilization of to-day. As the soul of man had to descend and imbue the animal soul and body with its transmuting power, to produce a physiological and psychological change, so each higher spiritual graft bestowed by the Overshadowing Power of God has had to go down into and take root in man's earthly nature. During this process the story of Cain and Abel is always repeated; confirming the predicate that the inner meaning of the Bible is the record of laws eternal in their truth and in their application.

*6. How is the principle personified by Cain manifested among the races of men?*

The objective ethnological manifestation of the principle personified in Cain is made known in the aboriginal stock of every land and nation in which the upward rise of civilization has not commenced to take its course. All those barbarous races classed by some ethnologists as pre-Adamites are in the state personified by Cain, — the higher human principle completely deprived of life and power under the despotic rule of the nature of the beast. The Indian, the Esquimaux, the Malay, the Negro, illustrate the principle of Cain in its crudest form, continuing from age to age living evidences of the rule of the animal over the human, unchanged by the action of those higher grafts which came through the line of Seth and the branches that went forth from Noah's sons.

*7. What still deeper, broader application is there to be made of the principle set forth in the etymologies of the name Cain?*

The HEATING, FORGING, HAMMERING, and BEATING therein described make known a never-changing law, under whose reign the soul must continue, here on earth and in the worlds to come, until every son of Adam shall

attain that perfect dominion over all things beneath, which was prophesied in the first man and fulfilled in Christ. The strife and struggle, war and captivity, famine and pestilence, which have marked the path of barbarian and semi-civilized man, are but the objective types of those age-lasting instrumentalities which have been symbolled in the terms Sheol, Hades, Gehenna, and Tartarus, descriptive of conditions and processes of affliction and development which are the necessary attendants of an imperfect, unfinished, sinful state of the embodied or disembodied soul.

*8. What is represented by the name and nature of Seth?*

Seth, the son born to take the place of Abel whom Cain slew, marks an all-important epoch in the travail of the soul, as witnessed by the meaning of the name and by the position this individual occupied in the line of descent from Adam to Christ. Seth signifies TO BE SET, FIXED, FIRMLY FOUNDED and ESTABLISHED. It indicates the action of the Overshadowing Power of God, placing in the soul a germ which was to be the permanent foundation of a stock set apart from all other tribes and nations for the accomplishment of a special purpose in the divine economy of soul-growth.

*9. How was this to be shown in the history of the line which sprung from Seth?*

Other branches of the human family, as we shall see, were to be enlarged and differentiated in the acquisition of material knowledge and the perpetuation of it from age to age. But in this one line of Seth the peculiar purpose of a SPIRITUAL development was to be furthered from generation to generation in obedience to the laws of Heredity and Environment, and the higher law of the Divine Overshadowing, given the most favorable opportunity for their fullest action. And as the individuals in this line should receive higher impulses and inspirations from Creative Orders brooding over and engrafting, so from them should there go forth a leavening impetus to quicken into higher consciousness the souls of all humanity.

*10. What is expressed by the names of the seven patriarchs standing in the line of descent from Adam to Noah?*

The names of the seven patriarchs, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, and Lamech, who mark the generations between Seth and Noah, represent, each one, the insertion of a higher shoot and the birth of a new faculty, in carrying on and completing the first day or age of the progressive creation or development of human consciousness in this one specially prepared Line, as a type of God's universal method.

*11. If this, then, is typical of the first day or age of man's progressive creation, let us turn to the record given in the first five verses of the first chapter of Genesis, and trace the correspondence between the truths declared in the original meaning of the words, and what transpired, and ever must transpire, in the initial epoch of the development of man from a lower to a*

*higher state. And in this light what is the meaning of the words, In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth?*

In the beginning, BERASHITH, signifies IN THE HEAD ; showing that in its highest aspect the work of creation that is to be described took place in the brain-structure and mentality centred in the human cranium. It does not denote merely, as rendered, a commencement in time, but it indicates PROCESSES, AGENCIES, MEANS ; and with strict fidelity to the significance of the roots of the words, the verse should be translated, BY LAYING FOUNDATIONS, BY SETTING INTO OPERATION RELATIONS OF NUMBER AND ORDER, God, ELOHIM, — that Power eternally proceeding forth and entering into, imparting life and motion, setting up revolution and gradually bringing to perfection, — created, BARA, RE-ARRANGED, RE-FORMED, RENEWED, and RE-COMBINED, the heaven, SHAMAYIM, that which is PLACED and ESTABLISHED, HIGH and HOLY in nature and kind, and the earth, ARETS, that which is not perfected, but which is in process of DISINTEGRATION and RE-FORMATION, to be changed from one condition to another. The heaven and the earth thus represent the higher and the lower, the human and the animal, united in the complex nature of man.

*12. What is the meaning of the earth being without form and void, and darkness upon the face of the deep?*

And the earth was without form and void, THOHU VA BHOHU, WASTE AND DESOLATE. The earthy nature had not been brought into order and made productive, humanized, transmuted and upborne from the plane of the brute by the power of the soul of man. And darkness was upon the face of the deep, VE-HOSHEK AL PENE THEHOM. Ignorant and unenlightened was the manifestation of the unfathomed emotions and appetites of the lower nature.

*13. What are the words used to describe the action of the Spirit of God, and what do they signify?*

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, VERUAH ELOHIM MERAHEPHETH AL PENE HAMMAYIM. That Divine energy which had placed, as a germ or egg, the soul of man in these relations, was BROODING OVER and INCUBATING, in this state of flux and change, gestation and transition.

*14. What are the words used to describe the creation of light, and what in their highest sense do they portray?*

And God said, there will be light, and light was, VAYYOMER ELOHIM YEHI OR VAYEHI OR. And the Logos, Word, or Speak, the ORDERING and NUMBERING method which declares the nature of the Creative Power, expressed in the innate possibilities of man its purpose, its plan, its ultimate intent in reference to this which was destined, when perfected, to be its highest handiwork. As by virtue of the contact of the energy of the material sun with the earth and its atmosphere those changes are wrought



which bring to our sense-perception a consciousness of that all-essential thing which we term light ; so by the action of the rays of the Sun of its existence, the centre of its life, upon its earthy, undeveloped state, should the soul be finally brought to that perception of truth, understanding of law, and knowledge of itself, the light of which should forever illumine the mental world of man perfected. The promise that light should come was given afresh in the birth of every prophet and teacher of the race, as the soul in the daytime of its course was turned to receive higher inspirations. But as the light came from without, an induced, imparted radiance, the time of night was sure to follow ; and that state described in the words, " AND LIGHT WAS," VAYEHI OR, indicating something FIXED, CREATED, ENDURING, was only organically attained by Christ. In him the light shone from within outward, from centre to circumference, foreshadowing the truth to be realized by every soul born into the world, the mental cosmos of harmony with the eternal order of the universe, which state, when reached, fulfils the promise given, that night shall be no more.

*15. What is represented by the division of light from darkness ?*

And God saw the light that it was good, and God divided the light from the darkness, VAYYAR ELOHIM ETH HAOR KI TOBH VAYYABHDEL ELOHIM BEN HAOR UBHEN HAHOSHEK. And it was ordained that the light of revealed law, and of truth acquired by experience, should extend, beautify, and have dominion in the mind of man ; and that there should be a division set up between the darkness and the light, — that man should know good from evil, right from wrong, and learn to cleave to the one and turn away from the other.

*16. What is the meaning of the light called day and the darkness night ?*

And God called the light day, and the darkness he called night, VAYYIQRA ELOHIM LAOR YOM VELAHOSHEK QARA LAYELA. And the perception of the light, the truth, the law, should be the daytime of the soul's unfoldment, the time of ACTIVITY, PROGRESS, GROWTH. And the darkness, the ignorance, should be the time of the soul's REVOLVING OR TURNING AWAY, when, cold and unproductive, the natural propensities, passion and pride, should have full rule.

*17. What are the words used to describe the first day of creation, and what do they signify as applied to the development of man ?*

And the evening and the morning were the first day, VAYEHI EREBH VAYEHI BHOQER YOM EHADH. The root of the word EREBH, evening, signifies TO MIX, TO MINGLE, TO WEAVE TOGETHER, describing a process of formation, preparation, gestation. Morning, BHOQER, means TO BURST FORTH, TO BREAK OUT, TO BE BORN. First, EHADH, A UNION, TO JOIN TOGETHER, TO UNITE. Day, YOM, indicates an age or period of time sufficient in duration for the accomplishment of a specific purpose by the Creative Power, whose activity is represented, in the original sense of this



word, as HEAT. Thus the evening and the morning of the first day describe the Overshadowing, inweaving, begetting, conception, and subsequent coming forth into consciousness on the physical plane, which was a result of the union, the joining together of the human with the animal, heaven with earth. This first day of creation marks the stage of unfoldment in which, numerically, the larger portion of the human family still are, in some degree.

*18. What is the duration of the first great day or epoch as marked in the typical line of descent?*

In the line of development from Adam to Christ, of whose history we are making a special study and interpretation, the first day of creation includes that period of time extending from the birth of Adam, whose name marks this commencing cycle of the series, to the birth of Noah, the individual type of the succeeding age.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE NOACHIAN AGE THE SECOND DAY OF CREATION.

The repentance of Jehovah shown to be a creative action to bring about through Noah, a state reached by the soul, a Flood or downpouring of power to cause a change and advancement in human mentality. — Shem, Ham, and Japhet represent the Spiritual, Physical, and Intellectual natures of man. — The Ark, a symbol of the microcosm, the human mind, into which enters the essential nature of all things. — Babel represents the principle of *race-mixture*, which acts in conjunction with the Law of Overshadowing for the development of man. — Interpretation of the account of the second day of creation, and its application to the cycle of the soul's unfoldment that is marked by Noah and his sons.

*1. Where in the Scriptures do we find the typical second age portrayed, and by what person is it represented?*

From the commencement of the sixth chapter of Genesis to the tenth verse of the eleventh chapter, we find in the literal record of the Scriptures the account of what transpired in the second day or age of the development of human consciousness as illustrated in the typical line of descent from Adam to Christ. As the first day or age was named from Adam, the Adamic age, so this second era or epoch in the soul's upward march is named from the most prominent individual mentioned in this portion of the Bible, — the Age or Day of Noah, in whose typical name and life we find expressed what characterizes the unfoldment of universal man in the second step of his progress from a lower to a higher state.

*2. We read that God saw that the wickedness of man was great, and that the Lord repented that he had made man, and determined to destroy him from the face of the earth. What is the true meaning of the words?*

The statement that God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that all the imaginations of his heart were evil, indicates the enlarging and differentiation of man in the domain of his lower nature, while the image-producing, rational principle was not brought into order and exercised. The conception of God as being angry or pleased at aught that man could do or leave undone, and the idea that the Omniscient and Omnipotent Elohim Jehovah made a mistake in forming the highest of his creatures, man, and sought to make reparation for it by destroying his handiwork, has been adapted perfectly to an infantile state of perception of the nature and method of God. But when we commence to learn even the alphabet of that language of Law and Principle in which the Creator communes with the enlightened soul, such notions must forever leave the mind, as darkness disappears before the rising sun.

*3. What is the root meaning of grief and repentance?*

The meaning of the Hebrew words ATSAB and NACHAM, grief and repentance, is TO BREATHE WITH INTENSITY, TO RE-FORM, TO BRING ABOUT AN ENTIRE CHANGE IN NATURE; thus describing the increased activity of the Spirit and the bringing to bear necessary means and instrumentalities to effect a change in man, a development of mental power and new avenues for its expression. What this change and advancement was, and how it was brought about, is made plain by an analysis of the leading points presented by this epoch.

*4. What is the meaning of Noah and of the statement that he was a just man and perfect in his generations, and that he walked with God?*

The name Noah signifies REST, a condition reached in the growth of the soul which becomes the BASE of a new stage in its travail, and its products make known its nature. The statement that Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and that he walked with God, shows a state of the soul resulting from the action of the Divine Overshadowing and begetting Power, which is the cause of all advancement. The bringing forth of offspring by the earthly parent is the most expressive emblem of that interior generation by the Father of all life which makes its action known in an increased mentality. And the names and history of the sons of Noah most indisputably prove this principle.

*5. What principles are personified by the sons of Noah, as shown by the meaning of their names, Shem, Ham, and Japhet?*

The name Shem is from the same root as the word SHAMAYIM, heaven, that kingdom which the Christ declared is within the soul, — its highest nature, the spiritual. Ham indicates, in the sense of *heat* and *darkness*, those passions and that ignorance organically a part of the lower nature first personified in Cain, — the Physical. Japhet signifies *to be broadened out, enlarged, extended*, describing the development and education of the third department of the mind of man, — the Intellectual.

6. *What is signified by the Ark, and what directions are said to have been given concerning it?*

God gives command to Noah to build an ark, **TEBAH**, which word signifies etymologically, **TO HOLD, TO CONTAIN**, that which embraces much within its scope. Into this ark he is directed to take his sons, and, two by two, the representatives of every species, that, secured within this vessel wonderfully prepared, they should be protected from the deluge of waters that was to come upon the earth, to cover over and destroy the existing order of created things.

7. *How much of literal truth is there in the account of the deluge, and of what importance is it?*

Traditions have been preserved by every nation of the earth, of the occurrence, at some prehistoric time, of cataclysms so violent and extensive as to give rise to the belief in a universal flood, and the miraculous preservation of one or a few individuals, and such occurrences have undoubtedly transpired; but, however far-reaching or restricted they may have been, it is only in our province to consider those eternal principles intended to be conveyed by this story of the deluge given in Genesis.

8. *What is the higher significance of the story of this great flood of waters, and the preservation of the Ark and its inhabitants?*

Water, in all its forms, is used as the symbol of that **MOTION** which accompanies all formative action in the period of gestation and transition after the insertion of those germs which are the cause of all advancement that ever has or ever can come to the human soul. As the earth would be a desert waste, sterile and unproductive, without the presence and action upon it of the element water, so would the soul of man continue barren and unfruitful, were it not for the vivifying, purifying operation of that Higher Power of which we find the symbol given in Water. The earthy nature of man must be immersed, must be submerged within this Power which proves destructive to all that is not in right relations to it, but preservative, re-generative, and re-creative to all that is. The mental principle of man was the ark prepared to **HOLD** and **CONTAIN**, measured and numbered in all the proportions of its complex organization, pitched, cemented, joined together, and unitized by the Overshadowing, Creative Power. Into it there entered the essential nature (male and female, positive and negative states) of every created thing which moves in the waters, flies in the air, or lives upon the land. And added to, associated with, this nature built up from all the kingdoms and orders beneath the human, were Noah and his sons, representing the soul of man and its products of power in the threefold division of faculties, — Spiritual, Physical, Intellectual. The wives of Noah and his sons represent the receptivity of the soul, and of each separate group of faculties.

9. *What is the meaning of the rain falling forty days and nights, and of all limits of time made in the Bible allegories and parables?*

The rain falling for forty days and nights (forty being the plural of four, which signifies pro-creation) indicates the descent of power from above upon the soul for a sufficient time to accomplish the intended purpose of the generation and bringing forth of new mental states. Events recorded in the Bible as occurring in time represent eternal processes in the growth of the soul through endless ages; and what is the experience and higher consciousness of one to-day may not by some other one be realized till after many cycles have rolled by.

10. *How can it be shown indisputably that the interpretation given to the names we have already considered is neither fanciful nor forced?*

It might well be deemed merely a remarkable coincidence, that these Bible names of individuals should signify primarily different states and conditions of the mind and soul, if it were not that we find in the subsequent history of the higher branches of the human family the perfect fulfilment of what was prophesied in the names of the three sons of Noah, — Shem, Ham, and Japhet.

11. *What was the typical work of the line of Shem, and how was it consummated?*

The offspring of Shem, through the line of Arphaxad and Heber, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were set apart for the purpose of giving to the world the imagery of types and signs, forms and ceremonies, statutes and commandments, precepts and prophecies pertaining to higher religious or spiritual things. And the organic reality of all that was foreshadowed and enjoined, prefigured and promised, in symbol and ceremonial, law and prophecy, was embodied in the personality of Jesus Christ, the final product of the line of Shem, and first fruit of that Power Most High which is eventually to bring to all mankind the blessings of a spiritual kingdom.

12. *What was accomplished by the Hamitic line?*

The descendants of Ham settled in Egypt, and also laid the foundation of the Canaanitish and Chaldæo-Babylonian empires, to attain a typical perfection in the material domain of man's nature. The building of cities, monuments, and pyramids, the perpetuation from age to age of long dynasties of kings, and the establishment of codes of government and systems of law for the regulation of man in his physical relations, proclaimed the progress and perfection of what was first foreshadowed in the name of Ham.

13. *For what purpose was the branch of Japhet set apart, and in what nation was that end fulfilled?*

The line of Japhet was carried onward to its highest type through Javan and his sons, who settled the Ionian isles and became the parent stock of the Grecian people, whose poetry and philosophy, art and literature, after

centuries of development made known the typical perfection of the intellect.

*14. What great principle is symbolically represented in the account of the Tower of Babel and the dispersion of the races ?*

The Tower of Babel, around which centres this most momentous occurrence, — the dispersion of the highest branches of the race, — represents a principle which the words in the original Hebrew declare. Babel signifies A MIXTURE, A MINGLING TOGETHER, thus naming a law which was to operate in conjunction with the higher principle of Overshadowing to the end of the final completed creation of universal man.

As a homogeneous stock the line of Adam had been kept until the age of Noah, when its differentiation first commenced, and the branches represented by Shem, Ham, and Japhet diverged for the furtherance and attainment of different orders and degrees of mental unfoldment, that when a certain status of physical, intellectual, and spiritual growth had been reached there should be A MIXTURE, A COMMINGLING, of different tribes and nations in a state of unity on a higher plane of life.

*15. How is the fatherhood of God made known in the most remote periods of human history, and how are the so-called "lost arts" accounted for ?*

By realizing the great truth of the susceptibility of the human soul to the influence and inspiration of unseen Orders of intelligence and personality, we are enabled to see in the different languages, religions, and customs of the nations founded by the sons of Noah, the expression of the ministration of the same Creative Power adapting himself to the necessities of his children at different stages of their growth, and foreshadowing in one age, through one or a few individuals specially prepared, wisdom and truth to be understood and embodied by the masses at some far future time. The so-called "lost arts" of antiquity were established in this way, as feeble types only of the knowledge and skill which is to be the birthright possession of the coming age. This will become more and more apparent as we follow out our line of study to its conclusion.

*16. Turning to the Biblical record of creation, we find the work of the second day described as follows in the sixth, seventh, and eighth verses of the first chapter of Genesis : —*

*And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.*

*And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament; and it was so.*

*And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.*

*What is the meaning of these words ?*

The work of the second day of creation is thus set forth as the forming of a firmament, RAQIA, AN EXPANSE, HAMMERED AND BEATEN OUT, FASHIONED AND WROUGHT. Heaven and earth were made, joined, in the beginning of man, in the first day or age of his creation; and the waters — creative powers — of the higher heavenly nature, and the waters — creative powers — of the lower earthy nature, worked and warred together within the mind of unperfected Adam. Shem and Ham personify these higher and lower states in the second day of the soul's development; while Japhet represents the reason, the ability to think in an orderly way, and to apprehend laws and principles, which knowledge attained and retained was to be the firmament, broadened out and firmly founded, to make a division between the intuitions and motives of the higher nature, and the emotions and propensities of the lower.

*17. How does God enter organically into covenant relations with man?*

By placing in the soul those germs whose product is the intellect, God enters into covenant relations with his creature, man, that the individuality of an understanding mind shall never be destroyed, that water (motion, power), coming from above or below, shall not blot out its consciousness.

*18. What is symbolized by the rainbow as the covenant sign and prophecy?*

The bow of promise which bedecks the sky when the summer storm has passed, and which in obedience to the laws of light has always made its appearance as the inevitable effect of the natural causes that produce it, is given as the most beautifully expressive symbol of the arch or curve in the unfoldment of the mind which is expressed in the very structure of the brain and form of the cranium, which shall make known that when the hand of God, when his Almighty Power, has rounded out and harmonized the soul in its relations to all its faculties, those Divine attributes typified by the colors of the rainbow shall shine forth with a lustre never to be dimmed.

*19. What is the summing up and application of the second day or age in the progressive creation of human consciousness?*

The evening and the morning of the second day, like the evening and the morning of each succeeding day, refer to the action of those forces which (as we learned in our analysis of the meaning of the words when used in the account of the first age) are repeated on a higher plane at each stage of the soul's development, — the inweaving of a higher life through the Divine Overshadowing, the process of gestation, and the birth of new faculties. Second, SHANI, defines the DOING OVER AGAIN, the REPEATED ACTION of the creative processes and laws which are the causation of all CHANGE and EVOLUTION which comes to the soul, and which shall make it BRIGHTLY SHINE when perfected, — all of which is expressed in the etymology of the word.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

A POLITICAL contention on a national field can hardly be other than a matter of absorbing popular interest, and it would prove far more instructive than it now is, if the issues were presented with a distinctness that precluded all design to secure partisan advantage. But perhaps that is not to be expected, so long as all human conditions presuppose the necessity of struggling for existence itself. So the matter must needs be accepted as we find it, with the hope still entertained that the best cause may win.

A round month—and that the most perfect one in the year—now offers the competing political parties of the country its brief term for the trial of the case between them before the general assize of the people, composing a jury of more than ten million voters. It is no *plebiscite* in the French sense, neither requiring nor permitting two answers, but a free expression of the popular preference for candidates for the office of the Executive of the nation. And it might be cited as a far more expressive illustration of the intelligent opinion of this vast body of voters, if the questions professedly at issue were stated both with more incisiveness and less disingenuousness in the platforms put forth by the contending parties. As is the habit in such cases, the politic takes precedence of the positive and unequivocal. The Democrats propose to rest their case on the Mills Bill, which, after having passed through the popular branch of Congress, has come to a halt in the Senate, where the opposing party has control. This bill may be fairly described as the practical exposition of President Cleveland's last annual message, a paper wholly devoted to tariff discussion, and advocating a decided reduction of impost duties and the enlargement of the free list by taking duties off of an increased number of articles which enter as raw material into our domestic manu-

factures. The avowed purpose of such reduction is the diminution of the surplus in the public treasury, which is now increasing at the hazardous rate of one hundred millions yearly.

Besides this proposal of tariff reduction, which the President in his message declared to be in no sense related to free trade, the inharmonious relations for some time existing between the United States and Canada are forced into the canvass by the defeat of the treaty with Great Britain and her Northern colonies, and the Executive request that promptly followed for authority to retaliate Canadian insults and injuries by withdrawing the privilege of free transportation of Canadian merchandise across United States territory. This has not been cast in the form of an issue, yet it is made to do duty as a stroke of political policy, by appealing as it does to a natural feeling of resentment on the part of our countrymen at the unneighborly and unjust conduct of the Canadian authorities on the subject of the fisheries.

Incidentally, as is the case in all similar contests on such a scale, there cluster around the current one, on the side of the Democrats, a number of other matters, undefined as issues, yet stated with an ardor intended to create an equivalent effect, among which the most prominent is the labor and wages question, bound in as closely as possible with that of tariff reduction; after which come the customary string of general affirmations relating to pensions and other matters which have long since come to be regarded as of the perfunctory order.

This is, briefly, the position of the party now holding possession of the executive department of the Government, and seeking a renewal of its lease of power, on improved terms, if possible, at the hands of our voting population.

The Republicans of course oppose this request and appeal, with a candidate and a platform. The former is Gen. Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, the grandson of the President elected by the Whig party in the memorable canvass of 1840, and a gentleman with an impressive war record, and for a brief term one of the representatives of his State in the United States Senate. The platform antagonizes the position of President Cleveland on the tariff question with the utmost earnestness, and both the party press and speakers openly and persistently charge free trade purposes and sympathies upon the Democrats. The subject of wages for labor is coupled with it in the current discussion, and strong appeals are made to workingmen everywhere to resist this charged attempt to bring them to the condition of the lower-paid and under-paid workingmen of Great Britain and the Continent. On this point the Republicans are waging a vigorous contest for the recovery of the power so narrowly lost by them four years ago.

They, too, promise and propose in the interests of the people, in their platform, after the fashion of their opponents, and stir the thought, if they do not also awaken the enthusiasm, of the voters, by asseverating continued devotion to all that makes for the highest and the permanent welfare of the country. While the Democratic platform avoids the question of temperance, that of the Republicans treats it with friendly favor in a resolution which has been called a postscript to the work of the nominating convention.

The prevailing issue in the canvass is this tariff reduction, whose real meaning in the Democratic mind, according to the assertion of its opponents, is free trade. As the chances are closely calculated for both sides, the contest promises to be correspondingly warm, especially in those States on whose vote the final result is clearly seen to depend. It is no part of this publication to indulge in a discussion of the merits of the issue, or to compare any further the position of parties. But a general election challenges public attention,

in these times, to an extent that would seem to render all neglect of current commentary inexcusable in a publication that is expected to properly note public events of wide interest, in their passing.

It is to be added, that several other organizations, intended to be political, are in the field and as much as possible in the fight. Of these, the Prohibition party stands deservedly at the head, with Gen. Clinton B. Fisk of New Jersey as its candidate for President, and Dr. Henry F. Brooks of Missouri for Vice-President. This so-called third party is making an unusually earnest canvass, in which it is effectually aided by the women of the country organized as the Christian Temperance Union. A largely increased vote is confidently counted on throughout the Union, the cause being the overthrow of the saloon as the enemy to the stability of the Republic.

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A SUBJECT is rapidly looming up over the horizon that is portentous in its significance, being no less than an open challenge by the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the position hitherto regarded as established for the public schools. In obedience to the ecclesiastical injunction delivered by the plenary council of that Church, at Baltimore, some two years since, parochial schools are being opened in the different parishes throughout the country, to which Catholic parents are bidden to send their children on pain of being refused the sacred offices of the Church. The result of such an order is all at once beginning to show itself in the withdrawal in large numbers of Catholic children from the public schools, and their bodily transfer to those opened by the priests for their reception. In many instances it has seriously diminished the customary attendance on the public schools, and in others has had the effect to close them altogether. A concerted and carefully planned purpose of such a character is well calculated to arouse public attention.

This movement of the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States has taken on all the features of a



regular campaign, whose object, but poorly concealed, is the release of all citizens of Roman birth from the support of the public schools of the State, by a division of the fund contributed thereto, and the diversion of a portion of it to the support of the Church or parochial schools. Already the Roman Catholics of all nationalities in the country are taking their children out of the public and placing them in the parochial schools. In Massachusetts, and indeed all over New England, the change is of a scale that is calculated to excite the most serious thought. The deception is proceeding at a rate that supplies a pretty exact measure of the power of the priestly influence with which it originates.

Perhaps there would be not much more in it all than what might provoke ordinary comment, as a matter of current interest merely, if it did not contain an unexpressed menace to American institutions, of which the free public school system is rightly considered the exhaustless feeder and unflagging support. Such a movement, when its character and origin are taken into account, is open on every side to the charge of being foreign and unpatriotic, and merits general denunciation accordingly. Being a covert and effective blow at both the spirit and stability of our free institutions, it is an extremely dangerous one, and therefore is to be met in the only way that promises to defeat it before it culminates in practical success, and thereby introduces an ecclesiastical issue into the social and political life of the nation. In its present shape, it aims simply to draw out fully one-sixth of our entire population from their free and natural relations to the rest, and hence to the State, and by organizing, educating, and directing them obediently to the dictates of the ecclesiastical power of Rome, — a foreign power in every sense when it presumes to meddle with what is established in this country, — to keep that trained body of our citizens as much in foreign subjection as if they resided bodily beyond the country's limits.

Once set up, even by sufferance, a power of this character in our midst, which is the inevitable result, and we have a wholly new

question to deal with. And the way in which we will be forced to deal with it must from necessity be no less novel and decisive than the question itself. An American citizen is tentatively presumed to be one who is in full sympathy with American institutions, as he assuredly must likewise recognize and obey the laws of the country. If, therefore, he expects to enjoy all the privileges of such citizenship, he must conform willingly to its requirements in the American spirit. Failing of this, and openly preferring and acknowledging the authority of a foreign and hostile power, calling itself spiritual but working visibly for temporal ends, he cannot reasonably complain if the rights of citizenship are withheld, and he is declared to be the alien he really is. The familiar maxim that one cannot have his cake and eat it, is applicable here. No man ought to expect to enjoy the privileges and protection of the citizenship of a free republic who withholds the freest professions of allegiance on his own part to its authority and its institutions. A foreign power, no matter if it assumes a religious disguise, can never be permitted to exist within a country whose toleration invites its treacherous intrusion.

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THE GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND. — The men of the gardens are invariably the happiest in the world. They best know the meaning of contentment. Some of them, like Mr. Gregory of Marblehead, devote themselves to the cultivation of certain kinds of vegetables, studying every chance to improve them as carefully as the breeder studies the principles of heredity in stock. Others, like the venerable Mr. Hovey of Cambridge, not long deceased, make a specialty of fruits, together with flowers, and bring a luscious product like the strawberry to its highest state of perfection. Still others spend pleasant lives in the pursuit of arboriculture, and surprise us by showing how the barest spot of earth may be transformed into a sylvan paradise. There are departments enough for all tastes and tendencies.

But in every one of them the boy, now

become a man, may both find an occupation of unending charms, and create for himself an unfailing fund of innocent happiness. Only let him into the garden early, when his observation is alert and his tastes are forming, and as soon as he seeks to know what characteristics each object possesses to attract him. Let him learn the simple mysteries of training and tying, of propagating and crossing, of grafting and pruning, by watching his elders while engaged in these tasks, and having his numerous questions answered promptly and fully. Let him have tools of his own as fast as he expresses a desire to possess them, and learn their use even at the occasional expense of a promising bough or a thrifty plant. It is knowledge obtained at a cheap rate, since the bounteous earth is always ready to redeem our temporary losses many-fold.

In a garden close to his home, in sight of his own windows and within reach of a call from his own door, a man should be contented and happy if he is ever to be so anywhere. And the surest way to reach that state when a man, is to enter upon it as a boy. The lad who knows how, and loves, to dig and plant, to rake and hoe, to work over vegetables and vines, to cultivate and harvest, is already the possessor of a capacity to create tranquil pleasure for himself throughout his life, which those who are consumed with the fever of ambition and money-making may well envy him. Should all else in the world finally fail him, he will always have at hand an occupation that will console his disappointments, fill his thought with soothing satisfactions, and diffuse around him an atmosphere of peaceful contentment.

The late E. P. Roe, the writer of the most popular stories of the day in this country, found his surest solace and perfect rest in the assiduous pursuit of the pleasures of his garden. There he enjoyed the strict privacy which men like him so strongly affect, and in that most charming of all retirements he cultivated his sentiments and the soil together. The late A. J. Downing, whose essays on practical horticulture are acknowledged models of delightful and

instructive writing, was for the whole of his too short life a lover of the garden and the grounds adjoining, and did more than any one man of his time to excite the genuine horticultural taste in the American people. The venerable Marshall P. Wilder, merchant though he was here in Boston to an advanced age, never showed more enthusiasm or felt more happy than when he left business cares behind for the day, and went home to the paradise of his well-stocked garden grounds, among the favorite fruit-trees which were the studious delight of his more than four-score years.

Amateur gardeners there are many, while professional gardeners abound over an extended section of the country. Some are gardeners for money, some for the reputation it confers, and some because they like the occupation for its own sake alone. These last are the ones who really hold it up to the right level. They make the garden an essential belonging of home, and cherish one as they cherish the other. In no sense market-gardeners, caring only to keep their own family table freshly supplied with fruits and vegetables in their season, and imbued with the sincere home sentiment as they pursue their congenial labors, these are the men to clothe even a waste patch of ground near the dwelling, with living attractions, and to excite in all passers-by a harmless envy of so much unalloyed happiness.

It is therefore sagacious training, as well as genuine wisdom, to conduct the boys into the home garden in their earliest years, and to instruct them how to "dress and keep" it. In the sunny walks and cool shadows of that secluded ground, they will soon learn the needful lessons of patience and of faith, and discover that they do but co-operate with the universal forces in working out results that are not less mysterious now than they were in the beginning. Above all else, the memory of these pleasures of the happy days of youth will become a refreshing and rejuvenating influence until the time comes when the rake and the spade are reluctantly put away forever.

It is noticeable, that in their appeals for aid the stricken people of Florida have found no more generous and ready response than has been gladly given from the pocket-books and hearts of New Englanders. As the Boston merchant seizes his morning paper, he finds, on a level with his interest in political matters, an anxious desire to ascertain if, during the previous day, the gloom has in any way lifted from poor Jacksonville. So every thing that brings hope or any degree of comfort to his countrymen south brings joy to him, and each new savage inroad of the terrible fever calls forth sympathetic sorrow. A gloomy city indeed, with its trade despoiled, its houses deserted, the air filled with the smell and smoke of burning tar and pitch, and the dread disease claiming new victims continually.

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COME to think about it, it is very natural that we of New England should feel special interest in this misfortune of Florida. It is a winter home to many of us. With Jacksonville we are very familiar from experience. We know its luxuriance, its balmy air in winter, and its healing comforts, which the rigor of our Northern climate denies us. We know its genial, accommodating people, too, and value their friendships. Many a Yankee has sent his money to Florida for promising investment, and many more of our capitalists will look to that part of the country as soon as its growth reaches dimensions that compel attention. We know considerable here about what has been accomplished in Florida, in a comparatively short time; but there are possibilities in Florida, and indeed throughout the South, for investors and manufacturers, that New Englanders, as a rule, know nothing about, except perhaps in a general way that makes little impression on them. We shall take occasion to call attention to some of these growing, enterprising Southern cities, in the near future, presenting them, as we presented Cincinnati, in all their business and social relations, in a popular but authentic manner, and illustrating them with artistic views specially prepared for us.

By the way, we have been receiving congratulations from every hand on our Cincinnati number. Even "way Down East," in Maine, our readers say that they find our treatment of the great interests of the Queen City interesting from beginning to end, as well as instructive. There's nothing like presenting a good thing in the right way.

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PROFESSOR RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR, who died the 12th ultimo, in New York, a victim of Florida's pest, was gifted with the rare faculty of being able to tell his stories regarding the ordinarily wearisome subject of astronomy, in a way which imparted to them the fascination of romance. Withal he was thoroughly educated, and therefore a reliable authority. For these reasons, his lecture tours were marvels of success. For these reasons, he interested not scholars alone, but also those whose busy mercantile affairs demanded so much of their time that they found almost no time at all for personal study of science. He lectured in all the principal cities of England, Canada, the United States, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, New Zealand, and other countries. He was the author of more than sixty books, and also wrote the articles on astronomy in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and in *Appleton's Encyclopædia*.

Professor Proctor was born in England in 1837; but as a result of his first visit to Uncle Sam, he said, on his return home, that he "felt more at home in America than in England." He did not make this country his residence, however, till the year 1887, when he settled in St. Joseph, Mo. His second wife, who survives him, was a Virginian lady, the niece of Gen. Jefferson Thompson.

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It seems rather unfortunate, that, while long-continued warm weather has been fostering "Black Jack" in the extreme south, the frost has been pinching the life out of crops in the northern part of New England, chiefly and most seriously in the Pine Tree State. Returns just received from Maine indicate a loss of at least two-

thirds of the entire crop in Cumberland, Oxford, and Kennebec counties. In this case, the farmers throughout the State will lose from six hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand dollars; and if to this there be added the wages that will be lost by "hands" who will, on this account, be out of work, the loss will be not less than a million dollars. This is a big country,—yellow-fever at one end, and frozen crops at the other.

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A CUSTOM has developed in recent years, to a large extent in New England, in accordance with which the descendants of early settlers gather at anniversaries, to honor their worthy ancestors, and celebrate their deeds of hardihood and intelligence. These "family re-unions," as they are called, are for the most part two hundred and fiftieth anniversaries. They are characterized by extraordinary feasting and general jollification; by a careful consideration of the condition of the family tree, and a jealous examination of recent grafts; by eloquent and grandiloquent speech-making, in which the foremost orators of the different families are expected to exhaust the resources of rhetoric and oratory in showing that their particular forerunners contributed most mightily to the present development of this great and glorious country. In this way much is done that is silly, and much is said that is twaddle. After all, though, much pleasure and recreation are derived, and no harm is done; and, finally, if birds of a feather want to flock together, it's nobody's business but their own, what they do, provided they do no injury to anybody else.

Seriously, though, the tendency of these re-unions is to ennoble the present generation. Ancestors are honored for their good deeds; but the mean and the base are either passed by in silence, or scathingly scored as a matter of warning. In this way the descendants are inspired with a determination to emulate the nobility of their ancestors, and see to it that, as for themselves, they never bring reproach on the family name.

These gatherings are the means of form-

ing valuable friendships; for, as a rule, the best of the descendants attend them, and the worst, from sheer shame, stay away.

Noteworthy among these two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversaries that have been held among us during the past month or so, was the Spofford re-union, at which the descendants of John Spofford gathered in the family mansion on Spofford Hill, Georgetown, Mass., Aug. 29; and the Boynton re-union, held in the Meionaon, Boston, Sept. 5, in honor of the arrival of William and John Boynton at Rowley, Mass.

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THE gathering at the Revere House, Boston, the 10th of last month, of two hundred and fifty members of the New England Association of California Pioneers, was an occasion that called up most remarkable memories. The "old Forty-Niners" went into a country that was lawless and almost unknown, and found something that, in the twinkling of an eye, turned the whole nation upside down with excitement. The original "Forty-Niners" were few, and were regarded, when they left the favored cities of the East to explore the Pacific coast, as rash enthusiasts that lacked good sense; but when the report came across to the Eastern seaboard, that gold had been found in abundance, what a hustling there was! How the East began to make for the West! Just as nowadays, it was the men that went West; and many a young lady lost her opportunity to marry, for we are told that when the young men reached the gold-country, they were as much pleased with the Mexican girls as with the precious metal, and that with laughable facility they one after another took Mexican wives, turned Catholic, and bought up the most valuable land.

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"THERE were added to the pension-rolls during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, 60,252 original pensions. Increases were granted in 45,716 cases. There were dropped from the rolls of the several agencies during the fiscal year, for various causes, 15,730 names of pensioners. The

total number remaining upon the rolls at its close was 452,557. The total amount expended for all purposes by the Bureau of Pensions was \$82,038,386.59, being 21½ per cent. of \$380,000,000, which was the total (estimated) gross income of the United States for the period aforesaid. The total expenditures of the Government for the fiscal year 1888 were \$267,924,801.13; so it will be seen that the amount expended for and on account of pensions was nearly 31 per cent. of the entire outlay of the Government. The highest rate of pension issued during the year was \$2,000 per annum; the lowest now being granted is \$24."

So says Commissioner Black of the

Bureau of Pensions, in his annual report just issued. The following interesting facts are also noted:—

"There survive 37 Revolutionary pensioners, being the widows of men who served in that war. There are no survivors of that war.

"There are 11,593 pensioners of the War of 1812, 806 being survivors, and 10,787 being widows.

"There are 21,164 pensioners of the war with Mexico; 16,060 survivors, and 5,104 widows.

"There are 419,763 pensioners of the War of the Rebellion, of whom 326,835 are soldiers and sailors, and the remainder are widows and dependents."

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## HISTORICAL RECORD.

THE storm of Aug. 21 did great damage along the New-England shore, especially to small boats and pleasure craft. The gale lasted from eight o'clock at night, till three o'clock of the following morning. The rain-storm broke upon Boston at about half-past seven o'clock, and at nine o'clock the flood of water in streets and basements was greater than any that has been known in this city since the memorable wash-out of 1857.

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GOVERNOR OLIVER AMES of Massachusetts is out again. He came up from his home at Easton to the State House the 21st of August, his first appearance there since June 27. He paid no attention, on this occasion, to politics or business, but gave himself up to receiving congratulations. Since that time he has gradually drifted back into a part of his old routine of duties. He now appears in full beard, so that he looks very much like Oakes Ames, his brother.

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REV. DR. GEORGE C. LORIMER has instituted at Cottage City, Mass., what is to be known as the Vineyard Literary and Scientific College. Four new buildings

are to be built near the Baptist Temple. Next summer a term of six weeks will be held. The directors are the same as those for the Baptist Vineyard Association.

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PRESIDENT CHENEY feels considerably encouraged in his efforts to raise \$130,000 for Bates College. Among the subscriptions recently received is one for \$1,000, from a lady of Ocean Park. The City Government of Lewiston has appropriated \$5,000 for a road up Mount David, and work will be begun upon it as soon as the college makes a beginning on the observatory.

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THE Indian School at Carlisle, Penn., claims the distinction of having the oldest pupil that attends any educational institution in this country. He is more than sixty years old. He was at one time chief of the Crow Nation, and his name is Crazy Head. He is said to be a hard, faithful student, imbued with the determination to become civilized before he dies.

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It is reported that Mrs. Hopkins-Searle recently purchased \$250,000 worth of paintings at Paris for her mansion at Great Barrington, Mass.

WINDSOR COUNTY veterans held a re-union at Ludlow, Vt., the latter part of August. Fifteen thousand veterans gathered, attended by five bands and a drum corps. The next re-union will be held at Windsor.

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A BRONZE statue of Robert Burns was unveiled in Washington Park, Albany, N.Y., the 6th ultimo. Charles Caverley of New York City was the sculptor, and the cost of the statue was \$27,000. Rev. Dr. Collier of New York City was the orator of the occasion. Scottish societies from different parts of the United States and Canada were present in Highland costume.

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LABOR DAY was celebrated in Boston, Sept. 3, by an imposing parade, in which 14,000 men were in line, representing all the important labor organizations in Boston and vicinity. The latter part of the day was spent by the paraders in picnicking at the pleasure-resorts on the North and South Shores, and at the several lakes a few miles from Boston in the interior.

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BAILEY INSTITUTE, Oak Grove Seminary, of Vassalborough, Me., was dedicated the 5th ultimo. Four hundred people were present. Hon. N. A. Luce, State superintendent of common schools, made the address. Rev. C. H. Jones is the principal. The new building cost \$20,000. It contains thirty students' rooms, an art room, a class-room, and a dining-room. It is

mainly the gift of Hon. C. M. Bailey of Winthrop.

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MR. P. HARVARD REILLY returned to Hartford, Conn., in the early part of September, from a bicycling tour in England, Ireland, and Wales, during which he travelled 5,800 miles. He had a disagreeable time, as far as weather conditions were concerned, for during one run it rained forty-seven days out of the forty-nine required for the trip.

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THERE arrived in Boston, the last of August, the first trip of fresh halibut that ever came direct to Boston from Seattle, W.T. There were 20,000 pounds in excellent condition. The goods were transported in a refrigerator car of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

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THE Florida scourge has claimed many victims during the past month. In fact, no signs of a diminution of suffering have yet appeared. The number of cases has mounted to the thousands, and the number of deaths from day to day has averaged fifteen per cent. Camps for refugees have been put in shape, and people are getting into them. Lack of food, funds, and supplies generally, has characterized the calamity; and aid from outside, especially from New England, has been timely and generous. All the neighboring Southern cities round about have been placed in quarantine, and other strict measures have been inaugurated.



## NECROLOGY.

DR. GEORGE D. TOWNSEND, a well-known physician and surgeon of Boston Highlands, died at Norfolk, Va., Aug. 20, in his forty-seventh year. He was born in Providence, R.I. On his father's side he was the great-grandson of Gen. Glover, whose statue has for several years been standing on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston; on his mother's side he was the grandson of Gen. Robert E. Lee. During the late war he was a surgeon in the Army of the Potomac.

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HORATIO N. SLATER, Sen., the president of the great cotton-manufacturing corporation bearing his name, died at his home in Woonsocket, R.I., Aug. 16, at the age of eighty, of cancer of the face. He was the son of Samuel Slater, the founder of the cotton-manufacturing industry in America. Remarkable energy, industry, and business capacity characterized his life. He was largely identified with the interests of Providence, and was a patron of Brown University.

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SAMUEL MORSE of Portland, Me., died Aug. 25, at the age of one hundred and four. He was a native of New Brunswick, and served nearly all his active life in the English army. After he was discharged, he went at once to live at Calais, Me., whence he soon moved to Portland. Although he selected the United States as a place of residence, his great love was for his mother country. A few days before he died, he said quaintly, "Don't talk to me about the United States. I'm no rebel against Her Majesty, God bless her!"

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ALFRED G. HARLOW of the *Boston Herald* staff died Aug. 23, at the Fabian House, White Mountains, whither he had gone to recuperate. Mr. Harlow was born at Bangor, Me., forty-five years ago. He

had for several years been a patient sufferer, afflicted with a complication of diseases, but he always kept bravely at work. Most of the older members of the Boston press will always remember him as a good friend and an intelligent, faithful journalist.

\*.\*

THE death of the widow of Hon. Anson Burlingame was recently reported. She was the daughter of Hon. Isaac Livermore of Cambridge, Mass. When, in 1867, Prince Kung, the regent of the Chinese Empire, commissioned her husband special ambassador to the United States and the great European powers, she accompanied him, and during the two years following she visited England, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and Prussia. Mr. Burlingame died at St. Petersburg in 1870. Deceased was in her sixty-third year.

\*.\*

JAMES E. HALE of Haverhill, Mass., died Aug. 20, at the age of fifty-seven years. He was president of the Haverhill National Bank, and a trustee of the Public Library.

\*.\*

FROM Germany comes the report of the death of Miss Geoge, who was an instructor of French and German in Norwich Academy. She was engaged to be married to a German nobleman, who met his death by being thrown from his horse while on the way to his wedding. A few days previous, however, Miss Geoge had been taken very sick, and he had not heard of it. Without a knowledge of her lover's death, she herself died four days later.

\*.\*

MISS FANNY M. BATES of Westfield, Mass., died at Bar Harbor, Me., the 18th of August. She was well known in Boston, being the sister of the wife of E. E. Hardy, the son of the late Alpheus Hardy.

CAPT. GILBERT F. LONG, the noted life-saver, died at South Boston, Aug. 24, at the age of thirty-one. He was a native of New York City, and got his title of captain there by being at the head of the New York Volunteer Life-saving Corps. He had a record of having saved from drowning fifty-four persons.

\*\*\*

DR. WILLIAM H. PAGE, who was for many years a successful physician in Boston, died at Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 22. At the beginning of the Civil War he entered the Union army as surgeon, but was captured in the Shenandoah Valley. He was confined a long time in Libby Prison, and from the effects of his enforced sojourn there he never recovered. He was fifty-seven years old.

\*\*\*

DR. HENRY OSGOOD STONE died at Salem, Mass., Aug. 30, in the same house in which he first saw light, July 5, 1821. He practised several years in Boston, where he acquired great fame as a surgeon. He was a scholar in medicine.

\*\*\*

PROFESSOR HARVEY B. LANE died at Saratoga, Aug. 28. He was at one time an instructor in mathematics and Greek, at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. Since 1865, he has been in business in New York City.

\*\*\*

NATHANIEL C. SMITH, the oldest male resident of East Hampton, Conn., died there Aug. 25. He was born May 19, 1795. He represented his town in the Legislature in 1833, and was several times thereafter re-elected. Excepting Israel Coe of Waterbury, he was probably, just previous to his death, the oldest surviving legislator in the State.

\*\*\*

THE death of Charles Osmyn Brewster, of Boston, was announced Aug. 28. He was the son of Osmyn Brewster, of the old Boston publishing firm of Crocker & Brewster. He was born in Boston in 1827.

\*\*\*

REV. HORATIO HASTINGS WELD, who died the latter part of August, at Riverton,

N.J., was born in Boston, in 1811. In the early fifties he was editor of the *Boston Galaxy*, a paper published weekly by Moses Kimball, the present owner of the Boston Museum. From Boston, he went to New York City, where he became editor of the *New York Sun*. After relinquishing this position, he studied theology, and has for many years been rector of Christ Church, Riverton, N.J., during which time he has devoted considerable time to literary work.

\*\*\*

LESTER WALLACK, the famous actor, died at his home, just outside Stamford, Conn., Sept. 6. John Lester Wallack, as his full name is, was born in New York City, Jan. 1, 1819. His career on the American stage covered a period of more than forty years. His early education was received in England. It was his purpose, when a very young man, to enter the army; but after fitting himself for military duties, and receiving a commission, he gave up military life, at the request of his mother, and turned his attention to the actor's profession. He came out at Dublin, at the age of twenty-two, and appeared several seasons there, and also at Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns in Great Britain. He made his first appearance in America at the old Broadway Theatre, Sept. 27, 1847, in "The School for Scandal," and "Used Up."

\*\*\*

NATHAN ROBBINS, the veteran market-man of Faneuil Hall, Boston, died at Arlington, Mass. He was one of the founders of the Faneuil Hall National Bank, of which he has been president since 1854.

\*\*\*

COL. GEORGE L. PERKINS, the Norwich centenarian, died Sept. 5 at the Fort Griswold House in Groton, Mass., where he was spending his annual vacation. He was born at Norwich, Conn., Aug. 5, 1788. He had voted for every President since the time of Madison, and was paymaster in the War of 1812. In business matters he had always been well known as a railroad official, having been one of the incorporators of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad.



LUCIUS HENDEE, president of the Ætna Fire Assurance Company of Hartford, Conn., died at Hartford, Sept. 4. He had been president of the company twenty-two years, a member of the State Senate, and treasurer of the State.

\*\*\*

WILLIAM TALBOT of Bath, Me., who had served twenty years in the United States Navy, and was presented with a medal for bravery during the late war, was found dead in bed, Sept. 5. He was seventy-six years old.

SALEUCAS ADAMS, brother of Isaac Adams, the inventor of the Adams printing-press, died at Saco, Me., Sept. 8, at the age of eighty-four. Formerly he was for some time engaged in the sugar-refining business at Boston, but for the past five years he has been chiefly interested in trade and shipping at Saco and Biddeford.

\*\*\*

NATHAN D. FREEMAN, a director of the National Bank of Provincetown, and a member of the Board of County Commissioners for Barnstable County, died at Provincetown, Mass., recently.

## LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE is surprise, as well as pleasure, for busy people, from a new volume of what might be called the "Gripsack Library."<sup>1</sup> It is a miniature encyclopædia of seven hundred and sixty-four pages, three by five inches in size, and evidently mentioning an equal number of subjects, with the leading facts concerning them, as are usually found in a cyclopædia of the same number of pages octavo. This result is attained by the use of abbreviations and twenty-nine symbols, all readily understood. To one who must pack a whole reference library in his desk, such volumes as this are a boon; while for most cases, the information, being more condensed, is more quickly come at than with the elaborate articles and treatises of the larger encyclopædias. Such volumes mark an era in literary history, as well as a condition in the life of the period.

<sup>1</sup> Cassell's Miniature Cyclopædia. New York, London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Company. Cloth boards. 32mo. pp. 764.

IF some of our sluggish old Atlantic cities should emulate the enterprise of the Cincinnati Board of Trade<sup>2</sup> in the publication of statistical information regarding the commerce that is, or has been, carried on in their precincts, they would have a volume of curious interest, and one which could hardly fail of value to the Western merchant who must have some Eastern relations. The compilation of the financial facts of their business in this Cincinnati volume is comprehensive and complete to a high degree, and conveys, to one unfamiliar with that city, a view of an amount of business in the metropolis of Ohio that will awaken surprise. The information is conveniently arranged and clearly stated. The work is printed in clear type, on a fine quality of paper, neatly and substantially bound,—the appearance of the book alone giving a favorable impression of the city which produced it.

<sup>2</sup> Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce. Thirty-ninth Annual Report. 1886-87. Commercial Gazette Job Rooms Print, 1888.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CASSELL'S RAINBOW SERIES OF CHOICE FICTION. New York: Cassell & Co. Paper, 12mo. Price, \$25.00 a year. For sale by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Vol. I., No. 27, The Silver Lock, and other Stories by popular authors. Issued weekly, at \$5.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents. Vol. III., No. 135. Essays and Tales, by Richard Steele; No. 136. Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field, by Sir Walter Scott; No. 138, The Merry Wives of Windsor, by William Shakspeare.

CASSELL'S SUNSHINE SERIES OF CHOICE FICTION. New York: Cassell & Co. Paper, 12mo. Price, \$6.00 a year; 20 cents a number. For sale by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. TRIED FOR HER LIFE. A Novel. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper, 12mo. square, pp. 356. Price 25 cents.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. Edited by Professor Henry Morley. Paper covers. BLUE BOOK, MALDEN; being a Directory of Householders for 1888-89. Rev. C. E. Bruce, editor and publisher.

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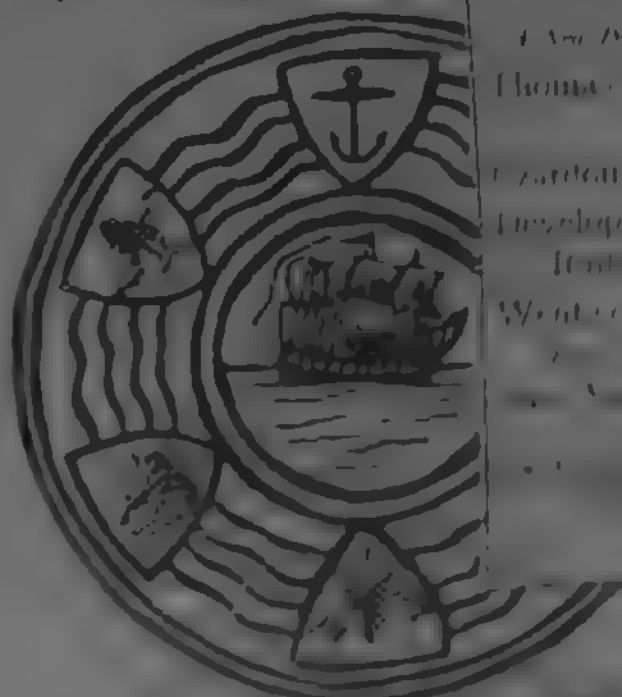
- 1 *The Century.*
- 2 *Harper's Magazine.*
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# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE



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New England Magazine Company

1888

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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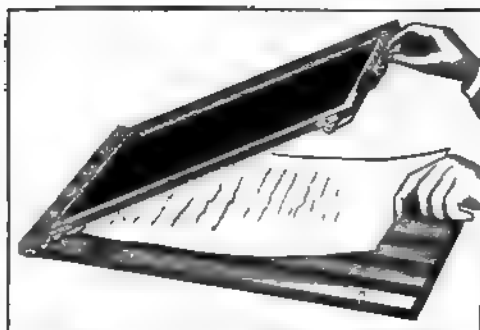
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